FORUM and Century

The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

IN PUTTING together each issue of THE FORUM the editors hope that they are creating not "just another magazine" but something different in character from other journals of opinion. That difference is sharply defined at the top of this page. The FORUM method of friendly controversy does not seek to overawe, to convince, and to convert, but to arouse independent thinking, to help the reader apply his own common sense to the bewildering problems of to-day. We do not lead him out of the labyrinth, but give him the incentive to find his own way out.

IN THIS spirit George Jean Nathan, who appears in the present issue, would be the last to force his credo of pleasure without pain upon all FORUM readers. Mr. Nathan's credo is excellent for Mr. Nathan, and we would not have him recant a single sentence. His is not, however, a way of life to be swallowed whole except by men disciplined in æsthetics. Misinterpreted by the uncultivated mind it could prove to be a dangerous doctrine. And minds who find their joy of life in asceticism rather than æstheticism, in Spartan denial of sensual gratification, in truth or in goodness divorced from beauty, will no doubt voice their protest. Yet it is well that such an able champion has come forward to defend the finer pleasures of the five senses and to assert that there is a place for self-gratification in the joy of living. Mr. Nathan's æsthetic discipline is the most brilliant profession of hedonism in our day.

ALARMED readers who admire the Puritan virtues will fine solace by turning from Mr. Nathan to Dean Inge. One of the wittiest men in England, he has been called "the gloomy dean" because he probes to the root of all the problems of daily living. Most of his writings are true to the FORUM formula: "In an age of shifting authority to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty." Dean Inge finds that religion is still necessary and always will be

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THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; foreign subscription, $3.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 25 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Four weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new.

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879.

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FORUM

Next Month

THE PUBLIC ENEMY

Walter Lippmann

Chicago, in her belated war on gangsters, has listed the twenty-six leaders of her underworld as "public enemies," and is attempting to prosecute them under an old vagrancy law. In a searching article Mr. Lippmann lays bare the conditions which have made it possible for gangs to flourish in our large cities, and shows that the real public enemy is the corrupt politician who makes bargains with the racketeers and lends them the protection of the police and the courts.

CAUSES OF WORLD DEPRESSION

John Maynard Keynes

An international authority on business and finance examines all the factors which have brought on the world depression from which we are now suffering, and indicates what must be done to deal with the situation.

AFTER PROHIBITION — WHAT?

Zechariah Chafee, Jr.

The last two years have witnessed an extraordinary change in public sentiment toward Prohibition. And while the Wets have been winning unexpected support for their view that Prohibition has done more harm than good, no leader of their cause has yet come forward with a counter-plan to safeguard us against the return of the saloon. A professor of the Harvard Law School now proposes such a plan and tells how it can be put into effect.

EDUCATING GIRLS FOR MARRIAGE

Katharine Fullerton Gerould

Believing that American girls are too romantic and are almost never prepared realistically for marriage, Mrs. Gerould explains how she would educate her own daughter so that she would instinctively select the right kind of husband for a life-partner.

WHAT I BELIEVE

Hu Shih

For more than a year THE FORUM has been publishing the intimate personal beliefs of leading men and women all over the world. The next paper in this series will be that of the brilliant young Chinese who is known as "the Father of the Chinese Renaissance." He traces the development of his ideas from his boyhood in old China through his college days in America, and shows how Western ideas are reacting on the keenest minds in the Orient.

MENTAL HAZARDS IN MOTORING

Donald Anderson Laird

The American Automobile Association recently concluded an elaborate investigation into the causes of motor accidents. But they overlooked one of the most important causes of all — the queer mental twists and complexes which driving an automobile often develops. Every motorist will be fascinated by Dr. Laird's shrewd article on these mental hazards in motoring.

WASHINGTON, CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

Hiram Motherwell

A challenge to clear thinking, revealing how the destinies of far-distant nations and peoples are controlled by our State Department in Washington.

FOREWORD

Continued

necessary for the human race, and that the light kindled in Galilee will never be put out. But he does not maintain that light to be the only truth. He agrees with St. Augustine, who wrote that "what is now called the Christian religion was in existence among the men of the old time and has never been lacking since the beginning of the human race."

WHAT AN ingenious exercise for some reader of these two papers to superimpose Mr. Nathan's philosophy upon that of Dean Inge and construct out of the two a rich and harmonious way of life. He may find some difficulty in reconciling the joyous self of Mr. Nathan with the love of one's neighbors preached in the Sermon on the Mount.

A NEWSSTAND agent told us recently that some people are afraid to buy THE FORUM because they think it is a religious magazine." This amusing misconception may arise from more serious articles like that of Dean Inge and Mr. Nathan. In our humorous essay on coughing, in this issue, they will find little trace of religion. In the prevalence of coughs and cough advertisements at this time of year, Marcia Clarke detects a synthetic propaganda to depress the public morale. In another paper in a light vein Miss Addington arraigns our married women who are taking furtively to dancing lessons, and yet, at the same time, shows that, far from being guilty of a moral lapse, they are often adding a pleasurable and harmless ingredient to a drab way of living. Again FORUM fair play.

THE CHASTENING essay by Mr. Adams on "Our Changing Characteristics" is provocative of intelligent controversy in the best FORUM sense. Yet the frost-bitten article by the competent young woman who runs a family on eighteen hundred dollars a year indicates that the pioneer spirit whose passing Mr. Adams deplores is not yet dead and that a simple American home can, without the aid of a "cultural" wage, radio sets, electric ice boxes, or even a flivver, still be self-contained.

THE EDITOR admires this writer but could wish that she paid more attention to color and design in practicing her admirable domestic economies. Her cross-section of frugal American life is a drab picture indeed compared to that described by Mr. Stuart Chase in his account of a tour among a people who live on but a fraction of eighteen hundred dollars a year and whose very finger-tips proclaim a love of the beautiful. Here's to a Mexican influence on American culture!

— HENRY GODDARD LEACH

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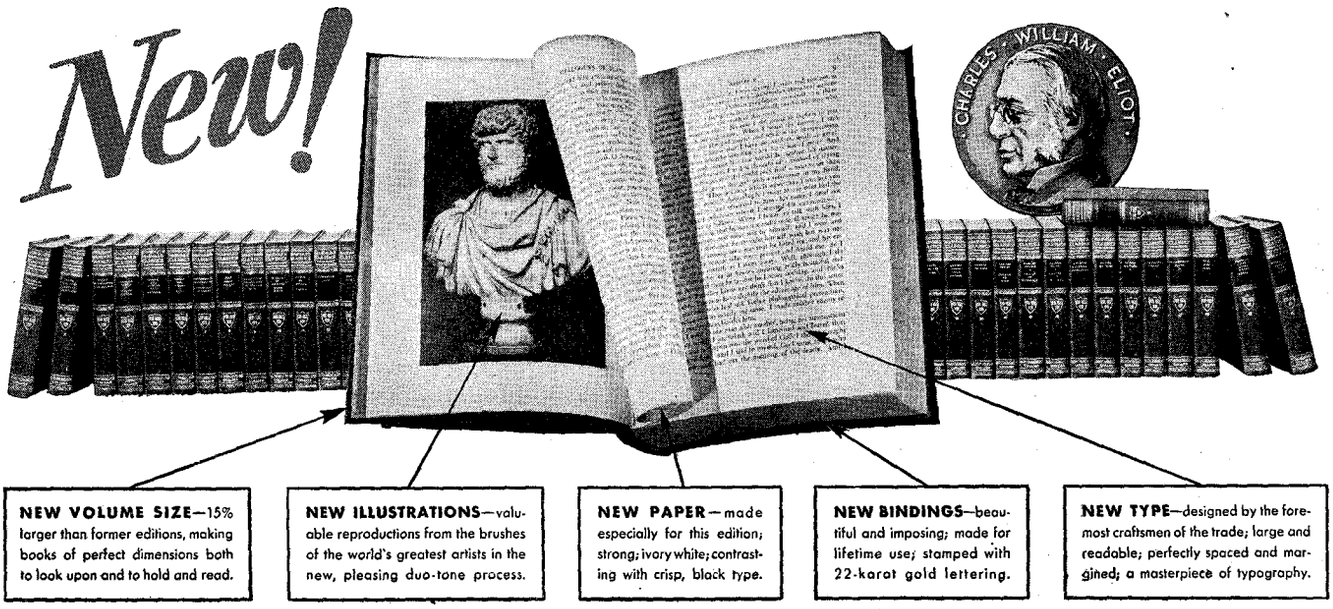

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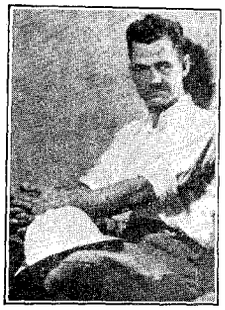

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

GRANVILLE HICKS **ERNEST BOYD**
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A Portrait Revised

THE LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS (1858–1891), edited by Worthington C. Ford; Houghton Mifflin, $5.00.
Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS.

WHEN *The Education of Henry Adams* was made available to the general public, it immediately found an enthusiastic audience, for the dominant mood of 1918 and 1919 responded eagerly to the mood in which Adams had written the book. At that time it was both a revelation and a satisfaction to find a solid citizen of the nineteenth century discussing Victorian civilization as sardonically as if he were a contributor to *The Smart Set*. To-day, however, as critical opinion in America moves away from negation and the parading of disillusionment, there is a temptation to dismiss Adams as one dismisses the intellectual attitudes to which he formerly appealed. But it would be, obviously, a mistake to assume that Adams' opinions were ill-founded and his despair undiscriminating simply because his views were agreeable to a now outworn cynicism. Fortunately the *Letters* has come, at this time when criteria are changing, to demand re-valuation of his position.

Those who grew up on the *Education* will scarcely be able to judge the *Letters* except in relation to that volume. There are two ways in which the *Letters* supplements the *Education*. In the first place, it narrates incidents not mentioned in the *Education*, covering in detail the two voyages to the East that were the principal events of the twenty years passed over in the autobiography. In the second place, it reflects the experiences of his life in the mind of the contemporary Henry Adams, not in the mind of a Henry Adams aged sixty-five. If it is useful to know that the Washington of 1860 seemed a meaningless chaos to the Adams of 1907, it is equally useful to learn that it seemed an exciting and dramatic spot to the Adams of 1860. The diligent reader of the *Education* must have wondered what Adams thought while he was his father's secretary, or when he was teaching at Harvard, or when he began his history. Now he knows, or, at least, can make an excellent guess.

The natural result, therefore, of reading the *Letters* is an effort to make a new pic-

Woodcut by Frans Masereel, courtesy of Weyhe Gallery

ture of Adams. We see now, much more clearly than before, that his hopes were set on political achievement. Reticent though he was, he betrays his ambitions in the letters he wrote his brother while he was a student in Germany. His excitement during the days before Lincoln's inauguration indicates how close to his heart were the issues of statesmanship, and his enthusiasm for the cause of reform is scarcely compatible with the account of his detachment in the *Education*. Until he was nearly fifty, until personal misfortune had come to add its weight to the disillusionment that a growing sense of failure was building up, he could rouse himself to eager action if there was a chance of participating in a political cause that was to his liking.

How could it have been otherwise? Not only did his family traditions point in the direction of a political career; the paucity of opportunities in nineteenth century America indicated the same course. The learned professions did not appeal to him except insofar as the law suggested itself as a path to political advancement, and none of the learned professions other than the law could have satisfied his desire for a position of eminence. For business, which he came to see as the dominant force in his period, he was quite unfitted. Literature, which his brother urged upon his consideration, was a possible alternative, but Adams was too much an American of his time to take literature seriously; how petty the literary life of the United States seemed to him his answers to his brother's arguments make disconcertingly plain. Nothing was left but politics, and there was perhaps nothing in the post-Civil War period in which his particular talents were less useful. On that subject the *Letters* can add little to what was made apparent in the *Education* and in *Democracy*.

Is it any wonder that Adams could not regard his life with unsullied cheerfulness? In the beginning of the *Education* he mentions his handicaps, but he says little of what was perhaps the greatest handicap of all — the fact that he was born in 1838. He belonged to the most completely lost of all America's "lost generations" — the generation of those who came to maturity just before or during the Civil War — the generation of Henry James, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, E. R. Sill, W. D. Howells. Before they could recover from the impact of the war itself, the age of big business was upon them. Before their roots were established, the whirlwind had descended. They were failures, and most of them were achingly conscious of the fact.

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But perhaps they were not all such complete failures as they thought and as most of us have thought. The most striking quality in Adams' work — and in this he is not unrepresentative — is his tremendous, his almost harrowing effort to master his life, to organize his experience, to find some pattern in the apparent chaos of his age. The really extraordinary thing is that, frustrated as he was, he did not abandon himself to defeat. He found no answer to his problems that could satisfy him, and in most ways his life was quite as much a failure as he thought it to be; but at least he did not go over to the enemy as his friend Lodge did, nor did he take refuge in Europe or the South Seas or even, despite the temptation, in the Middle Ages. He continued to struggle. His example is worth something, but there may be a more concrete achievement than that. If a later generation has at all succeeded in humanizing America, if the Philistines are not everywhere triumphant, if the American past can be made part of the imaginative life of to-day, is it not to some extent because, when the onrush of expansion and industrialism came, there were men like Adams who would not surrender?

Long Retrospect

THE CHANGING YEARS, by Norman Hapgood; Farrar & Rinehart, $4.00.
Reviewed by GILBERT SELDES.

I FANCY that Mr. Norman Hapgood has been called most of the names in the calendar of abuse because he has always been in professions subject to violent hostility, as, for instance, dramatic criticism. He has also been a reporter, and he worked with President Wilson and was intelligent about Russia, and wrote with complete independence for the Hearst newspapers, and had as a background the great years on *Collier's Weekly* when its campaigns were shaking the country. This means that to some people he must have appeared as a dilletante or parlor socialist (the species existed in those days), and to others as a renegade, and to still others as a dangerous bolshevist. I have no desire to add another name to the list, although I suppose he has always been a liberal, if not in the political sense, in the human sense, a man of intelligence animated by generous feelings and not solely devoted to conventional principles or the prejudices of a single class.

It seems to me that he has been exceptionally successful. He followed a course which is perfectly natural but is not particularly common in America, moving from pure reporting to criticism and from criticism of the arts to criticism of political life, and continuing from criticism to active participation in the social and

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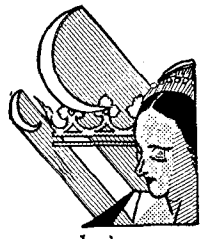

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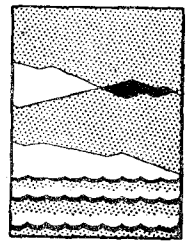

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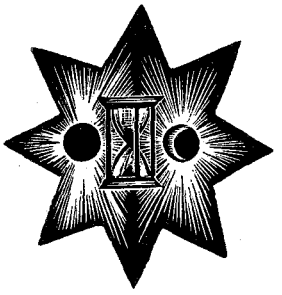

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political life of his country. I think that in England he would have been sent to the House of Commons and with the arrival in power of the Labor Party might have been one of their more philosophical leaders and been rewarded by a baronetcy. In America his political life has been interrupted and he has turned to the work of a publicist, choosing as a medium a press which is the property of an individual so powerful that he can allow independent views to his favorite writers. It is something of a problem to determine how effective the editorial comment of an independent writer actually can be when the whole power of the papers he writes for is not always put behind his views to convert them into propaganda and finally into action.

The book in which Hapgood tells the story of his work is soberly written, and I think is distinguished by the fact that it does not make one major sensational revelation, unless it is that Mr. Justice Brandeis made "the earliest formulation of what is likely in the end to be the answer to the prohibition muddle." *The Changing Years* is not a book of chit-chat and not autobiography so much as a reasoned survey of certain kinds of progress, including the author's, in the past generations. It is interesting to me to note that it ends with two separate interests, one an industry and the other a school, both intelligently run, both successful, and both a generation ahead of their time.

Naturally a career so varied is rich in memories of interesting people. To me the most charming chapters are those dealing with the Harvard of President Eliot, with their appreciative comments on William James and George Santayana, and the picture of the intellectual life of Hapgood and his own contemporaries, William Vaughn Moody, Robert Morss Lovett, and Alan Houghton, who was later an ambassador, and Robert Herrick. Hapgood was lucky or had a great talent about people. When he went to work on the Chicago *Evening Post* Finley Peter Dunne was already doing the Dooley articles. When he went to the Milwaukee *Sentinel* Philip Littell was working on the paper. He came to *Collier's* under the leadership of Robert Collier, and from that office he engaged the services of Brandeis; he had known Mark Twain and of course Theodore Roosevelt, for whose progressive principles he had a natural affinity.

All this means that in the course of his mature years he was associated with some of the most active creative powers in many fields in America, and because he was not an outsider attacking them, but worked with them critically, as well as sympathetically, his report of them gives a remarkably rounded study of contemporary America. It is, of course, America seen by the intellectual, but this intellec-

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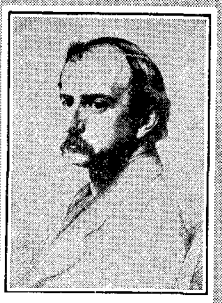

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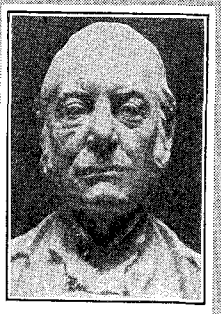

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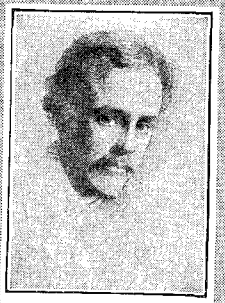

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tual was also a practical man and what he has to say is interesting and important. Oddly enough, it is not a peculiarly frank revelation of himself, but to my mind that is all in Hapgood's favor.

Spacious Days

AS WE WERE: *A Victorian Peep Show*, by E. F. Benson; Longmans, Green, $4.00. Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD.

THREE YEARS ago I read *The Diary of Arthur Christopher Benson*, a most interesting confession of futility and disillusionment on the part of a writer who stood high in the esteem of all "nice" people. In the circumstances, I turned with some curiosity to this volume of reminiscences by his equally popular brother, whose *Dodo* and *Mammon & Co.* created somewhat of a stir in the late nineties because of their slightly veiled references to prominent figures in London society. Where A. C. Benson was skeptical and depressed, E. F. Benson is cheerful and full of confidence. Members of a distinguished family, sons of the Archbishop of Canterbury, they were both educated in similar circumstances, and associated with the same people, more or less, but how different do their lives appear in retrospect.

In one passage in his diary A. C. Benson referred contemptuously to his books as being liked because of their "donnish and aristocratic flavor, the flavor picked up in episcopal palaces and County society and Eton and Cambridge." There is plenty of that flavor in E. F. Benson's books, as in the present volume, but he does not appear to have been overcome by it as his brother was. As he surveys his world, from the dim days when a famous pincushion was provided for Queen Victoria's use on the occasion of her visit to his parents at Wellington College, to the outbreak of the World War, Mr. Benson unfolds the panorama of a life that has vanished from England, a life that was often conventional, insular, and peculiarly English, but far from dull. With his manifold interests and social connections, he had the *entrée* to the most varied households and came into contact with a very great number of interesting and important people.

Whether he is sketching in the background of his parents' early life, describing his college days at Cambridge, or discussing the scandal of Oscar Wilde, Mr. Benson's attitude is one of keen, sympathetic perception. He neither sneers nor gushes, with the result that he always gives the impression that he is an intelligent and impartial witness. The English cult of "good form" has rarely been shown to greater advantage; he betrays no confidences, yet his stories are all well told

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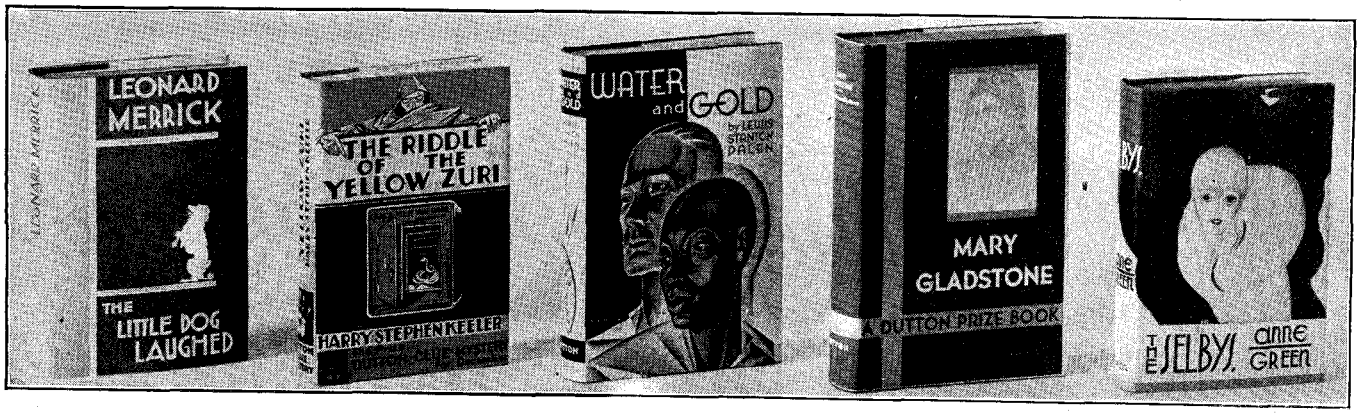

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The book abounds in good stories, most of which are new, and they throw a light on every type of person from Edward VII to Swinburne, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to Lady Jeune. Nothing could be more delightful than the picture of Jowett, the Master of Balliol, going over the essays submitted by the undergraduates, while Swinburne was in the next room correcting Jowett's proofs of a Platonic dialogue, Swinburne shouting out joyfully, at intervals: "Another howler, Master!" To which Jowett's response was to close the door discreetly, saying: "Thank you, Algernon." Or Lord Houghton dozing through a speech of Lord Curzon's, but waking just in time to hear him say that he had always tried to associate with men who were his intellectual superiors, and to that he owed his success. Whereupon Lord Houghton declared: "My God, that shouldn't be very difficult."

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War in Perspective

MEMOIRS OF AN INFANTRY OFFICER, by Siegfried Sassoon; Coward-McCann, $2.50.

Reviewed by EUGENE LOHRKE.

THERE IS a certain progression of narrative and intention from *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* to *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*, but the books may be read separately or together. They are classic examples of an objective and detached autobiographical mood, in a writer whose prose more than fulfills the uneven promise of his poetry.

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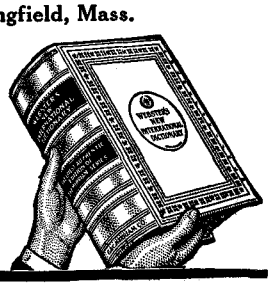

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Mr. Sassoon's volume illustrates the possibilities of that method of war writing which sees the whole more emphatically than any of its parts. At the same time one is cautioned that any effort to classify war fiction as "good, better, and best" is a waste of time and adjectives. The standards of criticism usually applied limit themselves to comparisons between the new works and *All Quiet on the Western Front* or *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*. There is no reason for this at all. The war evoked moods in a good many hundreds of writers who sought to set down their impressions. Some books ring true and some do not. That is all that can be said for their literary value or lack of it. Crudities are essential to a scene that was crude, but they are not inevitable. The only classification possible in view of several hundred war books is the question of approach, which is again a matter of mood. Granting this, the classification of Mr. Sassoon's *Memoirs* with Robert Graves' *Good-bye to All That* is inevitable. The two books are alike enough to have been written by the same pen.

This, one perceives, is not a matter of style or of complicated inner evidence. It is a far more important matter of the point of view necessary to focus an unnatural event in a steady literary perspective. The adoption of the same ironical formula for two books merely emphasizes the fact that similarity of temperament leads to a similar reaction. Mr. Sassoon's book is on the whole less ultimately despairing than Mr. Graves'. It is also less impassioned. But then he was a more adaptable person and, we surmise, less of a misfit in uniform. The war did not worry him quite so much, and taking the two books at face value, he was of the two men the better equipped to "put it in its proper place."

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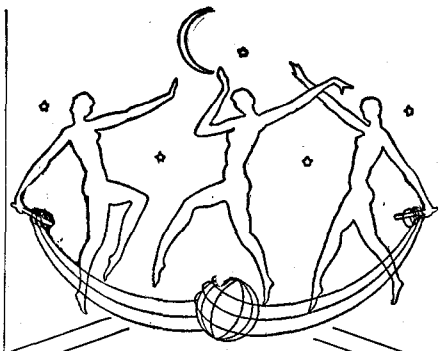

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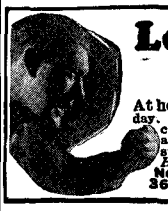

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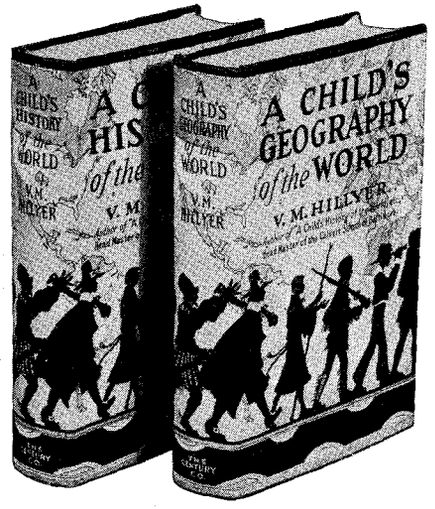

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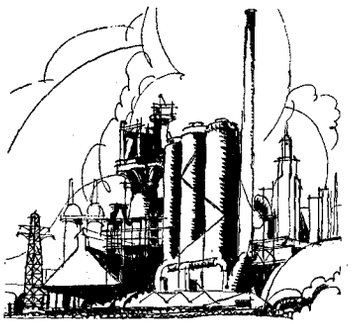

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AS I LAY DYING, by William Faulkner; Cape & Smith, $2.50.

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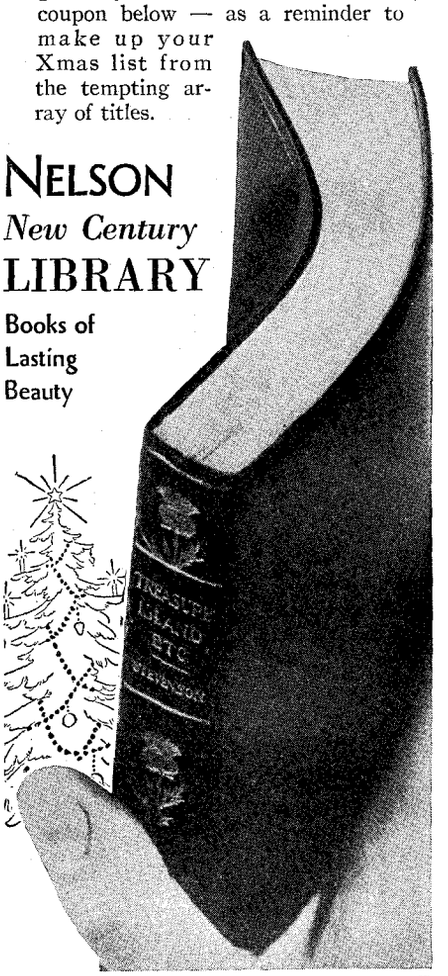

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> SKUNK—*An American mephitine musteloid carnivore of stout form, with a bushy tail, and very large anal glands that secrete a liquid of very offensive odor which can be ejected at will.*

Before you can fully understand this definition, you must have patience to look up the meanings of *mephitine* and *musteloid*, and possibly *carnivore* and *anal*. Four obstacles to easy comprehension!

Let us try defining *skunk* again. Turning to another dictionary, assume that you read:

> SKUNK—*A fetid animal of the American genus* Mephitis, M. Mephitica. *By extension—2. Any species of one of the American genera* Mephitis Spilogale, *and* Conepatus, *and some others of the family* Mustidae, *as the African zorille, Asiatic zeledu, or stinkard, etc. See these words.*

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have poured their exuberant tribal life into *The Matriarch* and *A Deputy Was King*, and now comes another book which may or may not complete the saga. *Mosaic*, to be sure, is chiefly concerned with the "Paris lot" and with the allied family of the Czelovars, but many of the old characters appear and much of the old vitality. Berthe Czelovar is another superb and dominating egotist, though unlike the original matriarch, she is childless, and unlike Anastasia again, she is forced at last to face herself and the fruits of her egotism. Only her quiet sister, who shares the Paris apartment which is a rendezvous for the whole tumultuous, cosmopolitan clan, is able to regard her with affectionate humor and so to bear her yoke. There is the same quality of lush Jewishness in this book as in its famous predecessor, but not quite the same glamour nor the same brimming surge of life. Its pace is a little sadder and slower. True to her title, Miss Stern indulges in a rich patchwork of detail, but misses the generous sweep of *The Matriarch*. When all is said, however, the book is a worthy sequel — and that is high praise.

THREE VIRGINS OF HAWORTH, by Emilie and Georges Romieu; Dutton, $3.00.

THE STORY of the Brontës is a ripe plum for any biographer's picking. Like that of the Brownings, it is automatically interesting. The French authors of the present version have retold it pleasantly and vivaciously but with a heavy coating of treacle. Distressed as they are by their heroines' virginal state, there is much talk of "captive, love-starved souls," much quaintly Victorian moralizing on the whole destiny of woman. The essential fire of the Brontës, and especially of Emily, is somehow smothered in a warm bath of pity.

DANCE NIGHT, by Dawn Powell; Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00.

AS SHE HAS demonstrated before, Dawn Powell knows, and knows well, the villages and factory towns of Ohio. She knows the monotony of such a place as Lamptown, where social life gyrates between Bauer's Chop House and Bill Delaney's Saloon, and where the weekly dancing class is a palpitating event. She does not make the mistake of picturing that life as wholly drab. Particularly with the advent of an industrial boom, it has its spurts of melodrama, its touches of raucous color. Miss Powell works with rich, authentic material but unfortunately she has not shaped it into any significant pattern. The boy and girl who fight the spirit of the town and grope blindly for beauty are, at best, conventionalized figures. Their personal drama is never very real. They are always subordinate to the background which, in its fertile detail, is the best part of the book.

THE GLORY OF THE NIGHTINGALES, by Edwin Arlington Robinson; Macmillan, $2.00.

ONE HAS COME to expect so much of Robinson that it may seem iconoclasm to say that his latest narrative poem is a disappointment — powerful in certain passages, but on the whole arid and labored. It is the story of a man who sets out to murder his enemy, Nightingale, and of how he is frustrated of a revenge which he has anticipated for long years. Somehow neither of these men emerge as sharply as did the people in Robinson's earlier vignettes, nor is the emotion that moves them palpable. The poem is static, overintellectualized. It lacks the flow and fire of *Tristram*.

THE MAGNIFICENT ILLUSION, by E. Boyd Barrett; Washburn, $3.00.

THIS singularly courageous and arresting autobiography traces in detail the steps which led Dr. Barrett to leave the Jesuit Order — and so to draw down on his head a tempest which is apparently still raging. As a devout youngster in Ireland, he could imagine no nobler destiny than to become a Jesuit priest. Unusually intelligent, ardently religious, he started his training with the highest hopes, but during the years that followed an indomitable independence of spirit placed him continually at odds with Catholic authority until his position finally became unbearable. His account of the spiritual struggles which he went through is moving and transparently honest. One cannot pretend to judge whether all his criticisms of Jesuit narrowness are justified, but certainly they are the product of deep experience and not merely of rebellious bitterness. Aside from the fact that this book is rich in data concerning an unfamiliar way of life, it is a valuable human document, and a valuable contribution to the literature of religious discussion.

PARADE OF THE LIVING, by John Hodgdon Bradley, Jr.; Coward-McCann, $3.00.

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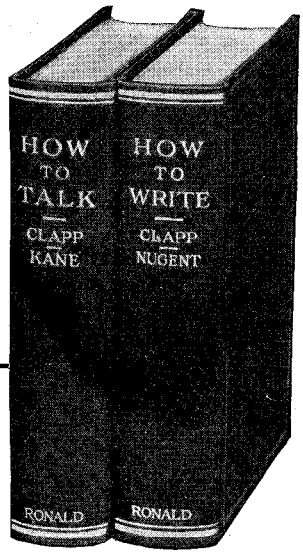

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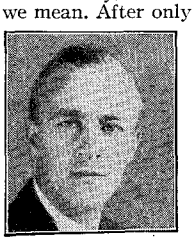

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STRIKE! by Mary Heaton Vorse; Horace Liveright, $2.50.

THE NOVEL is not an effective cudgel against conditions which caused the Gastonia strike. Whatever the need is that those conditions be made known, it can be but poorly served where the action marks time for seventeen chapters. No doubt the inaction is meant to create suspense, but it is sustained so long that it defeats its purpose; moreover, suspense cannot be created by saying that there *is* suspense. It would seem as though those repetitious seventeen chapters are padding for the final eleven wherein suddenly the author with emotion and understanding writes the hate of the Mob for the striking mill workers; the Mob satisfying itself with the shooting of piteous Mamie Lewes, the "ballit singer," with the blood of Fer, the calm, unassuming strike organizer whose death has in it nothing reminiscent of sob stuff. Seen through the eyes of a reporter to give the air of impartiality, nevertheless, *Strike!* is obviously partisan.

A RICH MAN'S DAUGHTER, by R. H. Mottram; Harper, $2.50.

THIS SEEMS to be a year for sequels — witness the recent novels of Margaret Kennedy and G. B. Stern. Similarly inspired, R. H. Mottram has continued the fortunes of Geoffrey Skene, hero of *The Spanish Farm* trilogy, in a book which is written with Mr. Mottram's usual richness and distinction of style but which somehow falls short of the earlier volumes. Skene, who finds post-war adjustment difficult, resumes his career as an architect in a small English city and there has the misfortune to fall in love with the married daughter of a war-time profiteer. Their quickly roused passion mounts tempestuously and is naturally enormously complicated by external circumstances. Mr. Mottram has handled their relationship beautifully, combining restraint with fire, but one feels that his solution is too facile — that, had Skene and Olive been less favored by pure luck, the story of how they faced their problem would have been more significant.

ROYAL CHARLES, by David Loth; Brentano, $4.00.

PERHAPS there is no historical figure more ideally adapted to readable biography than Charles II of England. An astute politician, equally ready to sacrifice his friends or his promises to gain his ends, he was still capable of amazing stubbornness when challenged on some more obscure point of honor. A living personification of royal decorum and the "divine right of kings," he was nevertheless always the first to applaud public ribaldries at his own expense. A master of cynical humor, he preserved an air of ironic detachment in both statesmanship and love. These paradoxes of Charles' character have been woven by David Loth into a fine biographical portrait. The erratic Charles, both in his relationships with parliament and with his seraglio of mistresses, becomes a living, human person who commands one's absorbed interest if not one's admiration. Furthermore, though the picturesque monarch is the dominating theme, Mr. Loth has sketched in very capably the historical background of the period.

DOUBLOONS, by Charles B. Driscoll; Farrar & Rhinehart, $5.00.

IF ALL the buried treasures known to exist were to be recovered, their value would exceed the total of the national debts of all the countries of the earth. That information, given in *Doubloons*, is interesting — but it becomes interesting in the extreme when you learn that this vast amount of wealth is yours for the taking. The author is an authority on buried treasures. He has made a hobby of them. He knows where they are and how much each is worth, and he offers the story of many of these treasures in a book which, if it were not fact, would be rejected as being too wildly fantastic a piece of fiction. For example, it is known that a treasure chest is buried off Oak Island, near the coast of Nova Scotia. Its exact location can be determined, within a few feet, when the tide is in a certain position. The amount of money is uncertain, but this much is known: the contents are worth more than five million dollars! That chest belongs to the person who retrieves it. Mr. Driscoll's book is lavishly decorated by Harry Cimino, and should be a find for all who remember the romantic ambitions of their youth.

THE DEEPENING STREAM, by Dorothy Canfield; Harcourt, Brace, $2.00.

IN THIS BOOK Dorothy Canfield returns to her earlier form of writing. There is less educational propaganda, fewer axes are ground, and the results are

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Books

much happier. Although in the earlier pages three children receive equal attention from the author, the story is really Matey's. There is excellent character study in the development of these youngsters. With a brilliant father, and a mother whose sole aim is to equal or supercede this brilliance, it is no wonder that conflict rages. It builds inpenetrable walls about Priscilla, who refuses to admit the necessities of sex and who, to satisfy a maternal craving, marries a widower with three children. Fortunately for Matey, she realizes eventually that even in their constant struggle there was dependence and love in her parents' relationship, and this realization enables her to overcome those childish inhibitions and make of her own marriage rich and rewarding things. The latter part of the novel is devoted to the war. But even through this chaos the even thread of Matey's development is spun. It is a long novel, and a satisfying one.

THE SON OF THE FIFTH SHOEMAKER, by Donald Corley; McBride, $2.00.

OCCASIONALLY into the streams of books issuing each year from publishers' presses there is one which calls for praise and adulation no end — but which is waterlogged by well-known authors. Such was the case with Donald Corley's *House of Lost Identity*, which appeared some three years ago. To those who shouted for that, his second book will be a disappointment. It is a charming, fanciful, and somewhat satirical tale, but it lacks the vigor of his earlier book. Perhaps that is because *The House of Lost Identity* was composed of short stories. In the novel Mr. Corley is not at his best. Ivan, the old shoemaker is delightful, Pyotr is a nice child — a nicer child than man — and there are lovely ladies galore. There are phrases of exquisite beauty, there is mild and sugared satire, but the whole effect is sacharine and somewhat pointless.

ADAM'S REST, by Sarah Gertrude Millin; Liveright, $2.50.

IF IT WERE not for Sarah Gertrude Millin and a few others, South Africa would remain for most of us an exploited animal preserve. Thanks to her, we are informed that there are whites who live, love, and die very much as they do in less inaccessible countries. Mrs. Millin's latest book, *Adam's Rest*, is scarcely a novel. It is too loosely spun, too plotless. Two sisters, totally different in their desires and their viewpoints, are brought from childhood nearly to grandparenthood in the same small South African village. Parallel with the story of Miriam and Janet Lincoln is the somewhat nebulous tale of the Crosts, a family of mixed

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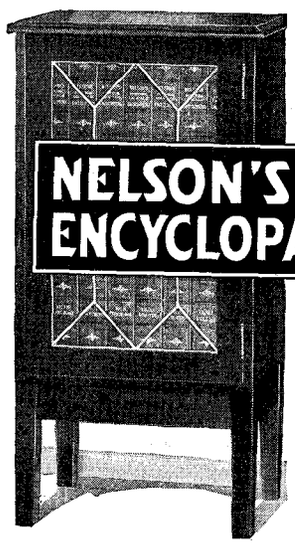

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Books

breeds and mixed marriage. As a story, the book is uninspired. As a character study, it is deft, penetrating, and sometimes powerful.

ACCORDING TO THE FLESH, by Fleta Campbell Springer; Coward-McCann, $3.00.

SO MUCH controversy arose after the publication last year of Mr. Dakin's biography of Mary Baker Eddy that the Christian Science Committee on Publication for the State of New York must be almost out of words. This will be fortunate for Fleta Campbell Springer's new biography of the Founder of Christian Science, since without ballyhoo it can take its rightful place as a fine piece of work. There are, of course, similarities between the two books. Facts are facts and they cannot be changed. However, in Mrs. Springer's book it is the character and the personality of Mrs. Eddy which are stressed. Building the necessary structure — she is particularly fine in her interpretation of the relationship between Mrs. Eddy and Phineas Quinby — Mrs. Springer avoids unnecessary details of the Christian Science organization and devotes herself to Mrs. Eddy as a woman. Tactfully and intelligently she avoids many of the pitfalls into which other biographers have crashed. Her creation of a woman is such as only a woman intuitive in the extreme could have accomplished.

STAYING WITH RELATIONS, by Rose Macaulay; Liveright, $2.50.

FOR GAY yet satiric wit one can count upon Rose Macaulay. Likewise for pleasantly preposterous situations — such as this. A female British novelist, age twenty-seven, is invited to visit a large family of cousins who inhabit, in the heart of the Guatemalan jungle, a fantastic baroque villa superimposed upon a Spanish monastery which in turn overlays an ancient Mayan palace. The more youthful members of the family are weary and elegant sophisticates who dislike nature in its crude form and are perversely bent on ignoring it. Hence the prevalence of baroque. Catherine, who prides herself on her ability as a novelist of character, is naturally delighted with her strange, extravagant relatives. She has, however, a habit of classifying people neatly by type. As a result, she goes wildly and ridiculously wrong in her analysis of their odd behavior. This book is pure comedy, and is packed with absurd and amazing incidents such as the relentless tracking, by the aforementioned sophisticates, of the plump gentleman who has stolen the family bibelots. *Staying with Relations* is both cleverly written and great fun.

CLAUDIA, by Arnold Zweig; Viking, $2.50.

WITHOUT foreknowledge it is doubtful whether many Americans, at least, would recognize in this novel the author of *Sergeant Grischa.* Not that it is so much less good but that it is so amazingly different. In place of Russian forests one has studios and quiet drawing rooms; instead of Grischa, introspective intellectuals. The whole book is narrow, subtle, and intense. Its center is the relationship between Claudia and the professor whom she eventually marries, and though most of the chapters could have been published as short stories, each is closely woven into the pattern of that relationship. Claudia is wealthy, charming, intelligent, but inexperienced in real living; her husband is equally intelligent, self-distrustful, and shy. Naturally two such complicated people cannot approach marriage with simplicity. They go through a period of adjustments which Zweig describes with complete frankness, and with great delicacy and beauty. Few people have written of the intimacies of the marriage relation with such discernment and such exquisite tact. The last half of this book is, in its own way, as rare and real an achievement as *Sergeant Grischa.*

MORALS FOR MODERNS, by Elmer Davis; Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00.

THIS VOLUME of neat and crisply contemporary stories could not possibly have been more accurately titled. Mr. Elmer Davis has been around a lot. He knows the problems of shrewd, worldly people in their twenties and thirties — of lonely young business women and sybaritic bachelors and vaguely discontented wives. He has watched them struggling to be broadminded and up-to-date and has observed, not without amusement, that the shiny new code of emotional behavior has as many pitfalls as the old. Most of these stories are entertaining; some like "Bachelor Girl" and "Amateur," are ironic, all of them are readable. Strangely enough, however, they lack the wit and distinction of Mr. Davis's articles — they glitter but are not gold. One suspects — and the suspicion is confirmed by the numerous roseate endings — that Mr. Davis has been making too many propitiatory gestures in the direction of the popular magazines.

CHICAGO SURRENDERS, by Edward Dean Sullivan; Vanguard, $2.00.

IF PUBLICATION of this book could have been delayed a few weeks longer no doubt there would have been inserted a first-rate account of the recent shooting of Jack Diamond. As it is, here is up-to-the-minute news including the stories of

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Books

Zuta's murder, the Fox Lake Massacre, and, of course, the Lingle killing. But besides all his boiled-down newspaper tales, Mr. Sullivan has a great deal more to say. A gangster's life holds no lure for him. He sees criminals clearly as they are — mental twelve-year-olds who are born with the assumption that everyone is dishonest — and in his chapter on the "Perils of Repeal" Mr. Sullivan views with alarm the future of these congenital lawbreakers. The author's wit enlivens what might be otherwise a doleful record of the world's fourth largest city and there are some side-splitting jibes at that all-American patriot William Hale Thompson. As a sequel to *Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime* this well-written book stands equal to its predecessor.

GOOD-BYE TO WESTERN CULTURE, by Norman Douglas; Harper, $3.00.

WHEN Norman Douglas had read *Mother India's* indictment of the East, his instant reaction was, "Well how about the West!" This book tells how about the West. Starting with the thesis that for every barbarous trait or custom in the Orient there are two in the Occident, he piles together all the annoyances to which he has been subjected in the western hemisphere and says, "Just look at that!" The pile includes passport red tape, restlessness, servants, the World War, careless dogs on London pavements, Christianity, Prohibition, the alleged 50,000 young ladies in New York who are living with gentlemen to whom they are not married. In India they nibble lettuce leaves instead of swilling coffee: sometimes he has to go as far as that to tie up the abuses of the West with the more enlightened practices of the East, but he does it. As criticism this book is full of holes, but it makes entertaining reading.

THE SOUL AND ITS MECHANISM, by Alice A. Bailey; Lucius, $2.00.

THE JUXTAPOSITION between an ancient idea of Eastern psychology — the doctrine of ether and etheric bodies — and the most recent thought of Western psychology and physiology is the basis for this rather striking book, which is suggestive but never dogmatic. Eastern thought believes that each living form has its etheric body, and that in the etheric body of human beings there are seven main centers through which the fundamental energies of life are differentiated and distributed. These centers Mrs. Bailey relates to the seven principal glands familiar to modern physiology. She attempts, and quite plausibly, to prove that materialistic Western science could profitably coöperate with the more mystical philosophy of the East.

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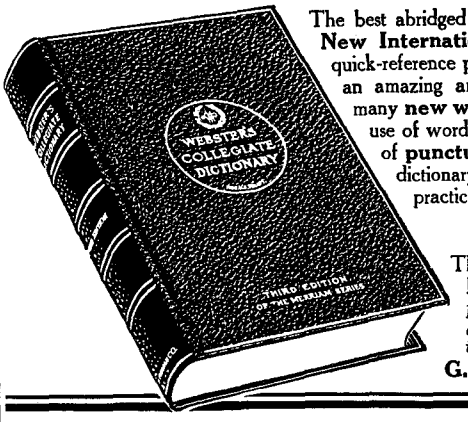

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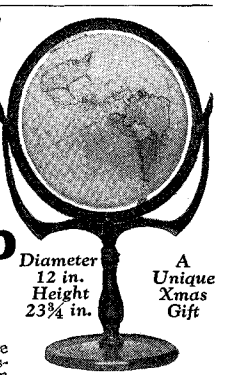

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WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU

Helen M. Bramble, Director

The following suggestions for papers, together with brief bibliographies suitable for the preparation of each, are designed to meet the needs of women's clubs. Each month we will present such programs, varying in subject matter. Additional references, if necessary, can also be secured upon application to the Bureau. If any club or any member of a club desires advice in forming programs other than these given, in finding sources for material, in securing speakers, or in raising funds, we shall gladly coöperate without expense to the club. May we suggest that you give as much information as possible regarding your club, i.e. type of program usually used, number in club, length of meeting, etc.

I

"MEXICO is a violent country," says Stuart Chase in this issue of THE FORUM. "Violent are the contrasts, the color, violent the landscapes and storms. Only the people and the long-suffering burros are gentle." With this as an introduction, we suggest several programs on Mexico, its people, and its politics. There are two books which cannot be omitted from any discussion of this country. One is Ernest Gruening's *Mexico and Its Heritage* (Century, $6.00) and the other is Anita Brenner's *Idols Behind Altars* (Payson and Clarke, $5.00).

A. THE PEOPLE OF MEXICO

"Machineless Men" — Stuart Chase — FORUM, November 1930

"North America's Oldest Metropolis" — Frederick Simpich — *National Geographic*, July 1930

"An Upland Village of Old Mexico" — Carleton Beals — *Travel*, September 1930

"Tomato Boats and Rebels" — Monica Shannon — *Atlantic Monthly*, July 1929

"Across the Rio Grande" — Roberto Pina — *American Mercury*, April 1930

"Seen and Heard in Mexico" — Harvey Fergusson — *American Mercury*, June 1930

"A Letter from Mexico City" — Dorothy Day — *Commonweal*, April 16, 1930

B. THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO

"Ortiz Rubio, Mexico's New President" — Salvador Mendoza — *Current History*, March 1930

"The Presidential Election in Mexico" — Charles W. Hackett — *Current History*, January 1930

"Mexico Installs a New President" — Lyle C. Wilson — *Nation*, February 19, 1930

"Events in Mexico" — *Commonweal*, December 4, 1929

"Mexico's Early Risers" — *Literary Digest*, November 30, 1929

C. MEXICO'S ECONOMIC CONDITION

"Mexico and Central America" — Charles W. Hackett — *Current History*, March 1930

"Mexico at the Threshold of a New Future" — Ernest Gruening — *Current History*, September 1929

"Mexico As It Is" — Julius A. Weber — *Commonweal*, March 19, 1930

"Issues Between the United States and Mexico" — Guy Stevens and Ernest Gruening — *Current History*, March 1929

D. MEXICO'S EMIGRANTS

"Present and Future" — *Saturday Evening Post*, March 15, 1930

"Don't Drive Out the Mexicans" — Walter V. Woehlke — *Review of Reviews*, May 1930

"The Mexican Invasion" — Roy L. Garis — *Saturday Evening Post*, April 19, 1930

E. THE LEGEND OF THE LADY OF GUADALUPE

"The Virgin With the Pagan Halo" — Ruth M. Morriss — *Mentor*, December 1929

"Guadalupe" — Dorothy Day — *Commonweal*, February 26, 1930

II

IT IS usually taken for granted that current American slang is of recent origin in this country. That this is far from true is proved by George Frederic Nieberg in his article "The American Slanguage" in this issue. "Slangiana," says Mr. Nieberg, "was born on the continent," and he tells of its centuries of background. However, there is slang which is local and new and is the child of American activity.

AMERICAN SLANG

"The American Slanguage" — G. F. Nieberg — FORUM, November 1930

"The Psychology of Tripe" — Philip Curtiss — *Harper's*, August 1929

"England Deluged by American Slang" — *Literary Digest*, March 16, 1929

"Railroad Lingo" — Grover Jones — *Bookman*, July 1929

"Socko, Whamo, and Sonk" — Wells Root — *Bookman*, February 1929

"The Language of the Theatre" — Bernard Sobel — *Bookman*, April 1929

III

HAS the original program for Boy Scouts — introduced into this country in 1910 by Ernest Thompson Seton — been completely corrupted into a mania for service crowns and glory? A former Boy Scout director thinks it has — and tells why in "Little Babbitts." If the present Boy Scout program is a failure, would it be better to let boys of the gang age run wild? Articles for a second paper on juvenile delinquency are appended.

A. THE BOY SCOUT

"Little Babbitts" — Floyd Tillery — *Forum*, November 1930

"Those Pacific Boy Scouts" — *World Tomorrow*, June 1930

"Scouting for Catholic Boys" — *Commonweal*, February 20, March 6, March 20, April 10, and April 24, 1929

"Boy Scouts' Great Jamboree" — *Literary Digest*, August 31, 1929

"Character Education in Scouting" — J. E. West — *National Education Association Journal*, October 1929

"'Y' Swimming on Sunday" — *Literary Digest*, November 23, 1929

B. JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

"The Devil's Workshop" — William Healy — *Century*, January 1930

"Cheated Children" — Albert E. Wiggam — *Good Housekeeping*, September 1930

"The Gangster Traumatism" — William Bolitho — *Survey*, March 1, 1930

"When Our Fathers Were Wicked Youths" — *Literary Digest*, November 23, 1929

"The Making of a Gunman" — Walter Davenport — *Collier's*, June 7, 1930

"Delinquents at Wholesale" — Lillian Brand — *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1930

IV

TO THE children's books which were recommended last month we add other titles which arrived too late to be included in the earlier list.

RECENT CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The Fairway Bell — E. J. Crane and L. H. Moseley — Duffield, $2.00 (12 and up)

Noddy Goes A-Plowing — Margaret and Mary Baker — Duffield, $2.00 (for little children)

Napoleon's Story Book — Hill and Maxwell — Macmillan, $2.00

How They Carried the Mail — Joseph Walker — Sears, $3.00 (10 and up)

The Five Children — E. Nesbit — Coward-McCann, $3.00 (8 and up)

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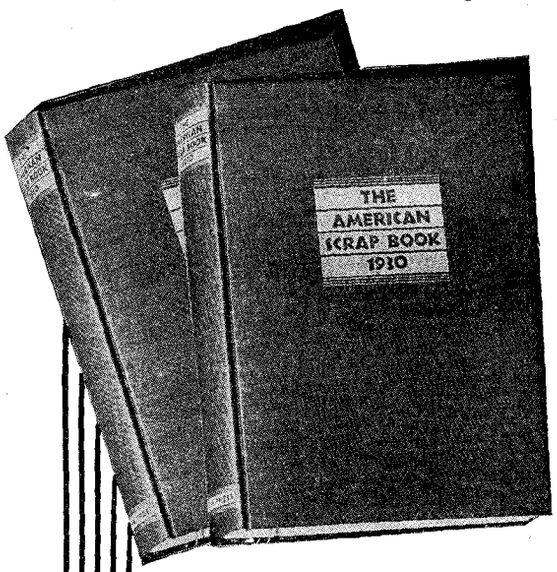

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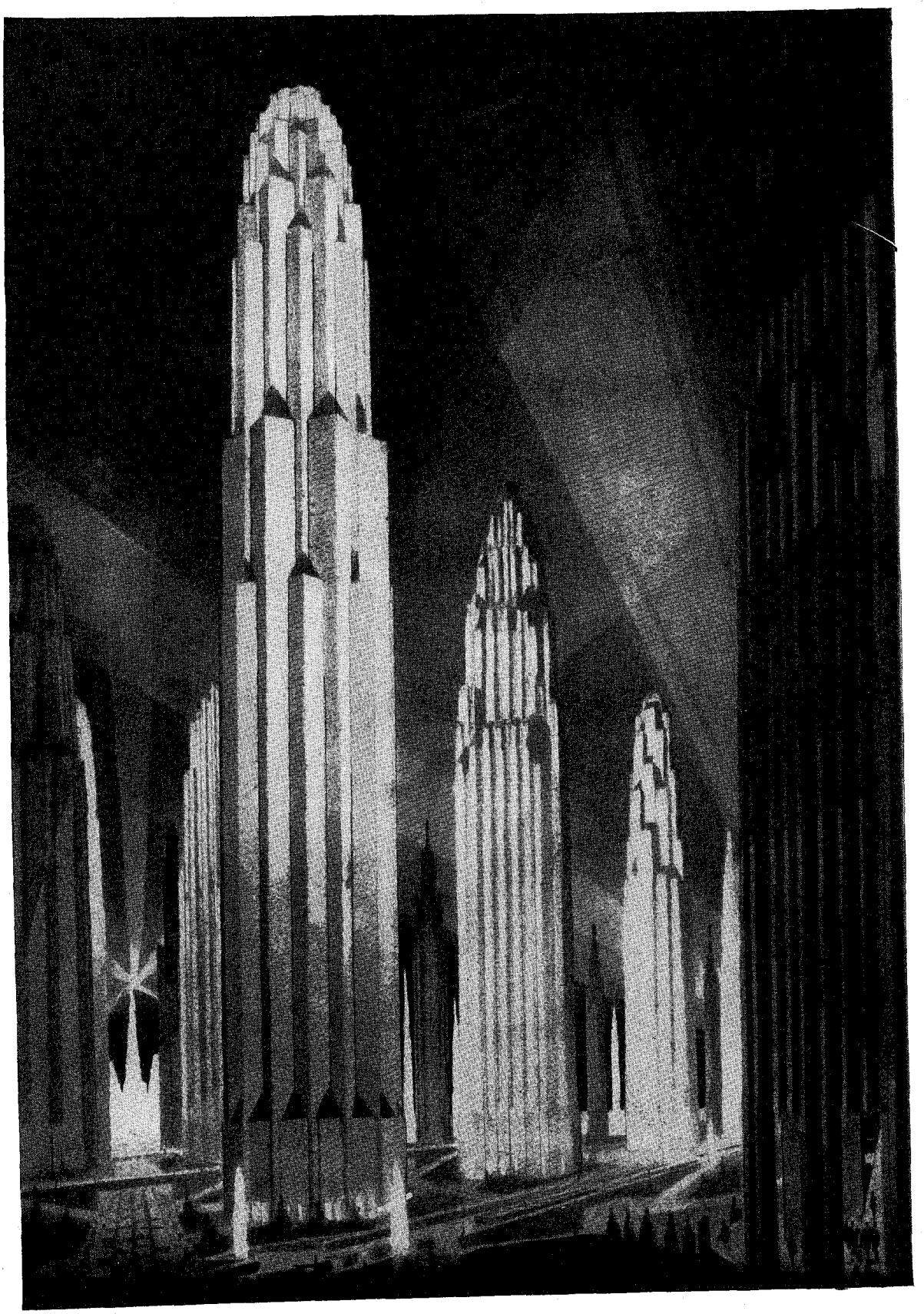

AMERICA OF THE FUTURE

An imaginative drawing by Hugh Ferriss

from "The Metropolis of To-morrow," published by Ives Washburn

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FORUM

DECEMBER, 1930 VOL. LXXXIV, NO. 6

Our CHANGING Characteristics

by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THERE ARE FEW things more difficult to generalize about without danger of valid objections than national character. The exceptions to any generalization at once begin to appear destructively numerous. A concept of a Frenchman must include not only such diverse types as the Gascon, the Parisian, and the Breton, but also the innumerable differences between individuals of these and other types in what is a rather small country which for long has been culturally and politically unified.

When we attempt the task in America it would seem to be hopeless. Who *is* an American? Is he the descendant of a Boston Brahman, of a Georgian cotton planter, or a newly arrived Armenian, Hungarian, or Italian? Is the typical American a clerk on the fifty-fourth story of a Wall Street office building or a farm hand of the Machine Age guiding in isolation a power plow along a furrow which stretches endlessly over the horizon? Is he a scientist working for pitiful pay and the love of science in some government bureau in Washington, or a one hundred per cent go-getter in a Chamber of Commerce whose ideas of progress are limited to increase of wealth and population? Is he Hamilton or Jefferson, Lincoln or Harding, Roosevelt or Coolidge, Emerson or Barnum?

The task of defining national character in such a conflicting welter of opposites is dismaying enough, and yet a fairly clear notion is of prime importance for any number of very practical purposes. The modern business man doing business on a national scale, making mass appeal to our whole hundred and twenty millions at once; the statesman, domestic or foreign, trying to forecast the success or failure of an idea or a policy; the genuine patriot interested in the highest development of his civilization — these and others must all take account of that real if vague concept which we call the national character. It is from the third point of view that we are concerned with the topic in the present article.

NEW FORMS FOR OLD

THERE ARE many signs that our world is approaching a new and critical stage. Deeply embedded in the structure of the universe there is a power or force that is continually at work molding chaos into cosmos, formlessness into forms. These forms, or patterns, belong to the spiritual as well as to the physical plane of reality. A scale of values, an ethical system, a philosophy of life appear to be as "natural" and inevitable a part of the web and woof of that strange and inexplicable phantasmagoria that we call the universe as are crystals, corals, or living embodiments of the form-producing force in the plant or animal body.

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For generations now we have been witnessing the gradual breakdown of old forms until we have reached the very nadir of formlessness in our whole spiritual life. But there are, as I have said, many indications that we are about to witness a new stage, the embryo stage of new forms.

For the most part this play of cosmic forces is independent of consciousness or will in individuals. The atoms know not and care not why or how they combine to make quartz crystals or a living cell of protoplasm. To a greater extent than we care to admit, perhaps, the higher forms — our scales of values, our philosophies — are also independent of conscious molding by ourselves. They are not wholly so, however, and if, as has recently been said, more and more of us here in America as elsewhere "are looking for a new set of controlling ideas capable of restoring value to human existence," it is evidence of the interplay between the blind form-making force of physical nature and the consciousness of man. What these ideas will be will depend largely upon the soil in which they will be rooted, the soil of our national character.

It is also clear that the form in which life, either physical or spiritual, is embodied is of transcendent importance for the individual. If living cells are arranged in the form of a bird, both the powers and limitations of the individual are wholly different from those of the individual when they are arranged in the form of a fish. Similarly in the spiritual world, powers and limitations depend largely upon the forms within which the spirit has its being. Because they are so largely intangible, we are likely to lose sight of the fact that these forms — scales of values, systems of thought, philosophies of life — all afford the spirit peculiar powers and impose peculiar limits.

What of the new forms? Arising from and in large part molded by the national character, are they likely to afford wider scope for man's highest aspirations, to enlarge the powers of the spirit, or to place limits and bind them closer to the earth? What of the national character itself?

Let us for the present discussion avoid the more difficult problem of a complete analysis and seek to establish a trend, often a simpler task, in the spiritual as in the physical world. Are our characteristics changing, and, if so, in what direction? Can we, in the first place, establish any definite points of reference which will be tangible and certain? I think we can.

Sermons in Stone

Man expresses himself in his arts, and among these none is more illuminating than the earliest and most practical, that of architecture. It is one, moreover, in which we as Americans excel.

We need not greatly concern ourselves with the inchoate beginnings of our nationality in the first few generations of early settlement in the wilderness of the Atlantic seaboard. The physical tasks were almost overwhelmingly hard and there was little opportunity for a distinctly American expression of either old or new spiritual life. By the time there was, we find that the spirit of the colonies had expressed itself in an architectural form, characteristic with minor variations throughout all of them.

When we speak of "colonial architecture," what at once comes to our mind is the home, the dwelling house of Georgian type, modeled on the English but with a delicacy and refinement surpassing most of the models overseas. From New England to the Far South these homes had outwardly a perfection of form and inwardly a proportion, a refinement of detail, a simplicity that all clearly sprang from the spirit of the time.

We may note quickly in passing several points in regard to them. The high point of the architecture was domestic. They were homes. They had an air of spaciousness, of dignity. They were aristocratic in the best sense. They were restrained and disciplined. Display or vulgarity were unthinkable in connection with them. They evidenced an ordered and stratified society. They held peace and rest. They were simple, unostentatious, and profoundly satisfying. They were shelters for a quiet life, alien from haste.

Let us, using the same architectural measure, pass from this first flowering of the American spirit to the very instant of to-day. The great contribution of twentieth century America to the art of building is the skyscraper, of which we may take the office building as both the earliest and most typical example. What are some of its usual characteristics?

The buildings are commercial, not domestic.

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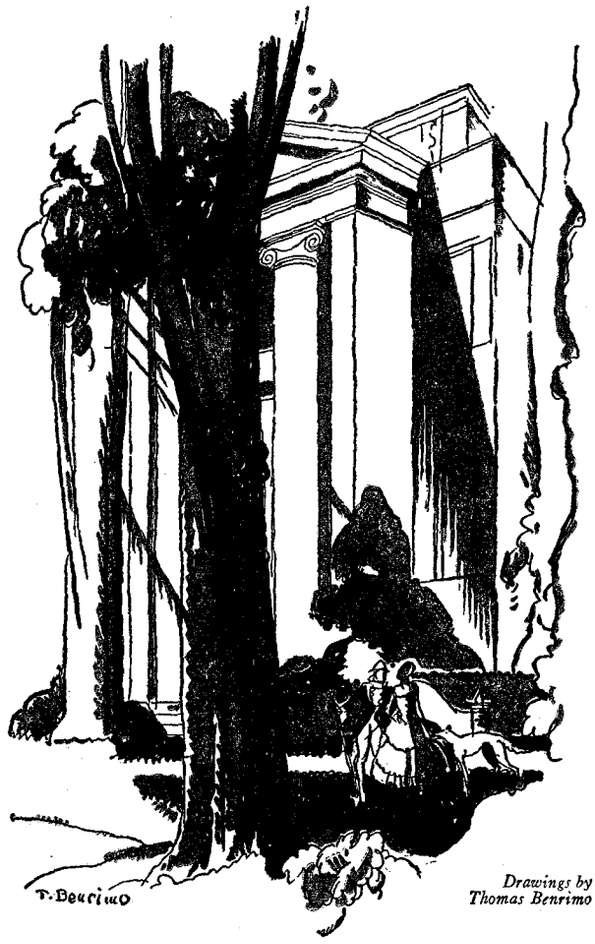

Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

Their very *raison d'être* is financial, the desire to get the most money possible from a given plot of ground. Their bulk is huge but they are not spacious, save perhaps for their entrance halls in some instances. They are democratic in the physical sense of herding within their walls thousands of persons of every possible sort. In their primary insistence upon mere size and height regardless of every other element, they are undisciplined and unrestrained. Peace or rest are unthinkable within their walls with the incessant movement of thousands of hurrying individuals, and elevators moving at incredible speed.

They are lavish in their ostentation of expense on the ground floor, bare and unsatisfying above. A "front" of vulgar cost is built to hide the emptiness of the countless floors beyond the reach of the first casual glance from the street. Yet every small and growing community cries for them and we hold them to the world as our characteristic achievement in art, as our most significant contribution in that most telltale of all arts, the housing of man's chief interest.

HERE, THEN, we have two points of reference tangible enough to be noted by all men, because they are physical in structure, yet full of spiritual implications for our task. When we turn to other means of establishing our trend, such as literature, newspapers, our methods of living, the wants we create and strive to satisfy, our social ways of contact, our national ideals as expressed in political campaigns and policies, and other means less obvious than the buildings in which we live or work or express our spiritual aspirations, what do we find? I think we find the same trends indicated above, amplified and emphasized.

It is, if I may repeat myself to prevent misunderstanding, only with these trends and not with the whole complex national character that I am here concerned. As a historian, and with no wish to make a case but only to report what I find, certain trends in the past century appear to me to be clearly indicated. Let me note them just as from time to time I have jotted them down, without at first trying either to order or explain them.

These trends are the substitution of self-expression for self-discipline; of the concept of prosperity for that of liberty; of restlessness for rest; of spending for saving; of show for solidity; of desire for the new or novel in place of affection for the old and tried; of dependence for self-reliance; of gregariousness for solitude; of luxury for simplicity; of ostentation for restraint; of success for integrity; of national for local; of easy generosity for wise giving; of preferring impressions to thought, facts to ideas; of democracy for aristocracy; of the mediocre for the excellent.

For the most part I do not think any observer would quarrel with the validity of most of the above list. Discipline, self or other, has almost completely vanished from our life. In earlier days it was amply provided by school, family, and social life, by ideals and religious beliefs. To-day it is not only absent in all these quarters but is preached against by psychologists and sociologists, decried by the new pedagogy, and even legislated against in school and prison.

Nothing is imposed any longer, from learning one's ABC's to honoring one's parents.

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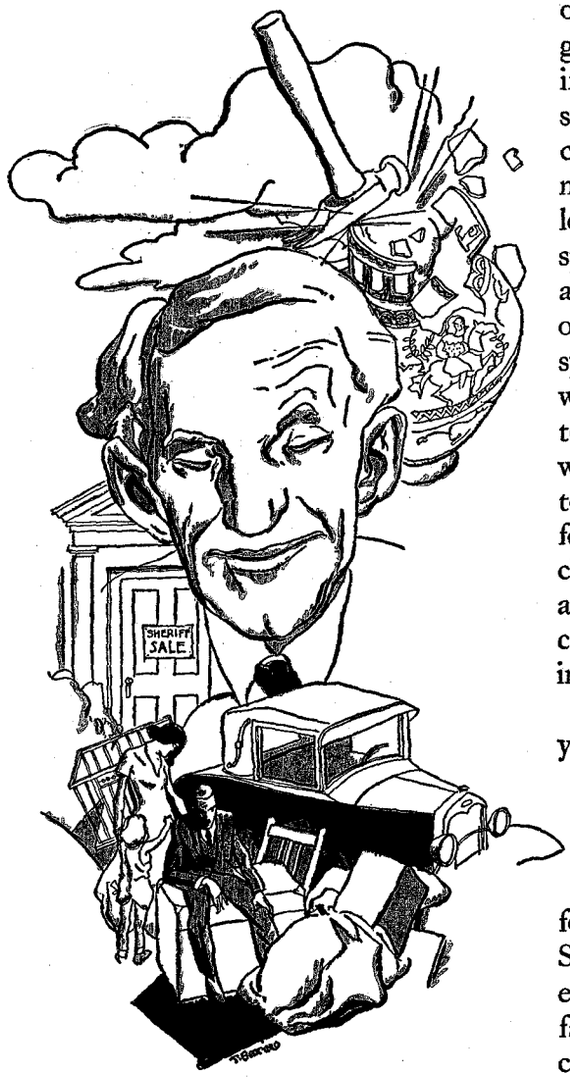
Everything is elective, from college courses to marital fidelity. The man or woman who casts all discipline to the winds for the sake of transient gratification of selfish desires, who denies obligations and duties, is no longer considered a libertine or a cad but merely a modernist pursuing the legitimate end of self-expression.

For a considerable time evidence has been accumulating that the national rallying cry has become an economic balance sheet. Perhaps one of the chief values of the whole prohibition muddle has been to serve as a mirror for the American soul. In the arguments advanced for and against, in the spiritual tone of the discussion, we can see all too well reflected the moving ideals of the American people, and the argument that carries most weight would clearly appear to be that of prosperity. Balanced against this, the questions of personal liberty, class legislation, or constitutional propriety are but as straw weighed against iron.



Prohibition is only one of the many mirrors that reflect the same truth. In innumerable cases of business practice and of legislation it has become evident that when personal freedom and initiative have to be balanced against the prosperity of the moment according to the business methods of the moment, prosperity wins. The one liberty that is still valued is the liberty to exploit and to acquire. That liberty will be defended to the death, but other liberties, such as freedom of thought and speech, have become pale and unreal ghosts, academic questions of no interest to the practical man.

Who cares in the slightest about the innumerable cases of encroachment on personal liberties on the part of both state and federal governments in the past ten years so long as business is good? Who cares about the methods employed by our police? Who is willing to give thought to the treatment frequently meted out to foreigners by our immigration officials — treatment that could hardly be surpassed by the old Russian régime at its worst, treatment that we could not stand a moment if accorded to *our* citizens by any foreign government? No, personal liberty as a rallying cry to-day receives no answer. But we will elect any man President who will promise us prosperity.

Where Do We Go from Here?

There is as little question of our growing restlessness. By rail, boat, automobile, or plane we are as restless as a swarm of gnats in a summer sunbeam. "We don't know where we're going but we're on our way" is the cry of all. Even the babies get their rest by traveling at forty miles an hour swung in cradles in Ford cars. That much of the movement is mere restlessness and does not spring from a desire to see and learn may easily be observed by watching the speed of our new tourists when they travel and listening to their comments when they have to stop to look at anything. As for the "nature" they claim to go to see, they are ruining our whole countryside with appalling indifference.

The home itself has yielded and has ceased to afford any sense of permanence and security. In the old days a home was expected to serve for generations. In the South, frequently property was entailed and the family was assured of a continuing center where it could cluster. A year ago, on October first, a hundred thousand families in New York City moved from one apartment to another, in

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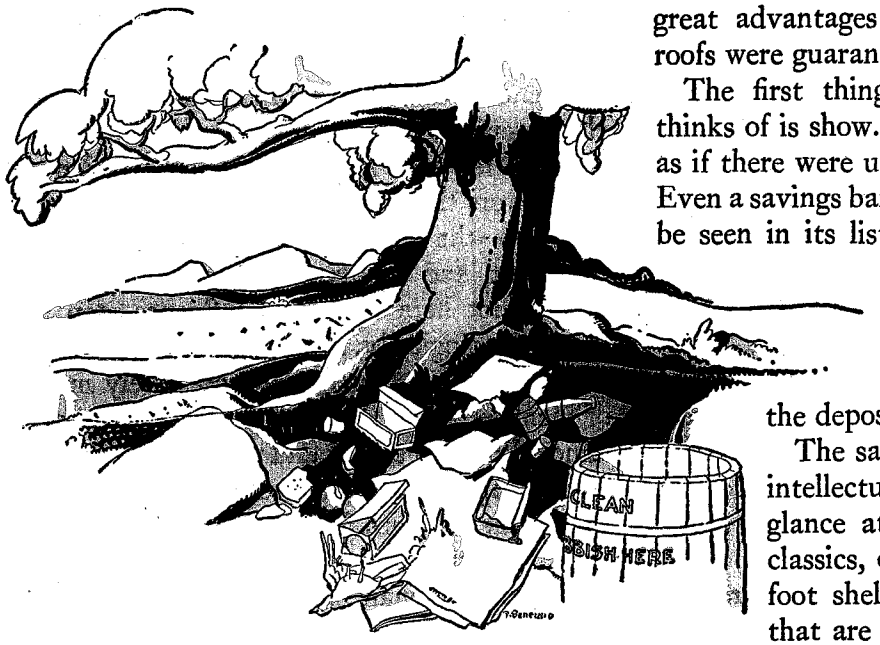

many instances for no better reason than that they were bored with the one they had occupied a twelvemonth. Our multimillionaires build palaces, and in a few years abandon them to country clubs or office buildings.

As for thrift and saving, with the entire complex of spiritual satisfactions that go with an assured future, they have not only notoriously been thrown overboard but are vigorously denounced by advertising experts like Bruce Barton and great industrial leaders like Henry Ford. "We should use, not save," the latter teaches the American people while they mortgage their homes, if they own them, to buy his cars. On every side we are being taught not to save but to borrow. The self-respect and satisfaction of the man of a generation ago who did not owe a penny in the world is being replaced by the social-respect and deep dissatisfaction of the man who has borrowed to the limit to live on the most expensive scale that hard cash and bank credit will allow.

With this has naturally come a preference for show to solidity. A witty and observing foreigner has said that Americans put all their goods in the shop window. In every vein the insidious poison is at work. A man who toiled and saved to own his home would see to it that it was well built and substantial. The man who expects to move every year cares for nothing more than that the roof will not fall until he gets out, provided the appearance is attractive. In an advertisement of houses for sale in a New York suburb recently one of the great advantages pointed out was that the roofs were guaranteed for three years.

The first thing that every business firm thinks of is show. Its office or shop must look as if there were unlimited resources behind it. Even a savings bank, whose real solidity should be seen in its list of investments and whose object is to encourage thrift, will squander hugely on marbles and bronze in its banking room to impress the depositor.

The same motive is at work in our intellectual life. One has only to glance at the advertisements of the classics, of language courses, of "five foot shelves" and note the motives that are appealed to for desiring culture. Nor are our schools and colleges exempt from the same poison. The insistence on degrees after a teacher's name, the regulating of wage scales in accordance with them, the insistence on a professor's publishing something which can be listed are as much part of the same trend as is the clerk's wanting to be cultured so as to pass from a grilled window to an assistant-assistant executive's desk.

A Unified Chaos

We could expand the above examples almost indefinitely and continue through the remainder of the list. But it is all obvious enough to anyone who will observe with fresh eyes, and ponder. Both for those who may agree or disagree with me, let us pass to some of the other questions that arise in connection with the trends I have noted. Do they in any way hang together? Do they make a unified whole or are they self-contradictory and hence probably mistaken? Do they derive from any conditions in our history that would make them natural and probable, or are they opposed to those conditions? If they are real, do they represent a transient phase or a permanent alteration in our character?

As we study them carefully, it seems to me that they do hang together remarkably and ominously well. A person, for example, who is restless, rather than one who cares for rest and permanence, would naturally prefer the new to the old, the novel for the tried, impressions instead of difficult and sustained thought. Both these characteristics, again, naturally

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cohere with the desire for show rather than solidity, and for self-expression rather than self-discipline.

With these same qualities would go the love of gregariousness rather than solitude, of luxury rather than simplicity, and, easily belonging to the same type of character, we would find the desire to spend ousting the desire to save, and the substitution of prosperity for liberty and of success for integrity. With such a succession of substitutions, that of dependence for self-reliance is not only natural but inevitable, and so with the other items in the trend. They all fit into a psychological whole. There is no self-contradiction to be found among them.

But is there any connection to be found between them and our history? Are they qualities that might be found to have developed with more or less logical and psychological necessity from the conditions of American life which have separated the period of the colonial home from that of the seventy-story office building? I think here again we find confirmation rather than contradiction.

I have no intention to rival Mr. Coolidge by writing the history of America in five hundred words. All I can do in my limited space is to point to certain facts and influences.

Until well into the eighteenth century, there had been no very great change in the character of the American to mark him off from his English cousin. The wilderness and remoteness had, indeed, had some effect, but this was small compared with the later effects of what we have come to call "the West." Leaving out a few minor strains — such as the Dutch, Swedes, and the earlier Germans — the settlers were almost wholly British, who sought, in a somewhat freer atmosphere and with somewhat wider economic opportunity, to reproduce the life they had left.

The continent open to them was of limited extent. Beyond a comparatively narrow strip lay the long barrier of the Appalachians and the claims of the French. The strip itself contained no great natural resources to arouse cupidity or feverish activity. The character of the colonists had become a little more democratic, a little more pliant, a little more rebellious and self-reliant than that of their cousins of similar social ranks at home. That was all. They might differ with the majority of both Englishmen and Parliament over questions of politics and economics, but those were differences of interest and policy, not of character.

There lay ahead, however, the operation of two factors that were to prove of enormous influence — the exploitation of the American continent, and the immigration from Europe. We cannot here trace this influence step by step chronologically, but we must summarize it. "The West" — there were successively many of them — unlike the colonial America, was of almost limitless extent and wealth. There were whole empires of farm land and forest, mines that made fortunes for the lucky almost overnight, reservoirs of gas and oil that spawned cities and millionaires.

All did not happen in a day, but it did happen within what might almost be the span of one long life. In ages past an Oriental conqueror might sack the riches of a rival's state, a king of Spain might draw gold from a Peruvian hoard, but never before had such boundless opportunities for sudden wealth been opened to the fortunate among a whole population which could join in the race unhampered.

In the rush for opportunity, old ties and loyalties were broken. A restlessness entered the American blood that has remained in it ever since. In American legend, the frontier has become the Land of Romance and we are bid to think of the pioneers as empire-builders. A very few may have dreamed of the future glory of America rather than of private gain, but it is well not to gild too much the plain truth, which is that in the vast majority of instances, the rush was for riches to be made as quickly as might be. In the killing of a million buffaloes a year, in the total destruction of forests without replanting, in the whole of the story in all its aspects there were few thoughts for a national destiny not linked with immediate personal gain at any expense to the nation. In this orgy of exploitation it is not difficult to discover the soil in which some of the elements of the changed trend in American character had its roots.

The Melting Pot

Another factor was also at work which combined with the above in its effects. The racial homogeneity of our earlier colonial days was broken by the millions of immigrants

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who came to us of racial stocks other than our own. Our first character had been that of seventeenth and eighteenth-century Englishmen, not greatly altered until the Revolution. It was unified and stable, but the West and Europe both operated to undermine its stability.

On the one hand, the influence of the West, with the loosening of old bonds, its peculiar population, and its opportunities of limitless expansion and wealth greatly altered old ideals and standards of value. On the other, the steady infusion in large numbers of Germans, Irish, Swedes, Norwegians, Jews, Russians, Italians, Greeks, and other races also bore a conspicuous part in making the national character less uniform and stable. I am not concerned with their several contributions of value, but merely with the fact that the introduction of such foreign swarms tended to destroy a unified national character.

By the latter part of the nineteenth century, two things had thus happened. In the first place, the real America had become the West, and its traits were becoming dominant. One of these was restlessness, not only a willingness but a desire to try any new place or thing and make a complete break with the old. Moreover, although the frontier may breed some fine qualities, it is a good deal like the farm in the respect that although it may be a fine place to come from, it is a soul-killing place in which to remain. It bred emotion rather than thought, and to a considerable extent substituted new material values for the spiritual ones of the older America.

In the rush for wealth — whether won from forests or mines; farms tilled, raped, and abandoned for fresher soil; real estate values from fast-growing cities; lands fraudulently obtained from a complaisant government — restraint, self-discipline, thought for the future ceased to be virtues. With all this came a vast optimism, a belief that everything would become bigger and better, and, because the standards of success were economic, better because bigger. Wealth was the goal, and the faster things got bigger — towns, cities, the piles of slain buffaloes, the area of forests destroyed — the quicker one's personal wealth accumulated. Statistics took on a new significance and spelled the letters of one's private fate.

At the same time, by the latter half of the nineteenth century another thing had happened, as we have said. Partly from the effects of the West and partly from immigration, the old, stable American-English character had become unstable, soft, pliant, something which could be easily molded by new influences. It could readily take the impress of an emotion, a leader, a new invention. It was full of possibility, both of good and evil.

Suddenly this new, unformed, malleable national character, already warped to a large degree toward material values, was called upon to feel the full force of the influences flowing from the fruition of the Industrial Revolution. Invention followed invention with startling rapidity. Life itself became infinitely more mobile. Scientists, engineers, manufacturers threw at the public contrivance after contrivance of the most far-reaching influence upon man's personal and social life without a thought of what that influence might be beyond the profit of the moment to the individual manufacturer.

Choice became bewildering in its complexity. The national character had become unstable. It was in a real sense unformed and immature, far more so than it had been a century earlier. It had also lost belief in the necessity of restraint and discipline. It had accepted material standards and ideals. It was in far more danger of being overwhelmed by the ideals of a new, raw, and crude Machine Age than was perhaps any other nation of the civilized group.

With an ingenuity that would have been fiendish had it not been so unthinking and ignorant, the leaders of the new era used every resource of modern psychology to warp the unformed character of the people, to provide the

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greatest possible profit to the individuals and corporations that made and purveyed the new "goods." Our best and worst qualities, our love of wife and children, our national pride, our self-respect, our snobbery, our fear of social opinion, our neglect of the future, our lack of self-restraint and discipline, our love of mere physical comfort have all been played upon to make mush of our characters in order that big business might thrive. Even our national government, whether wittingly or not, undertook to inflame our American love of gambling and our desire to "get rich quick" regardless of effect on character.

Characteristics and Character

Taking all the molding influences of the past century and more into account, it is little wonder, perhaps, that our national characteristics exhibit the trend noted. The situation, serious as it is, might be less so had it occurred at a time when the spiritual forms in the world at large — its scales of values, its ethical systems, its philosophies of life — were intact. But as we have noted, they have been largely destroyed; and at the very time when new forms are in process of arising, largely to be molded by the national characters of the peoples among whom they arise, our own is in the state pictured above. The question whether our new characteristics are temporary or permanent thus becomes of acute significance.

Race is a word of such vague and undefined content as to be of slight help to us, but if we take the whole history of the Western nations from which we derive, I think we may say that the characteristics noted above may be classed as acquired and not inherited. Biologists consider such not to be permanent and heritable, though the analogy with biology again is so vague as to afford little comfort.

More hopeful, I think, is the fact that these new characteristics appear to have derived directly from circumstances, and that these circumstances themselves have been in large part such as have passed and will not recur again. Immigration and "the West" have ceased to be continuing factors in our development. Their effects remain and must be dealt with, but neither factor will continue to intensify them. The tides of immigration have been shut off. There is significance in the fact that "the Wests" which won under Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln were defeated in 1896 under Bryan.

"The West" of to-day is a new West in which conditions, and to a large extend ideals, are different. Yet its greatest contribution to our national life and character remains that broadening and deepening of the dream of a better and a richer life for all of every class which was the cause of its earlier victories and which goes far to redeem its less noble influences. The nation as a whole is entering upon a new era in which all the conditions will be different from any experienced heretofore. Territory, resources, opportunities are none of them any longer unexploited and boundless. What the future may hold, we cannot tell, but in fundamental influences it will be different from the past. The menacing factor that remains is that of mass production and the machine.

Also, we have spoken thus far only of the trend in characteristics, not of our character as a whole. In that there are certain noble traits which remain unaltered, or have matured and strengthened. It is possible, now the warping influences of the past century have to some extent disappeared, that the national character may develop around them as a core, that we shall forget in manhood the wild oats sown in our youth.

But age acquires no value save through thought and discipline. If we cannot reinstate those, we are in danger of hampering rather than aiding in that reconstruction of the spiritual life of man that is the inevitable and most vital task now before the nations. We must either forward or retard it. We are too great to live aloof. We could not if we would, and upon the trend of our character depends to a great extent the future of the world.

Nor let us forget that although fortune has poured her favors in our lap, there is a Nemesis that dogs the steps of all, and we cannot lightly scorn the growing enmity of half the world. Are we to treat the Machine Age and mass production only as a new and different "West," or are we at last, in growing up, to learn wisdom and restraint? Are we going to change the trend in our character or is it to become fixed in its present form, a danger to ourselves and a menace to mankind? Few questions could be more difficult to answer or more pregnant with consequence.

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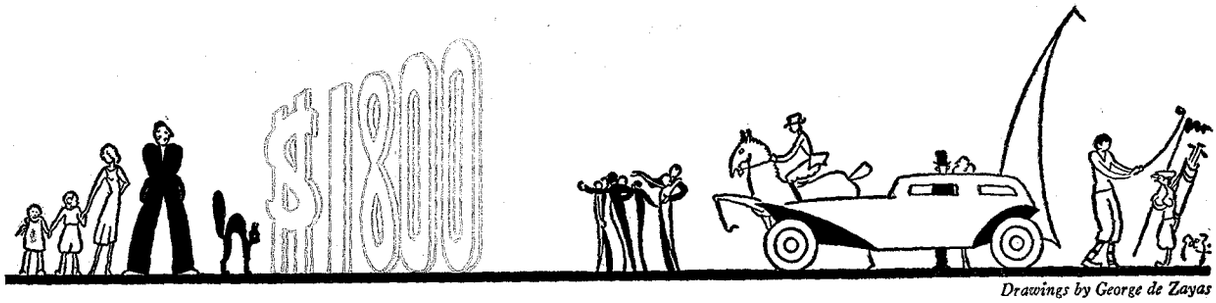

Drawings by George de Zayas

How to Raise a Family on $1800 a Year

by **PRISCILLA PENNYPACKER**

IT MUST BE annoying to economic theorists to relegate large groups of human beings to particular social strata on the basis of income, and then see them wriggle right out of their proper places. On the basis of income we belong to the submerged class. I have it on expert testimony. It is quite the regular thing for social and economic experts to dismiss as unworthy of consideration all families with an annual income of less than twenty-six hundred dollars; because, forsooth, no family can maintain a decent standard of living on less than that amount.

"Ho ho, and ho hum," say I. "Here we are, subaqueous and not aware of it; without a decent standard of living and not aware of that either; albeit, absolutely aware that there is a multitude of things that we would like to have and have not."

Two questions which come close home to everybody are "How to live?" and "How to make a living?" Seldom can they both be answered in one lifetime, and the thoughtful person soon finds that he must choose between them. He can either dedicate himself to the task of making a better living than he has been accustomed to, deluding himself with the promise that he will really begin to live on some indefinite tomorrow after he has accumulated his first million; or he can take the simpler course of resolving to try to live in the here and now on what he makes. Most Americans of this generation, it seems, have adopted the first formula, which makes of work an end in itself, and of life a mad chase for showy possessions. The second formula, built on thrift and minimizing the importance of material things in one's scale of happiness, is a much more ancient tradition reminiscent of early New England. Mrs. Pennypacker's article shows that this older way of living, while no longer dominant, is at least not dead.

Last year my husband earned thirteen hundred and fifty dollars at his regular employment. I earned, with a somewhat scratchy pen, two hundred and twenty-one dollars. From other sources we probably received about two hundred dollars more — a total of nearly eighteen hundred dollars. Our family included my husband, myself, our two children, a cat, a canary, two goldfish, and a horned toad.

Since that was too large a family to be supported decently, or otherwise, on an income of eighteen hundred a year, and because the goldfish possessed such limited intelligence, we gave them away. That helped some, for the time and money spent on the goldfish could then be distributed among the rest of us. The canary earns his board and keep in much the fashion of the itinerant music-grinder. The cat pays her way keeping mice from the cellar and cupboard, and birds from the strawberry bed; in addition to which she affords us a vast deal of entertainment, for no cat ever pursued her tail more valiantly than she. The horned toad has been interesting in a way, but his I. Q. is very low and his flies must be caught for him; so it is not unlikely that our family will, ere long, be reduced by one. Even then, it will still be beyond the pale of decency.

On the assumption that those who possess a decent standard of living must also possess a lively curiosity about that portion of the world whose standards are so far below them —

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for decency is always curious about indecency — I shall lay bare, quite shamelessly, the general scheme of expenditure which enables us to maintain our indecent standard of living. I shall show you just how it is done. At the beginning, however, I wish to make it clear that the details of many of my short cuts will remain my own. It is a matter of self-preservation that they should; for I have observed, with repeated dismay, the result of broadcasting such information.

When domestic science experts assured the world that, with proper care in cooking, the cheaper cuts of meat could be made as nutritious, or more nutritious, than the expensive cuts, up went the price of the cheaper cuts, while the costly ones remained costly. When the medical fraternity announced that liver — a meat of which my family has always been extraordinarily fond, and on which we have depended to help maintain the general indecency of our living standards — was not alone good food but possessed certain curative properties, away soared the price. Even the lowly carrot grew snobbish and took on airs when somebody discovered it to be rich in minerals.

Much of the food furore seems gratuitous. Even though the endorsement of the expert were lacking, it would appear logical and reasonable, would it not, that the meat from the neck of a gentle cow would be just as nutritious as that from her rear? The problem is to make Bossy's neck look as appetizing as her rear quarter. This I have long since proceeded to do. So with countless other items; the problem is not one of price and nutrition alone, but of nutrition and attractiveness. In all this I have also had to be eternally mindful of the tyrannous vitamin. He must be supplied in amount and in variety, but always inexpensively.

We do not make a budget. There is no use. Necessary expenditures long ago budgeted all possible income, thereby saving us the bother. Besides, I have noticed that the budgets of my friends show a lamentable unwillingness to conform to specifications. No budget in the world can make an income bigger than it is. Lacking elasticity, they are forever bursting out here and there, which makes me skeptical of their value.

Though we do eschew the budget, there are certain principles that govern our spending. The first of these is cash buying. To this general rule we make certain exceptions. Our home is being bought on the installment plan. The phonograph is being paid for by a similar, though not identical arrangement. The dealer from whom we obtained the phonograph rents a garage from us, but he pays nothing for the garage and we pay nothing for the phonograph. In a short time we shall possess full title to the phonograph without having lost title to the garage. We buy building materials, when they are needed, on a thirty-day cash basis. With these exceptions, we buy nothing unless we have the cash to pay for it. We run no accounts for clothing, groceries, or fuel.

Our payments on our home — including taxes, insurance, and interest, plus payments on a note — amounted last year to about seven hundred and fifty dollars. Life insurance took another one hundred and fifty. Taxes and assessments on another piece of property, non-income producing up to the present, though we hope for a change within a few months, took another one hundred and fifty. This left, out of our original indecent eighteen hundred dollars, the still more indecent sum of eight hundred dollars to distribute between butcher, baker, candle-stick maker, doctor, dentist, dairyman, and publisher.

We spend about twenty dollars a year for magazines. For most other reading matter, both books and periodicals, we depend on the state library, only five blocks away, and the city library, fifteen blocks away.

In the matter of doctor's bills we were unusually fortunate last year. Not even a family tonsil had to be removed — there is but one pair left now, anyhow — and doctor's bills totaled only about fifty dollars. Dental bills for the year were negligible. Glasses for the son cost twenty-five dollars.

We buy fuel in May, immediately after the price drops. This gives us the advantage of the best price of the entire year, with an additional discount of fifty cents a ton for cash. Our annual fuel bill comes to about seventy dollars. All of which leaves in the neighborhood of six hundred dollars for clubs, education, amusement, travel, clothing, food, and incidentals.

I shall dispose of clubs first, for they are easily disposed of. We simply don't join them. We do not wish to. This is not sour grapes; it is a fact. I prefer staying at home, and so does

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my husband. With both of us a club has no attraction at all in competition with house slippers, a comfortable chair, a glowing fire, and a book or magazine.

The amount we spend on education is at present very small, for our children are small and attend the public school. Even this amount increases, however, and in a year or two it will go up with a jump. About that time, we want the children to begin having musical instruction. We honestly doubt whether our children have the native gifts to benefit greatly from such instruction, but we wish them to have the opportunity, in case they have ability unsuspected by their doubting parents.

Our amusements are, necessarily, of an inexpensive kind. We take long walks, summer and winter. We like to walk, but walking is not being done. When motorists encounter us afoot on a country road, they stare with amazed incredulity. In summer we go swimming often, on picnics often. In winter we skate and coast, all of us together. We practically never attend lectures and concerts. Though I regret that we cannot attend the latter, it is a chore to drag ourselves out, and an expense. So it happens that our music we get mostly from the phonograph. Our lectures we take from books and magazines.

Clothes, in the ordinary family budget, loom as a large item. Not so in ours, and for various reasons. The first reason is that I make practically everything we wear. I keep out an eagle eye for values, and the few things we buy ready-made are purchased at a bargain. I make the children's clothes, my own clothes, and my husband's shirts and pajamas. I am not naturally skilled with the needle. I have learned to achieve results only after long and painful and frequently impatient effort. If we could afford to buy things ready-made, I'd give one ecstatic whoop and hurrah, say good-by to sewing forever, and go on a prolonged spending spree.

Especially would I bid a speedy farewell to sewing of the making-over variety. Now I make over my husband's clothes for the son, and my own clothes for the daughter. For the children and myself, I have made over numerous garments that I had before my marriage. I make over such sundry and various garments donated by friends and relatives that it is laughable. It happens, you see, that I am the "poor relation" in the family, but heaven was kind enough to make me small of stature while my relatives are cast in a more heroic mold. So I never resent their gifts of clothing. Why should I? Especially when I need the gifts, and when it makes the relatives feel so comfortable and expansive and generous?

Making over involves a tiresome amount of work, two or three times the work involved in mere making. One must dye often, and rip and wash and press and piece and figure. But the very difficulties add zest to the game. It is always a gamble in which my wits and ingenuity are matched against materials — obstreperous, cantankerous, obstinate, reluctant, and, frequently, slightly inadequate. What fun to win the stake in a game like that; and I *have* to win!

Not only do I make over, but I mend and patch and darn; then do it again. In summer I encourage the children to live in their bathing suits; such a satisfied sense of virtue suffuses my being as I see them, attired thus, grow brown and browner. How enhanced is my feeling of virtue as I see also the washing and ironing and mending that I escape. Legs and arms are so much easier to wash than clothes, and they do not have to be ironed, albeit they do sometimes need to be mended.

Shoes, I admit, are something of a problem for those who are living on an income as indecent as ours. The bathing suit costume helps some, and there are always sales. Real bargains can always be found, if one has the ability to recognize a bargain. I have been able to do this ever since I learned about the different types of shoe construction. Before that I made costly errors. Not infrequently I buy shoes for the children or myself several months or even a year in advance of need, because they can be bought at a price.

Since the first year we were married, I have been barber-in-chief to my husband. He had always begrudged the time he spent in a barber shop. Shortly after the close of the war, when the price of a hair-cut rose to seventy-five cents, he rebelled, avowing that he would wear his hair long before he would pay that price; and, anyhow, why couldn't I cut it? I could, and I did. He was not severely critical, or the mirror was not in a good light, or something. Whatever the reason, he was satisfied

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and I have been cutting his hair ever since. When the son was a year old, I became his barber, and have so continued.

We do not allow for travel in our spending, for we do not travel. Nor, again, is that a hardship. When a girl, I dreamed a long, long dream of European travel, of world travel. I wanted to learn French and German and Spanish and Italian where they were spoken. I wanted to make what would have been, I recognize it now, a sentimental pilgrimage which should include the birthplace and dwelling place and burial place of the writers of English literature whom I most greatly loved. But the dreams did not come true; after a time, they faded gently away.

As for seeing America first, my husband and I have seen a goodly portion of it. The rest can wait till the children are older; then we shall see it together. Nor will ours be a conducted tour. We shall go where we wish and stay as long as we wish, camping by ourselves in solitary places — if any still remain. More than likely we shall journey in a flivver. And more than likely some unripe young author will make clever sport of our ways and journeyings. We shall not mind. We shall go serenely on our way, knowing what we seek in life, even though we do seek it on eighteen hundred a year.

We do not own a car, but we should like to own one, mightily. At least the children and I should. We are not wholly without transportation, for we have the use of a car that belongs to my mother. We use it, but we are aware that it is hers, not ours. There are many things we might do with our own car that we do not do with hers. For my mother's car has Methodist wheels: it balks at Sunday swimming parties. A car that could give us unstinted use and enjoyment must not be so encumbered. Some day we will have a car, but that day will not come until a note is paid off and an operation taken care of.

Something — I do not know what — is spent each year for repairs, medicine, and other incidentals. What remains goes for food. I have saved this item till the last, because no theorist in the world would ever believe that I feed my family well on the absolutely indecent amount that I have left to spend. But, in the matter of food, I am, as my husband says, and as I admit, the "champion nickel-stretcher of the world." I know my proteins, my carbohydrates, my minerals, my fats, and my vitamins. I feed my family nourishing and tasty food, and I do it at a minimum. I take shameless advantage of sales. I pay no allegiance to any dealer except one. Other things being equal, I buy as much as I possibly can from a certain local dealer, who, over a period of years, has consistently kept the price of foodstuffs low. I read advertisements daily and shop where shopping is best.

My menus are the most adjustable things in the world. If I had planned to buy leaf lettuce and head is cheaper, I buy head. If both are beyond my reach and good cabbage is obtainable, I buy cabbage. If that is high, carrots make good salads. If I had planned on oranges and somebody offers a bargain in grapefruit, my family eats grapefruit. If all fruit runs too high, I fall back on my own supply of canned goods until fruit prices drop. If I had planned on pork, and veal or beef happen to be cheaper, we eat veal or beef. I do all of my own baking except bread. But if I happen to see some day-old pastry and it is cheaper than I can make, and I am momentarily lazy, I buy it.

I practically never buy out of season. Most things are better home-grown and in season. In all my buying I figure not in terms of nutrition alone or price alone, but in terms of nutrition and interest in relation to price.

There are many tricks in my trade. I will reveal just one of them. I hate to reveal even so much, for some day some dairyman will chance upon this paper, will read what I have written, will tell his brother dairymen, they will combine to raise the price of buttermilk, and away will go my short cut. I learned long ago that in successful cake making and muffin making and biscuit making, the results obtained with buttermilk and soda are as good as those obtained with sweet milk and baking powder; also, that the difference in nutritional value is practically nil. A quart of buttermilk in our town costs seven cents; a quart of sweet milk, twelve cents. A pound of soda costs seven cents; a pound of baking powder, around forty cents. Even so poor a mathematician as I can see that seven cents plus seven cents (or buttermilk plus soda) is cheaper than twelve cents plus forty cents (or sweet milk plus baking powder). Besides this, the quantity of soda necessary to each cup of buttermilk is less than

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the quantity of baking powder needed to each cup of sweet milk.

In this way I save many dollars a year. And so it goes. Nutritional values being equal, my problem resolves itself into a simple mathematical equation. Any moron can do problems like that.

For the most part, I do not mind our poverty. It is amusing in its way. There is a certain zest and excitement in the business of nickel-stretching. It certainly could not be as boresome to me as bridge parties.

One thing, I confess, I do mind. I am surprised and frequently hurt at the impassable barrier set up between me and many people whose friendship I should like to have. In my inexperienced youth I blissfully believed that money, or the lack of it, could create no barrier to friendship; that friendship was a spontaneous and beautiful thing which sprang from kinship of taste and ideas and ideals. And so it is and so it does, to a certain extent and within certain group limits. But such friendships do not spring up between group and group. Sometimes in youth a spark can cross the gap; rarely in maturity.

Thus it has come about that, outside of my own family and a few old friends, the friends I have to-day fall largely within the same income group as ourselves. There are exceptions, of course, but, in the main, this is true. I regret this. I would rather be a collector of friendships than of anything else in the world. But collecting of any kind is restricted on eighteen hundred a year.

We entertain but little, yet our entertaining is of the type I should enjoy most if our income were many times what it is. Pancake and sausage breakfasts had been my specialty long before the Coolidges borrowed the idea. Conversation is the chief spice of a meal anyhow; so we have pancake breakfasts and biscuit lunches — I am an artist at making biscuits — and with them much talk that is stimulating and amusing. Dinners are beyond our means. Five guests, usually, are the outside limit.

Our house is shabby and not very convenient, especially in winter. In summer it is lovely. We boast five outside doors. The place is old. The paint is weathered. Wrought-iron nails hold it together. It is almost old enough to be an antique. We do not mind the paint. We are foolish enough to believe that wood which the wind has weathered has an attraction equal to that of wood weathered in a paint shop. Though our house is old and lacks modern nooks and gimcracks, it is roomy and comfortable.

Better than that, it sits in the middle of a real yard. There is grass for the children to play on and there are trees for them to climb. They have a swing that carries them high into the branches of an old tree. They have a trapeze. In winter they have slides and igloos. In summer they have a tent. They sleep outdoors when the notion strikes them. The son, at seven years, sleeps all alone outdoors all night.

Since we could not have a real yard plus the home we would like in the neighborhood where we were necessarily located, we chose the yard and the trees rather than the house. We believe that, in after years, the memories of the grass and trees will compensate to the children for the shabbiness of the house. By the time they are old enough for the type of house they live in to make any real difference to them, we hope to have a different house.

We do not attempt to keep up with the Joneses. We do not know the Joneses. There would be small use to try to keep up with them even if we were so inclined. The neighbors can see, without the slightest effort, that the cars that stop at our door are few of them Packards or Lincolns or Rolls Royces. We think it more dignified, and infinitely easier, to accept ourselves as we are and be what we are rather than try to pretend to be other than we are.

We chuckle often over our indecency.

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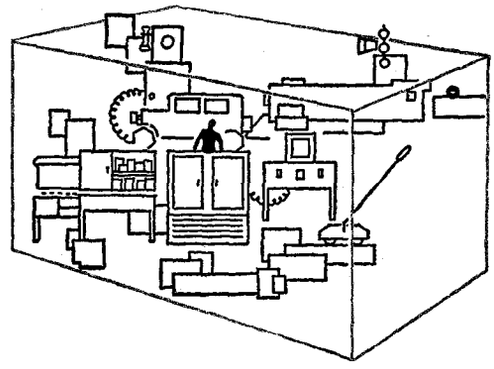
Pandora's New Box



Drawing by Geoffrey Norman

by **RALPH E. FLANDERS**

We of to-day are to a large extent dependent on boxes the inner workings of which are as mysterious to most of us as Pandora's chest ever was to her. The washing machine, the vacuum cleaner, the radio, the phonograph, the automatic refrigerator, and of course the automobile — these things are necessities to us, but only mechanics know their secrets.

So essential have these hundreds of mechanical contrivances become, so satisfactorily do they perform their work, that we are inclined to think of mechanical action as the normal mode and to search for its manifestations in all fields of experience. Thus, for instance, it is customary to refer to the economic structure of our country as a machine and to describe its details as parts of an economic mechanism. The intricate web of extraction, transportation, distribution, consumption, and finance appears to function on some mechanical principle. Cause and effect play their usual rôles, and the various laws of action and reaction may be observed.

Yet this is one box whose cylinders and wheels have never been understood, one machine which no one seems to be able to repair or adjust. No one knows how it is made, how it works, or what is the cause of its periodical breakdown. When an automobile or a vacuum cleaner ceases to produce the best results, we send for a mechanic. This man diagnoses the trouble, remedies it, and the mechanism is set in proper working order. We may expect the economist and financier to act as repair men for the economic machine, but they do not. They merely watch it and speculate about it. Where the mechanic, or engineer, examines his machine, understands it, and then proceeds to effect a cure, the economist seems content merely to scrutinize and note symptoms. Long experience has given him some facility in predicting the behavior of the economic machine, but practically no skill in controlling it.

Now our economic machine has broken down recently and is functioning far from properly to-day. This everyone knows. There are many who know it intimately and painfully through loss of income, physical privation, and spiritual discouragement. And all attempts to find the source of the trouble, which is a recurrent one, have met with failure.

Some excuse for this may be found in the fact that the economic machine differs from the engineer's machine in certain important particulars. Most important of all, the economic mechanism is not the product of purposeful, conscious design. The phonograph, the automatic refrigerator had their designing engineer or group of engineers — men who combined inventive imagination with scientific training and embodied them in the finished product. This other machine is also the result of human thought and action, but is more a by-product than a product and we can scarcely expect from anyone a complete intimacy with its construction.

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Then too, of course, there is the possibility that economics and finance do not constitute a science but are still in the stage of animism and magic. A year ago, when the Federal Reserve Board (presumably composed of the most capable financiers in the country) was endeavoring to curb speculation, their efforts met with objections. It was said that we should "let nature take its course." Such a policy of *laissez faire* seems to indicate that what we call "the economic machine" is beyond human control, that it belongs to the elemental mysteries, like the fundamental constitution of matter and energy. And often there are other indications which lead us to believe that it is merely a system of rationalizations, automatically organized to clothe stupidity and greed.

What Makes the Wheels Go Round?

Nevertheless although, as I have said, we cannot expect absolute knowledge concerning the economic machine, we *can* expect from the economist and the financier more familiarity and coöperation than they have been accustomed to display. For where economists do have theories as to how their machine might be controlled, no two of them agree. Their attitude toward any objective, purposeful approach to the problem is most interesting and, for the rest of us, disheartening.

How to tame the bulls and bears in Wall Street is a problem which the modern business world can no longer ignore. In the November Forum ("The Birthday of the Slump") Mr. John T. Flynn concluded that it is practically impossible to subdue them completely, but that their rampages may be made less dangerous than they are at present. With this defeatist attitude, even though it is qualified with a measure of optimism, Mr. Flanders takes issue. He believes that it will be possible to discover exactly what makes the wheels of the economic machine go round, and hence to deal with the causes which bring about periodic breakdowns — all this through coöperation between the engineer and the economist. He places the burden squarely upon the economist to prevent these depressions which play havoc with the nation's business and our whole social structure.

If Henry George lays the maladjustments to the evil effect of the unearned increment, or if Professor Fisher is concerned with the elastic material from which we have made our financial tape measure, the results are nil, for their ideas are faintly smiled upon from a superior height. Not only are such ideas themselves combatted with arguments (which is perfectly proper, if the arguments are valid), but in addition their proposers are advised to be less inquisitive and not to meddle with matters beyond their abilities and experience.

Contrast this attitude of the economists with that of the doctor. He also is faced with a machine, and it is far more intricate than that with which the economist is concerned and still less the product of human planning. But he is not so skeptical as to its adjustment and repair. Like the economist, he is, of course, interested in symptoms, but, unlike the economist, he is not satisfied with the mere notation of them. He continues to study the queer-shaped machine in which man is confined until he discovers the various causes of its breakdowns. Then he goes on to find out how these causes may be eliminated, or, if not eliminated, decreased. He is determined to know his machine thoroughly, and he succeeds in so far as his capabilities allow.

There have been, however, a few instances where economists and financiers have endeavored to study the economic mechanism itself, as well as the symptoms which it so unfortunately betrays. The latest and most seriously concerned of these are W. T. Foster and Waddill Catchings. These gentlemen are professionally competent, the one as an economist and the other as a financier. They have at their fingers' ends the multitudinous details, ramifications, and interactions of the business machine. They have pried off the lid and examined every screw and washer. The result of their studies, undertaken with a deep sense of responsibility, has been set forth in their *Atlantic Monthly* articles and in their numerous books; it is summarized in their recent publications, *Profits* and *The Road to Plenty*.

The Foster-Catchings analyses, whether of the economic mechanism itself or of its interactions, are clear and convincing. But they share the same fault as the efforts of all other economists: they do not go far enough. The remedies proposed for recurrent depressions are sensible, but they do not seem fundamental. These men appear, after all, to be still in the stage of treating symptoms (though that is an improvement over merely noting them) instead of acquiring a fundamental knowledge of the economic structure as an organic whole.

The best evidence of this lies in their prescription, which requires the extensive and accurate gathering of all sorts of statistics relating to

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finance, agriculture, employment, production, stocks on hand, and so forth. Under this plan we are, through long experience and careful experimentation, to gain enough wisdom to release large-scale contracts on prepared credits in such form and at such times as to fill in some measure the deepest valleys of business depressions.

And it is here that the engineer, who assents to this program but considers it no more than a feeble palliative measure, enters into the discussion. It should be understood that the word "engineer" is here used in no narrow sense. It is a convenient term for defining modern man in all his activities — the man who attacks the problems of his daily work with the objectivity of a scientist, using every available resource of science to assist him and distrusting meanwhile all unanalyzed and unproved habits, customs, traditions, and the like.

The engineer thus comprehends all industrialists, merchants, doctors, and other men who are working in the modern spirit. To this group the Foster-Catchings procedure of relieving depressions by large-scale contracts on prepared credits, even though backed by long-term analyses, is not the final answer in our search for methods to control the economic machine; to them it is only a first step.

The Gifts of the Engineer

The engineer knows — all engineers know — that, if some omniscient dictator were installed as ruler of the United States, they could provide for him raw materials, machinery, and trained labor sufficient to flood, bury, and smother the population in such an avalanche of food, clothing, shelter, luxuries, and material refinements as no Utopian dreamer in his busiest slumbers has ever conceived. The material conditions for productivity are already here. But to control the economic machine we need more than the ability, the means, and the raw materials with which to produce. We need understanding on the part of the economists, and this we have not got.

Certain observers (Stuart Chase, for example), noting the consistency and excellence of the physical equipment of civilization and contrasting it with the irregular and unsatisfactory operation of the economic and financial apparatus, have been led to hope that the same quality of intelligence and experience which has served so well on the material problem would apply equally well to the social one. They would turn the whole job over to the engineer. It is a proposition worth considering; but first let us see what the engineer has already done that would qualify him for this other and formidable task — a task which no one else has yet been able to perform satisfactorily.

In simpler days, not many centuries back in time or many thousand miles away in space, the individual man, assisted by his family group and by continuous and concentrated toil, could do little more in a year than provide the bare necessities of food, clothing, and shelter. Broadly speaking, if A was rich, it was at the expense of B and C and D, each of whom was pushed a step nearer starvation by the demands of A. The raising of a lordly building, or the defense of the realm from external violence, directly and indirectly impoverished thousands. Accumulation at one point meant beggary at another.

When in the due process of history the engineer arrived, his work changed this scheme of things. By scientific design, construction, and management of the implements of production and of distribution he increased the productivity of the individual man ten, fifty, and sometimes a hundredfold. Of that hundredfold he may, if fortunate, get eightfold for himself. A, the skillful accumulator of wealth, may get eightyfold, but B, C, and D are each sure to get at least fourfold. There may be doubt as to the equity of this distribution, but the engineer's efforts have resulted in harm to no one, at least some slight benefit to everyone, and the possibility — for the first time — of plenty for all. Thus the provision of an adequate surplus of food, clothes, materials of shelter, and innumerable other physical goods is the unquestioned achievement of the engineer.

The gift of productivity has altered the base of the social structure from a starvation economy to a surplus economy. Not yet does all of our literature, or all of our customary patterns of thought and conduct, or all of our attempts at shaping the future recognize this momentous fact — but fact it is. It is becoming quite evident that the vital movements of our time are not toward exploitation and forcible accumulation, but toward productivity and control.

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Furthermore, productivity is convertible into leisure, and that conversion is already in process. We have the leisure of the lengthened period of education, which now extends into the late twenties for some of the professions. We have the leisure of unemployment, and the leisure of men thrown out of work. Most of this latter variety of leisure is undesired, unorganized, but it is actually here. There is also, more happily, the desired and organized leisure of shortened working hours and the well-nigh universal summer vacation. The five-day week is here in some industries and is coming for all, with even shorter working periods possible.* And in spite of all this "lost time," the machinery of production is turning out the largest volume of goods ever known. Goods and leisure — we can have plenty of either or much of both.

Lastly, all this has resulted in the beginnings of a unique and better human relationship — Dean Kimball's "new kindliness." This has become possible only since it has been proved that engineering skill, coöperative effort, and some measure of social justice are more effective in the accumulation of wealth than are robbery and forced labor, under whatever legalities or phraseology they may be concealed.

The engineer, then, offers to society his gifts of productivity, leisure, an altered economy, and a new kindliness. He wonders why they are not more fully accepted and used. His creative energies remain largely potential rather than kinetic, and it is proper that he should ask what it is that is restraining the transformation.

The Engineer's Limitations

So far we have seen that the engineer seems to be well-equipped to take over direction of the economic machine. But there are other sorts of equipment necessary besides technical and productive ability. There is the human element. The engineer is not a stranger here; he is used to dealing directly with humanity. Engineering is "the science of controlling the forces and utilizing the materials of nature for the benefit of man, and the art of organizing and directing human activities in connection therewith." Industrial management is comprised within the second half of this definition and is a completely accredited branch of engineering.

Within the walls of the factory, or within the limits of the industrial organization, the engineer seldom finds himself at a loss. He finds it possible to adjust the internal activities to external demands, to balance the work of each part to the operations of the whole, to attain a reasonable degree of efficiency, and to apportion earnings with some measure of justice. All this is feasible because of the peculiar effectiveness of his discoveries and methods.

When, however, we look to see the same resources resolved into the same benefits *outside* the factory walls, in the structure of society as a whole, we are disappointed. While the work of production is done effectively, the work of distribution is enormously wasteful. It involves vast organizations, tons upon tons of ink-smeared paper, an endless hurrying to and fro on trains and in motor cars, and an unceasing clatter of telegraphs and ringing of telephones.

Even more alarming is the fact that from time to time the whole mechanism slows down to a standstill. Neither the former favorites of fortune nor the more scantily rewarded servants of the machine draw their customary allotments. This is the more maddening because the whole mechanism stands there visibly intact and ready to run. Here are the products of earth, field, forest, and sea, ready for workshop and store. Here are factories complete with eager staffs of executives and laborers. Here are the same executives and laborers in their complementary capacity of expectant consumers, with the whole structure of transportation and merchandising between — all intact but stricken with demoniacal blight.

Now the part of this mechanism which is clogged and frozen lies outside the proper field of the engineer. He considers it anxiously, venturing well-meant criticisms and suggestions, but with due meekness and hesitation. And there are, indeed, good grounds for humility on his part. A formal course in economics as a part of a technical education is not a complete preparation for the position of economic adviser to the whole body politic. Much else is needed in the way of specialized ability, ex-

*See The Forum for June, 1930: "Staggered Holidays," by Henry Kittredge Norton.

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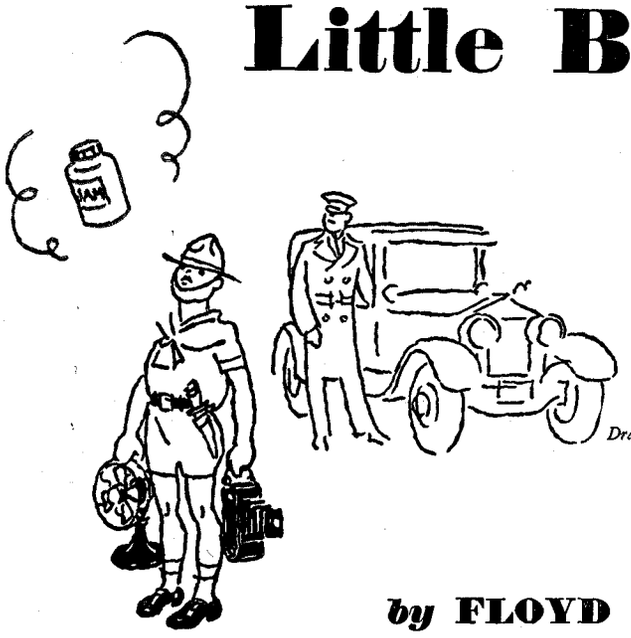
perience, and knowledge, and few have qualified for the post.

Therefore, simply because his whole previous success has been based on specialized ability, experience, and knowledge, the engineer must all the more firmly decline — or turn back whatever part he has already accepted — this particular area of the social problem. It must remain with its special sponsors, the economists. But the engineer can do this with the firm and unshakable faith that *he has made the solution physically possible.*

Yet let us beware of impatience. We must again remind ourselves that the economic machine is extremely complicated. Finally, we must admit that there may be something more than mere mechanism involved. There may be subtle human excitations, greeds, ambitions, justifiable prudences which, by the mys-

(*Continued on page* XXXIII)

Little Babbitts



Drawings by Johan Bull

by **FLOYD TILLERY**

THE MAD DAYS of 1917–18 will always be remembered as a paradise for those organizers who meet weekly under the militant ægis of the various luncheon clubs. Around tables sat the brotherhood of Rotary and Kiwanis discussing with patriotic zeal and high enthusiasm Liberty Bond sales, war savings stamps, and Y.M.C.A. funds. They soon discovered that in this struggle for the cause of democracy every possible aid was necessary, and it was not long before women were drafted, with remarkably productive results. Then some genius thought of the precious little Boy Scouts. Might not the emotional appeal of these khaki-clad twelve-year-olds be used to material effect? It might — and it was.

Thus was inaugurated the final corruption of that movement which once, when introduced into America in 1910 by Ernest Thompson Seton, gave promise of being an excellent method of cramming more horse sense into young craniums and more self-reliance into malleable adolescent characters. Mr. Seton's original program had almost immediately suffered an onslaught from the Y.M.C.A., which, with its mania for service-crowns-and-glory, recognized the opportunity for enrolling members in and adding dollars to its boys' department. It greedily set about to adopt the Boy Scout movement for its own aggrandizement and financial gain. But Mr. Seton insisted that there be no restrictions as to color, class, or creed; so inevitably there came an early split.

Subversive as this first interference was, its influence was far less dangerous and lasting than that of the civic clubbers who seized upon the organization as a means of filling war

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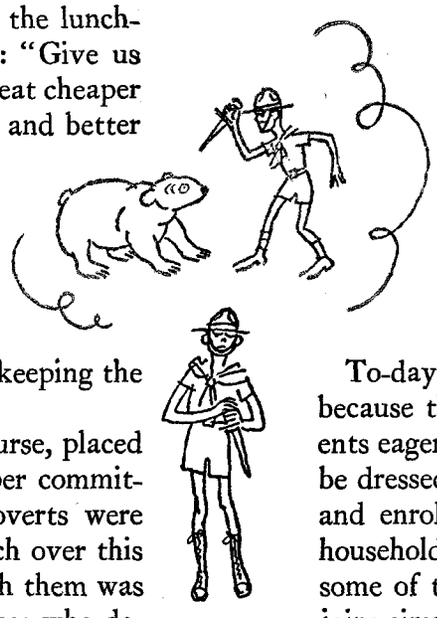
chests and putting over drives. For when the war was over and drives became only a memory, all live-wire Babbitts looked around for other "activities." From the luncheon tables came the cry: "Give us something to do! We can eat cheaper than this at a drug store and better than this at home." And the soothing syrup which the leaders found was the fostering of those very same kerchiefed lads who had proved so helpful in keeping the home fires burning.



The project was, of course, placed in the hands of the proper committeemen. Emotional introverts were speedily assigned to watch over this peacetime army, and with them was placed a sprinkling of those who demand that everything must be weighed and measured if it is to have any meaning. These two groups, being able to speak the same language without being understood, nicely balanced each other and made for quick success in their job. Thus the adult-infantilism of Father Rotary and Mother Kiwanis began to exert itself very powerfully on the Boy Scouts of America.

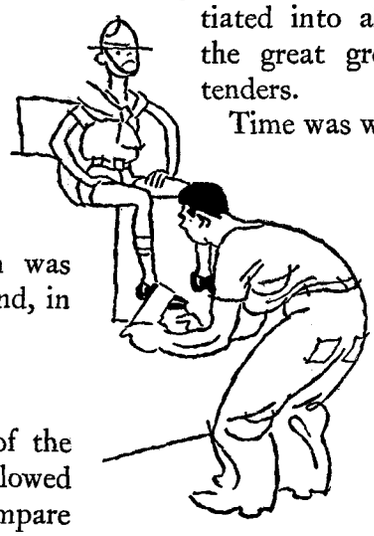
The consequence is that to-day the Boy Scout program is quite different from that conceived by Ernest Thompson Seton and, before him, in England, by Sir Robert Baden-Powell. National policies were formulated and soon the movement was irretrievably in the hands of American business men. Men of vision, such as Seton, were crowded out by high-pressure executives who could engineer programs and commandeer millionaires. The Boy Scout organization was destined to be manhandled, muddled, and, in the worst sense, Americanized.

Automatons in Khaki

In order to realize the extent of the perversion and corruption that has followed under the new régime, one has only to compare the pioneer type of scouting of twenty years ago with the parlor movement of to-day. Formerly, membership in the Boy Scouts was entirely voluntary. A boy joined — usually under parental objection — because he wanted to rough it as Daniel Boone had done, because he wanted to get out in the open, because he wanted to feel at home in the woods, because he wanted to be prepared to take care of himself and his fellows at all times and in all places, and in general because he believed that scouting would make him a more rugged sort of a boy. The program appealed to the Huckleberry Finns and the Tom Sawyers — the real boys.

To-day it is otherwise. Boys join the Scouts because they are twelve years old. Fond parents eagerly await the day when their son may be dressed in his Scout regalia, photographed, and enrolled in the troop affiliated with the household gods, be they Rotary, Kiwanis, or some of the less famous fellowships. The boy joins simply because it is expected of him.

Then, too, the organization affords a *sine qua non* privilege to attend Friday night meetings. The youngster can wear the uniform, march in parades, be excused from school for "special duty," wear badges and gayly colored kerchiefs, be lauded by preachers and teachers and public speakers, see his name and picture in the papers, and always be singled out from the crowd as "a little Boy Scout." Membership breeds and develops a superiority complex and encourages a sublimated type of exhibitionism. It binds the boy while young to the great American machine. He is early initiated into all the first-degree rites of the great group of joiners and pretenders.



Time was when a band of boys would get together, organize, and decide on a good man for scoutmaster. Such a man's goodness consisted not in his social standing, not in his church affiliations, not necessarily in his moral reputation in the community; a good scoutmaster was a real fellow, a man who knew life somewhat as the pioneers knew it, who knew the woods and streams and birds and animals. He was a man who could do things, who could live outdoors,

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on his own, without any of the aids of civilization. Such a man might be hard to find; but if he was to be had, the boys would locate him.

To-day the scoutmaster is selected by a troop committee, or the pastor, or the Sunday School superintendent, or some other delegated authority. The candidate must "belong." He must be popular, successful in business, and either interested in church work or a good prospect for lay workers and proselytizers. The position appeals to the young man who needs a social or business lift. It is an asset to anyone having political aspirations or a lack of insurance or automobile prospects. But so far as being a regular fellow is concerned, the scoutmaster need never have so much as stumped a toe or stolen a watermelon. What is essential is that he be a good dresser, if possible a college graduate, and by all means a go-getter.

When the "right man" is found, a meeting of all available boys is called. As soon as they are enrolled as members of the new unit, it is decided (by the troop committee and the pastor) to make this latest troop the biggest and best in the entire council. The scoutmaster and the boys acquiesce with three lusty cheers. And from that moment two vital things are stressed — growth and publicity. The master must see that the boys bring in new members, that the troop be kept in the public eye, that it advertise the church. The scoutmaster understands, and he soon becomes an important cog in the wheel.

The Rollo Boys in Camp

Twenty years ago, a Scout troop would take a twenty-five mile hike into the country almost every Saturday. The boys would rise before daybreak, get their own breakfasts, and provide themselves with food to cook for the noonday meal. Before sunup the troop would be on the open road — always a different road leading to a different place where there would be different things to do, new sights, more things to learn, pioneer hardships to encounter. Frequently the hike would be cross-country; sometimes it would be by bicycles, sometimes by canoes. There was never any hurry. All along the way there were rest periods during which the scoutmaster would ask and answer questions, demonstrate, advise, teach, and lead.

When the destination was reached, scouting began in earnest. Woodcraft and campcraft were taught and practiced. Scout tests were given. Wrestling, boxing, running, jumping, swimming, and rowing were enjoyed. Games calling for grit and endurance as well as initiative, resourcefulness, and cunning were played. Perhaps a couple of good fights would get under way and be finished with before the master saw fit to intervene. At dinner time each boy — with only one match, or a fire-

making set, and his cooking equipment and rations — was on his own. Everyone had to shift for himself. In due time he could prepare his meal quickly in a wholesome, delectable way that betokened a good Scout and camper.

Hiking to-day, except for the fourteen-mile requirement, is almost a lost art. The boys ride to the appointed place in automobiles or a truck. For the most part they "motor over" to the Scout camp near town. They take along chicken salad sandwiches, cookies, lady fingers, canned goods, thermos bottles, paper napkins — and a change of underwear. They regard scrambling an egg as cooking, and climbing a hickory tree as pioneering. For strenuous games they play variations of tag and follow-the-leader. They try to memorize, temporarily, the names of ten trees, ten wild flowers, and ten birds so that they can pass a test and get to wear another badge.

"First class scouts" these may be — but they are typical tenderfeet. They know not tired dogs, sore muscles, aching limbs, and empty stomachs, nor the cooling, soothing, filling effect such members receive from running streams and omnivorous bites of corn bread and hunter's stew. Scouting of this latter-day variety is artificial, stereotyped, and pampered. A day in the woods with a present-

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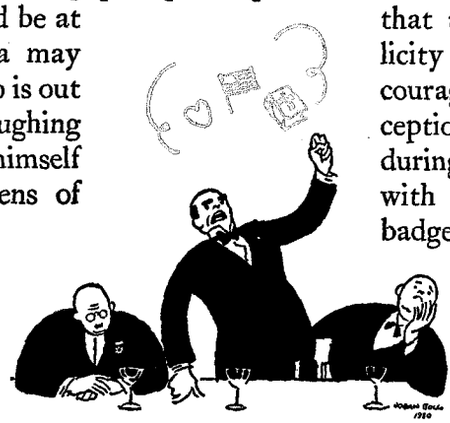
day troop smacks more of a Sunday School picnic of Willies and Susies than it does of a gang of rough-and-ready American boys cutting loose from the entanglements of civilization.

The same degeneration may be seen in both the week-end camps and the ten-day camps in summer vacations. Formerly these were occasions during which one might garner knowledge never learned at school. But look at them now! The Boy Scout camp of to-day is one of the show places of every town and city. Usually it is situated close enough in to be shown easily; if possible on a paved highway — certainly near enough for mothers to visit it frequently during the camping periods, for fathers to go out on week-ends and Sundays, and for the boys themselves to run into town for a movie or a dance.

This camp is equipped with running water, electric lights, telephones, radios, and perhaps a miniature golf course. There are well-furnished cottages, commissaries, and mess halls. There is always a main lodge for the big powwows. And usually there are canoes, motor boats, diving towers, playgrounds, and all the modern conveniences of the typical summer resort. Here mama's darling and papa's pet may go a-camping yet feel and be at home. Here mama and papa may visit their little Boy Scout who is out in God's great open spaces roughing it like a man and preparing himself for the hardships and burdens of later life.



To camp on special days come the Rotary Club, the Kiwanis Club, the Lions, and the Scout Council. Now the men mix with the boys and have themselves photographed for the papers with their faces submerged in watermelons or stuffed with barbecue or in some other equally ridiculous pose which strikes everyone as being tremendously funny. Then the boys do their special stunts, sing their songs, and exhibit themselves in general for the grown folks to the sweet music of deafening applause.

Next comes a speech by the president of the Council, or perhaps by the generous donor of the camp's lighting system. The boys hear once more about citizenship, opportunity, service, success, and preparation for life's battle. And they are bored stiff. The most they can gather from the address, and all that they care about, is that they themselves are pretty hot stuff.

The weekly meeting, usually held on Friday night, is a fixed activity of the Scout program. Here the Scout oath, laws, and work are supposed to be studied, discussed, and memorized, and some of it repeated like the Lord's Prayer. A sensible scoutmaster of yesterday knew that youngsters cannot be taught ethics and citizenship from a book. He knew that boys by nature detest formalities and that it is silly to have them repeat oaths the full meanings of which they are ignorant. Such codes of law embody ethical standards far beyond the boy's comprehension and period of social development. Therefore in the old days these things went by the board. The boys met, frolicked, made plans for the morrow's hike or camp, spent some time in practical scoutcraft, heard a good story, played some game, and went home.

But the Scout meeting of the present régime calls for all the technicalities, rules, and regulations prescribed in *Robert's Rules of Order* and practiced in Congress. It is from these meetings that the scoutmaster gets his publicity propaganda. The boy is encouraged to make a report of all exceptional good turns he has done during the week, to comply speedily with the requirements for merit badges — all this, very likely, to earn points in an efficiency contest, or to win the president's cup, or to be reported in the weekly troop letter that will be published on the official Boy Scout page of the Sunday paper.

Repeatedly the Scout is impressed with his own importance and his signal value to the community by his scoutmaster, the troop committee, the pastor, Scout headquarters and publications. Few days pass without conspicuous press notices of the indispensable worth of the Boy Scouts to the city. Few sermons lack some reference to the great character-building agency fostered and maintained by the civic clubs of the community. Business men will tell you proudly that "the biggest

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thing in this town is the Boy Scouts."

And so the good work goes on — the work of the Lions or Kiwanis or whatever civic club first grabs this special service prize for its own amusement and aggrandizement. The public is never allowed to forget how many dollars Rotary has raised or how many dollars it has spent each year in promoting the Scouts. One is continually reminded that the Lions Club built the Scout swimming pool, purchased and prepared the Scout camping grounds, offered the scholarship, and donated this or that "for the Boy Scouts of this city."

It is easy to see how the boy has been robbed, how he has been deprived of what is his right. It is easy to see what he is missing, and what he is getting. It is easy to see what a farce the whole thing has become, and when and how and why. But let us carry the investigation to its logical conclusions. First, what becomes of the Boy Scout and of this Boy Scout training?

One may answer this pertinent question by asking another. What becomes of any boy when he reaches the age of puberty? His interests turn in other channels, and at fifteen he labels as puerile and asinine what at twelve seemed to him perfect. The sixteen-year-old boy, or older, who has been brought up in Scout work is no more moral, no more pious, no more practical, no more resourceful, no more dependable, unselfish, or honorable than the boy who never was a Scout. Neither is he more virile or vigorous.

Ask the boys themselves. Ask the young men — those who have not reënlisted in Scout work. The majority will tell you that they regard Scouting as a fiasco, except that it does provide a certain kind of play program for twelve, thirteen, and fourteen-year-old boys. These young men will tell you, first, that the Scout program does not appeal to the middle and later adolescent years, and, second, that the present-day parlor Scouting does not make for rugged, robust, resourceful boyhood. The chances are that it inculcates in the boy the spirit of the Philistine, the Babbitt, and the adult-infant, and that these are influences from which he is likely never to recover.

Why Do They Do It?

Why do the civic clubs work so hard, devote so much of their time and money, become so zealous about this Boy Scout business? Do these men honestly believe that in promoting the Scout program they are actually engaged in character-building? Do they think that thirteen-year-old boys can be taught citizenship on Friday nights by scoutmasters? Do they expect the pre- and early adolescent to understand and honorably keep the Scout oath and laws as he so sacredly promises in the Scout investiture?

And furthermore, do these men think that they themselves, the fathers of the boys, can vote dry and drink wet, buy cheap and sell dear, steal, gamble, and rob, play politics, accept bribes, resort to chicanery and knavery — and leave it to the Boy Scout movement to make good citizens and good church members of their sons?

Of course few Rotarians, Kiwanians, or members of any other civic club are going to ask such foolish questions themselves. In the first place, few of these men are afflicted with the malady of thought; and in the second place, such questions are considered evidence of Bolshevistic tendencies. There are four million Boy Scouts in America. The organization has the endorsement of the church, the government, and business. Do not these self-evident facts tell the world all it needs to know? Well, that ends it.

But there are answers nevertheless to those questions — several answers. These men aren't emptying their pockets into the Boy Scout movement for nothing. There is the name-in-print complex. There is the fact that it is all "good business." And lastly there is the fact that practically every man in the club has a son or grandson of his own wearing the Boy Scout uniform. This is probably the chief motivation. Daddy does what he does largely because of the selfishness and infantilism which dwarf his real manhood and full maturity. Together these elements have been responsible for keeping alive in our civilization to-day such an extraneous and ineffectual organization.

Evidently, in the present scheme of things, the program has its place. Personally the writer knows of no better training for future churchmen, politicians, Babbitts, and dyed-in-the-wool Americans than the training a boy receives during the two or three years that he serves as a member of the Boy Scouts of America.

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Religion, Science, Politics

Drawings by Lloyd Coe

by DEAN INGE
of St. Paul's, London

Their Gains and Losses in the New Age

In dealing with subjects of a general nature it is often necessary to rely on generalities. So in these brief notes on the advantages and disadvantages implicit in our politics, our science, and our religion as distinct from those of previous periods of history, I shall not adjust the balance scales too minutely. In certain respects the modern forms of this trio indicate, to my way of thinking, a clear gain for men and women of to-day; in other respects the profit is debatable; and in still others it seems to me that we have exchanged good for bad and made a poor bargain. If the personal judgments which I offer appear vague at times, it is because I am treating three topics of immense scope and have at my disposal only a few pages.

Since it is more tangible than religion and less formidable than twentieth-century science, politics offers the easiest approach in our summary of profit and loss. And since I am writing for Americans, with whom government is synonymous with democracy, this fact immediately provides its own handicap, for one can never be sure just what is meant by democracy.

In America democracy apparently means anything you like, the only definite agreement being that when the word is mentioned, you are expected to salute the Star-spangled Banner. For instance, an American divine exclaimed: "You cannot separate God and democracy! For if we believe in God, we believe in God's purposes, God's ideal; and that is believing in democracy." The logic seems to halt. Or one may cull this gem from an article on gout in the New York *Medical Journal and Record:* "Uric acid is tottering upon its throne. Democracy is advancing in medical theory as well as political practice."

Democracy — Our Poor Best

Well, it is bad manners to smile at our friends when they are at their devotions. As a matter of fact, democracy is neither an attribute of the Deity nor a method of therapeutics. It is the name of an experiment in government. During the war, we Allies said we were fighting to make the world safe for democracy. That was a lump of sugar for the American eagle, and, fortunately for the Allied cause, he swallowed it. And now, to-day, most of the world seems to have made up its mind that democracy is not safe for itself.

We must, however, distinguish between democracy as a form of government, which means that all citizens legislate directly and without representation; democracy as a form of state, which means that the electors, under universal suffrage, have the last word; and democracy as a form of society, which means equal consideration for all. The first is possible only in a small city-state, like ancient Athens or a Swiss canton. The second is what we have got, both in America and England. The third is a Christian principle, and as a Christian I believe in it.

Number two — democracy as a form of state — I do *not* much believe in, and I fancy very few people believe in it any longer. Bernard Shaw has said that the great political problem is to find a good anthropometric

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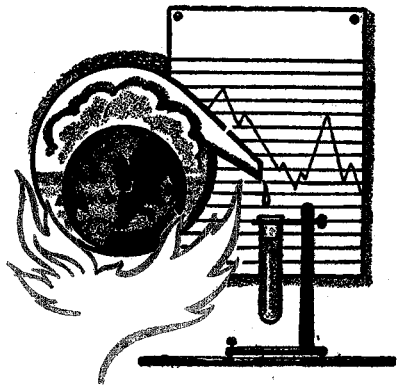
method, and that we have not found it. The silliest of all anthropometric methods is to break heads; the next silliest is to count them. Practically, universal suffrage means that the worldly goods of the minority are put up to auction at each election. There is no limit to the absurdity of the promises made by candidates except the fear that they may be called upon to redeem them. It is a ridiculous arrangement. But I frankly admit that I do not know what we could put in its place.

Nor do I know what adequate substitute could replace our system of private gain, the abolition of which is often urged by our more radical utopians. Here I shall content myself with one obvious remark. If you destroy the chief motives which induce people to work hard — namely, the desire to improve their own positions, and still more to give their children a good start in the world — a few will work as well as they do now (I hope I should, but I doubt it), the majority will work badly, and a considerable number will refuse to work at all unless someone stands over them with a whip. Under such a régime the output of commodities would beyond question be enormously reduced and the country making the experiment would be very poor. At last, in desperation, we should adopt the whip, or some equivalent. As Herbert Spencer said, "Socialism would mean slavery, and the slavery would not be mild."



I do not want to give all my space to politics, but one thing I must say before I leave the subject. Those who go about abusing our social system — and I think this applies to similar groups in the United States — calling it a hell upon earth and so forth, are doing about the worst disservice to their country that any man could do. For, in spite of all the fault that justly may be found with it, the fact remains that there has never been any time in the history of the world when the average citizen, the working man and woman, could command anything like the comforts and amusements and opportunities for education and intellectual pleasure that he and she have now.

With all its deficiencies, the civilization of the twentieth century is the happiest and best for the average man and woman that the world has seen. And yet these gentry make it their business to poison people's minds and stir up discontent everywhere until the temper of society becomes sour, embittered, despondent, and quarrelsome. Our social arrangements are better for the poorer citizens than they have ever been before, and they are on the way to become better still. America leads the march. By mass production on a large scale, by standardization, and by improved machinery, rough manual toil is being eliminated. Comforts hitherto undreamed of are being put within the reach of almost all, and yet the working day has not been lengthened or wages diminished.

This is the American alternative to Socialism. It *works*, whereas Socialism has always been a dead failure. There is, of course, a very awkward snag in the path of our advancement over here in England; and that is unemployment, due partly to the dole and partly to overpopulation. I understand that America has been experiencing the same difficulty during the past year, though it springs from a different source. In England at any rate, our social problems can be solved if our numbers are properly regulated; if they are not regulated, those problems are hopeless. My studies on this subject lead me to think that in England we shall adjust our population to something like the optimum number, though we may go through a bad time first.

Still, I am more anxious about quality than quantity. The young science of eugenics is going to be extremely important some day. But I am not in favor of any very drastic measures to stop the procreation of the unfit until we know rather more than we do now. What I am certain of, and what I believe is commonly agreed, is that the test of the welfare of a country is the kind of men and women it produces, and that nature is more important than nurture.

Science — A Good Or An Evil?

There are two great factors in our modern civilization. One is industrialism and

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the growth of applied science; the other is scientific faith. Now I am not a man of science, but I do read scientific books and I think I understand the scientific spirit. On the whole, I think the moral influence of the new knowledge has been beneficial. The air that blows round science is like the air of mountain tops — cold and thin, but pure and bracing.

Let me mention some of the gains which the scientific temper has brought us. Even in politics and religion, where passion and prejudice are most potent to obscure the intellect and distort the judgment, there is a higher standard of veracity and more respect for evidence. Rhetoric and advocacy are distrusted. The scientific spirit has transformed history and has imposed rather more conscientiousness even upon controversial literature and public speaking. Curiosity, once condemned by monkish morality, is now praised, as it was by the Greeks.

Surely modernity has the right to check up a score here. To seek the truth for the sake of knowing the truth is one of the noblest objects that a man can live for. Huxley thus states the aims of his own career: "To promote the increase of natural knowledge, and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life, in the conviction that there is no alleviation of the sufferings of mankind, except veracity of thought and action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is, when the garment of make-believe is stripped off."

The center of gravity in morals, as in theology, is changing from austerity to rational motivation and the conscience of the individual. New moral demands arise from new knowledge and new circumstances, and these new demands are easily stifled by authoritative tradition. Among the big questions which the new morality will have to tackle are our duty to posterity, our duty to the so-called lower animals, and our duty to our habitation, the earth, the beauty of which we are spoiling as fast as we can. We shall have to fight the politician, who remembers only that the unborn have no votes and who reasons that "after all, posterity has done nothing for *us*." We shall also have to fight the traditional theologian, who tells us that the animals have no souls and therefore no rights; and the Philistine, who cannot see a waterfall without wishing to turn it into a power station.

Again, although science is for the most part agnostic about the existence of a personal God, it is positive in rejecting much that has been falsely taught and believed about Him. God is, at any rate, not a capricious and cruel Oriental sultan, or a magnified schoolmaster, or the head of the clerical profession. This purification of the idea of God is a great gain. Such as men themselves are, such will God appear to them to be; and such as God appears to them to be, such will they show themselves in their dealings with their fellow men.

Another clear profit is the abandonment of belief in miracles as facts of existence. Though we are still plagued with priestly frauds and bogus cures, ghostly apparitions and superstitions of every kind, science has laid the ax to the root of the tree, and we may hope that by degrees such beliefs will either be discredited or placed on a scientific basis.

Lastly on the credit side, the greatly extended horizon which science has opened for the human race gives us "the rapture of the forward view" which we never enjoyed before. The secular faith of to-day is the belief in rational self-determination, the hope that humanity has its future in its own hands.

So much in praise of science. It does not follow that we must adopt the very poor philosophies which scientific men have constructed. In philosophy they have much more to learn than to teach. The notion that the real is what can be weighed and measured, and that all our higher interests are a kind of luminous haze floating above the real world and unable to affect it at all, is very bad philosophy, and theologians are quite right in protesting against it. It would leave us with no art, no religion, and no science either. The eternal and absolute values are at least as much parts of reality as atoms and electrons.

Nor need we accept that very unscientific superstition of the nineteenth century — the belief in the automatic law of progress. This theory was held by most of the scientists, but it is quite unscientific. Progress is a rather rare phenomenon in nature and it cannot go on forever. When we look at the moon — airless, waterless, cold, dead — we know what the ultimate fate of our planet must be. "But," you say, "we have a very long lease — almost as good as a freehold." Yes, we have; still, I repeat, there is no law of progress.

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When we think of the insect civilizations, which advanced to a more complete Socialism than even Mr. Shaw has pictured, we may infer that our most probable destiny is to reach a condition of stable equilibrium; when the faculty of thought, which will no longer be useful, will be withdrawn and instinct will take its place. We shall be in purgatory, but we shall not know it. We shall then have a Socialist and Suffragette millennium governed by our maiden aunts, who will be armed with stilettos to extinguish the men when the latter have performed the only function which will be left to them.

This *may* be the end of nature's queerest experiment — the evolution of our noble selves. However, since the human race does not possess the virtues of the little busy bee and of the ant who is an example to the sluggard, since all our progress has been the result of our fixed propensity to live beyond our incomes and save ourselves trouble, it is more probable that we shall go on indefinitely as we are, trying new experiments all of which will be interesting and some of which may be successful.

The Spiritual Profits of Christianity

The transition from a discussion of science to a discussion of religion is an easy one, and is to-day indeed almost inevitable. What evaluation can one make of religion in an age of science?

Christianity — after breaking the first molds into which the precious metal, still hot and liquid, was poured — congealed and petrified (or, if you wish, Petrified) at a rather unhappy period in the history of Europe. The Greeks and Romans knew that their civilization was on the wane, and they had no hopes for the future. The Jews did have hope for the future, but what they hoped for was a supernatural deliverance which would enable them to bruise their oppressors with a rod of iron.

The consequence was that neither from Palestine nor from Greece could the early Christians get any evolutionary doctrine of history. The framework of Christianity was catastrophic. There was no significance in history apart from a few tremendous events in the past and future: the creation of the world a few thousand years ago, the fall of man, his redemption in the first century A.D., and the end of the world, which was thought to be very near.

We now live in an age when all educated people believe in a very different world order. We are now told that the sun has been in existence about eight billion years, the earth about two thousand million, the human race about a million; and that there is no reason, so far as we know, why there should not be men and women on this planet a million years hence. Furthermore, we believe that the changes in the world are slow and gradual and in accordance with natural laws. The supreme question for Christians is whether the catastrophic scheme which tradition invented can be fitted into the evolutionary scheme in which we have come to believe. Personally I think it can, but only at the cost of greater changes than most churchmen are willing to face.

As Protestant Christians, we in England are bound to the New Testament and to the New Testament only. We are not bound to accept the extreme asceticism which captured the church (it was not originally a Christian movement) or the theocratic monarchy which established itself on the ruins of the Western Roman Empire. I can assent to the dictum of Rudolf Eucken, a great German thinker: "We not only can be, but we must be Christians; only, however, if we recognize that Christianity is a progressive historical development still in the making."

There is only one omission in the moral teaching of the New Testament, and I have already indicated what it is. There is no vision of an earthly future either for state or for church, no glimmering that it might be a very long time before the predicted end of the age, no help toward constructing a better social order. When Christ was asked to arbitrate in a case of disputed property, He replied that it was no business of His, and added, "Beware of covetousness."

I have explained this omission, and I believe it to be a really good thing. If Christ had laid down laws for the better government of society, not only would He have done no good in the state of society then existing, but His rules would have been a positive hindrance to later societies, whose conditions are totally unlike those of Palestine in the first century. He gives us broad principles and has a good deal to say about selfish and wasteful consumption. As

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for the problems of distribution, He leaves them for Christian governments to settle in their own way. As I said, this is really a great gain. But it is hardly one for which moderns can claim the credit.

Christianity is a religion of spiritual redemption, not of social reform. Christ cared very little for the paraphernalia of life. He lived on a higher plane — in the conscious presence of His Father in Heaven. And the religion which he meant to found was a religion of the spirit, a life of purity and holiness, of faith and love, a church from which no one is excommunicated except by himself, a brotherhood of men and women who find nothing hateful except hypocrisy, hard-heartedness, and calculating worldliness.

Some people have called it a feeble religion which glorifies weakness and littleness as such. There could not be a greater mistake. It is a heroic religion. But it has its own standard of values. It has broken down all man-made barriers by ignoring them; and, by making the perfection of the Divine Life the standard of measurement, it has caused all differences except moral ones to sink into insignificance.

This religion is a permanent acquisition of the human race; it is a treasure which we can never surrender. If anyone thinks that the man of the future will want no religion, he must be a very foolish person. The grandest spirit of Western Christianity, St. Augustine, did not even claim that Christianity was new. He wrote, "What is now called the Christian religion was in existence among the men of old time and has never been lacking since the beginning of the human race, till Christ Himself appeared in the flesh. Since that time the true religion already in existence began to be called the Christian religion." What happened at the Incarnation was that the eternal Christianity appeared for the first time upon the plane of history and became a power in the world. To suppose that we shall need no religion is nonsense. And as for starting a new religion, as some suggest, you might as well try to build a tree.

Do you object, as evolutionists, to the perfect character being supposed to have appeared nineteen hundred years ago? Then listen to Rodin, the great French sculptor: "In art there is no law of progress. Beyond Phidias, sculpture will never advance." So in the sphere of character we may say, "Beyond Jesus of Nazareth, man will never advance."

I base my faith in Christianity mainly on two things. First, the testimony of my heart and conscience (and may I not say of the heart and conscience of all right-minded people?) that in the New Testament are to be found "the words of eternal light"; for as one of the Cambridge Platonists said, "Christianity is a divine life, not a divine science."

My second ground is what is called mysticism, or personal religious experience. St. Paul's faith was based on communion with the Spirit-Christ, an experience which was to him absolutely certain. I cannot have his tremendous conviction, for I have not deserved it. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. But I think I am sure that when I pray in the name of Christ, I am not merely talking to myself or practicing moral dumb-bell exercises.

So much, then, for my views about religion. I think we shall have to let some traditional dogmas go, but I do not think that will matter. The worst enemies of Christianity are bad Christians. If I had to find a name for that view of life which is incompatible with Christianity, I should call it "secularity" — that which the New Testament calls "the world": human society as it organizes itself without thought of God and the spiritual life.

Some of you may have expected that I should dwell more on the dangers that lie ahead of us. Ten years ago I did think that civilization was in great danger, and I still think that it was. Now I am inclined to believe that we have turned the corner, but we are not out of the woods yet. Another war, or a revolution, might yet plunge us into another dark age. I do not want you to confound reasoned hopefulness with optimism. An optimist is a barometer stuck at "Fair," whatever the weather may be. And the man who says, "I am always an optimist," is a very inviting kind of fool.

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Dancing Wives

Drawings by Dorothy McKay

by **SARAH ADDINGTON**

BROADWAY knows them well, the middle-aged ladies who every day climb up the little narrow stairways to dance studios where cool-eyed, dapper young men await them in cubicles furnished with phonographs. In increasing hordes every year they flock down to the studios and the dance halls. They pay out good money for which the young men pilot them around the dance floor, explaining new steps to the strains of "There's Danger in Your Eyes, Chérie." They keep the studios humming. They make it possible for hundreds of young men to sustain life and health and enjoy the pleasures of prohibition.

It's not a new industry. Before the war, when jazz was ragtime and night clubs were cabarets and Nellie was a lady, young men taught women to dance for pay and adorned the cafés and restaurants as professional partners for ladies who required such. But it's a bigger industry now, and a better. It is perfected and standardized and running on a quantity-production scale. It advertises handsomely. And it is the dancing wives who make this racket possible; indeed they constitute the racket.

They are decidedly out of the character of Broadway, these women. Broadway's race is to the swift, the young, the hard-boiled, and these matrons who sneak furtively down to the studios, who spend a few hours a week solemnly wheeling around a dance floor in the arms of suave-footed young men, wear only too plainly the badge of their domesticity, their gentility.

Indeed, their embarrassment upon their first appearance is a pitiable sign of this gentility. They make an appointment, let us say, over the telephone. They come, they are presented to the instructor, and they nearly die of their blushes, their stammers, their giggles, their nervousness. They have argued with themselves that it is perfectly decent for a woman to take dancing lessons, but now they begin to ask themselves, is it dignified? They rather think it isn't and they wish they hadn't given their real names.

They get over these qualms after a time or two. After all, it may not be dignified for a married woman to ankle it around with a Broadway boy day after day, but it sure is fun.

NO FOOLISH VIRGINS

IT IS NOT unsafe to generalize as we are doing, to insist that these women who make the dance racket what it is to-day are dancing wives, not merely dancing females. A dance-man who has been on Broadway eighteen years, who has danced for pay with probably fifty thousand women — all kinds of women: rich, poor, uptown, downtown, pre-war, post-war — says that in general his customers have always been, and still are, in three respects alike: they

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are all married, idle, and more than forty summers. Once in a while there will enter into the ranks a young woman, or a spinster, or a woman with a job or a profession, but if the dancing men depended on these, they would be a sorry and hungry tribe, which they are not.

There are reasons for this. Obviously a young woman doesn't hunt out men with cash in hand, because she can get them without the cash. Or if she is lonely and man-hungry, she still believes in fairy tales and Princes Charming. In other words, she isn't licked — yet. And spinsters are afraid. After all, it's a bold move to put on your hat and gather up your purse and go down to Broadway and say in effect, "Look here, I want a boy friend. Here's five dollars." A spinster will make eyes at her best friend's husband when the best friend isn't looking, or she'll go the whole hog and lunch with a strange man on the diner and give her real name and everything, but in each case the man has committed what the history books call an overt act; at least he has given the come-on sign. But the dancing men are behind closed doors and must be sought out, and it is apparently only ladies who have been to the altar who are courageous enough to do this.

As for the business or professional woman, one supposes she simply hasn't time for such foolishness. Or perhaps she sees enough of men in her office and knows what poor eggs they are. Or it may be that her hard business sense is responsible; she knows she wouldn't get her money's worth and she hates a bad bargain. Anyway she stays away from dance studios. For this the dancing maestro is reasonably grateful. For it's the very devil, says he, to teach a business woman to dance. She tackles the tango in an executive, brisk manner quite unsuited to the languors of that dance form, she counts out the time in loud, bright tones, she makes memos on the day's instruction. Also, she is chary of gifts and tips and invitations to restaurants where speaking is easy and liquor is hard.

But the wives keep coming. The steady tramp-tramp of their feet from the Bronx, from Park Avenue, from East Orange and Pelham Manor, helps to make the roar of the city just a bit more thunderous.

Dance, Little Lady!

Why do they do it? Why is this army of women invading Broadway, furtively, if you will, but none the less an army firmly in possession of the field?

The answer is the expected one: they are romance-hungry, or, to put it more bluntly, man-hungry — which may or may not be the same thing. They are women who, entering upon middle age, find themselves not quite contented with life as she is lived. They have vague yearnings — not always vague, either — for gayety, for male companionship, for that uncertain, exciting tumult in the bosom which the good God understood so well when male and female created He them. In other words, husbands, unlike Chesterfields, don't satisfy; and so the wives step down to jazzland. (Incidentally, they have tried male hairdressers and Rudy Vallée over the radio, and these have failed to satisfy too.)

They don't know the reason why they go. They say they want to limber up, they protest that they want to reduce, they apologize for coming, and they try earnestly to master the dance steps. But what they really want is a new man, his time, his concentrated attention, his arms around them a few hours a week to the narcotic lilt of a waltz. (They especially adore the waltz because when they were girls the waltz was love's own dance. The tango would be their next best favorite, if they could do it, which they can't, due to certain regrettable creakings and crackings in the region of the knee joints.) They would be horrified at the very word "polyandry" and they are — most of them — innocent and virtuous-minded, but nevertheless what they want is yet another male.

Behold, now, this innocence and virtue of mind in operation. A man knows it when he wants another female. He knows perfectly well also what few women know, or would admit if they did know it: that dancing for a man is a sexual performance, nothing less and very little

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more. That is why happy husbands and fathers don't want to bother to dance. But for women, dancing is as much æsthetic and romantic as it is sexual, or they think it is.

Girls in boarding school dance together. Every day you can see pairs of "hostesses" at public dance halls out on the floor dancing because they love to dance and no customers have requested the pleasure. Women dance alone to the tune of the radio in the living room. They like to dance best with a man, but if the world were suddenly depopulated of men, dancing would, I think, go on for a while at least. In a world of men only, poker and strong drink and hard work and dirty stories would flourish, but that two strong, roaring men would ever in the history of the world turn on the phonograph, embrace each other, and shuffle around in a fox trot is unimaginable.

And so our good ladies bethink themselves of the dance when they begin to feel the second springtide in their aging bones. They turn to it as naturally and as innocently as they did when they were girls, primarily, of course, for the male (but unconsciously so on their part), consciously for the rhythm and melody and poetry and exhilaration of the dance. They hike down to Broadway, buy themselves a man, a dance, a jazz tune, and it seems to be what they want.

The Romantic Age

Sometimes they want, and get, more. They crave, and achieve, heart-flutterings and soul-stirrings over the dancing instructor in question. He is always sleek and graceful and attentive, he is frequently attractive, he dances like a god — is it any wonder or shame that the old girl begins to wake up and dream, as Mr. Cochran so aptly put it?

And here is where genius on the part of the instructor comes into play. It must be explained that in all reputable dancing studios in New York there are strict rules as to the conduct of the staff. The young men must be "refined" and gentlemanly and must make no passes and no cracks. But the genius has his own private system. That is, if he is worth his salt, he graciously allows and encourages (in a nice way) this wholesome emotion on the part of his lady patron, because he knows, too, even as the psychoanalyst, that it is good for pent-up hearts to open and flower. If the lady wishes to see him out of hours, so to speak, who is he to deny her his company at so much per hour?

Her opening gun is a perfect formula. They all, our informant tells us, begin thus: "My husband is out of town. Won't you come up to the house and give me a private lesson?" He will, of course, and does, and comes the dawn of a beautiful amour. He will also, if invited, dine with her at her home, preferably when her husband is out of town; he will escort her to whichever expensive night club she expresses a craving for; and he will take charge of all the cash transactions with the thick little pack of bills she has slipped into his hand. He likewise will make picturesque love to her as they circle smoothly around the dance floor, or as they sit at table consuming the Gordon which she has thoughtfully snitched out of her liege lord's closet.

He does all this with the greatest deftness and artistry. As a sheer expert at his life's work, he outstrips all known efficiency wizards in the entire business world. Delicacy is his theme song. He makes love to his "patron" (that is what he calls her and that is what she is) with such subtlety that she may read into his innuendoes and deep gazes and soulful, wistful smiles anything she likes, which is handy for her. He makes no proposals or advances and puts nothing in writing; no woman is going to get anything on him — not with legal fees what they are to-day. He is merely willing to be her slave at three dollars an hour. He does not laugh at her to himself. He has no sense of the comic and he does have a great deal of self-respect. If he laughed at his patrons and his profession, he could not go on, and he must go on or starve because all he has are nimble feet and a way with women.

This young man is not, mind you, a gigolo. A gigolo is a vulgar, low fellow who preys upon women, sells his soul and his body, and is not above blackmail. But our dancing young man is many cuts above the gigolo. He is

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decently born and bred, he commits only a few of the grosser solecisms, he has good manners and really correct clothes, he never forces his attentions, and he sells nothing save his time, his dancing lore, and a few harmless gallantries. Moreover, he is not completely mercenary. If a woman is not well endowed with cash, he gives her a rate. For he considers himself, quite rightly, a boon to womankind. He knows that his is a great and good profession akin to the medical, and he therefore charges only what the patient can afford to pay. He expects one day to marry and go into bond-selling, but he never does either.

The romance flourishes for a few weeks or months. The lady buys a quantity of new and alluring clothes, has her hair dyed, finds that, like another lady of bygone times, she just can't make her eyes behave and that she doesn't want to. She learns to hold her liquor like a lady and she can recognize any dance tune by the opening bar. She becomes an adept at the "Bergen Point Wiggle," the "Harlem Hot Mama," and the "Mootch," and she thinks it is elegant to dance cheek to cheek. She is nicely limbered up by now in body and soul and her health is excellent. She sings arias as she packs her husband's bag for his board meeting in Cleveland. She prefers him to be gone week-ends, but the middle of the week has its points, too.

After the Ball

And then, quite naturally and sweetly, the romance begins to fade. The young man is dull or she gets a cold or somebody asks her to join a contract class. She begins to slip back into the old routine and it seems comfortable and rather nice.

Or, perhaps, she pulls herself up short. After all, fun is fun, but is this getting her anything? Or her funny bone may begin to function and she suddenly sees herself as laughable. Anyway, the adventure is over, painlessly and without regrets. But she always looks back at it fondly and sympathetically. It was grand while it lasted, and it lasted long enough.

Sometimes, of course, these ladies get out of hand and threaten rash acts such as husband-leaving or a trip to Reno. Then it is that our expert rises to his heights. Instantly he changes his tack. He becomes the heroic lover. He explains renunciation and martyrdom to her for a couple of unforgettable evenings, says a long and elaborate farewell, and sends her home to imagine for as long as she will that theirs is a beautiful, martyred love outdoing all the famed passions of history and legend including Dante, Beatrice, & Co.

This is an excellent device: it supplies the lady with all the more important and grandiose emotions — love, self-sacrifice, heroism, and so on — and it lets him out very neatly. Also a brusquer method would be ill-advised because as it is she may, just to prove her greatness of soul, send him other customers. She may not, too, if she should happen to be a mere jealous cat; but your professional dance-man always keeps his eye on the ball.

It is all very modern and satisfactory and economical. She has transferred her emotions, she has had her "affair," and she is a happier and better woman — and for a much smaller fee than any self-respecting psychoanalyst would stoop to. Her husband is likewise a beneficiary; a woman busy with a love affair is a much more interesting house companion than a woman busy with nothing. And love, like travel, is broadening, and wives, so husbands seem to opine, can do with a little broadening. He is not told, of course, about the *grande passion*, but perhaps he guesses; and if he's wise, he thanks his god every night that a young man with strong, broad shoulders came at such a very opportune moment to help him bear the white man's burden of a discontented wife.

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NATIVE MOROCCO

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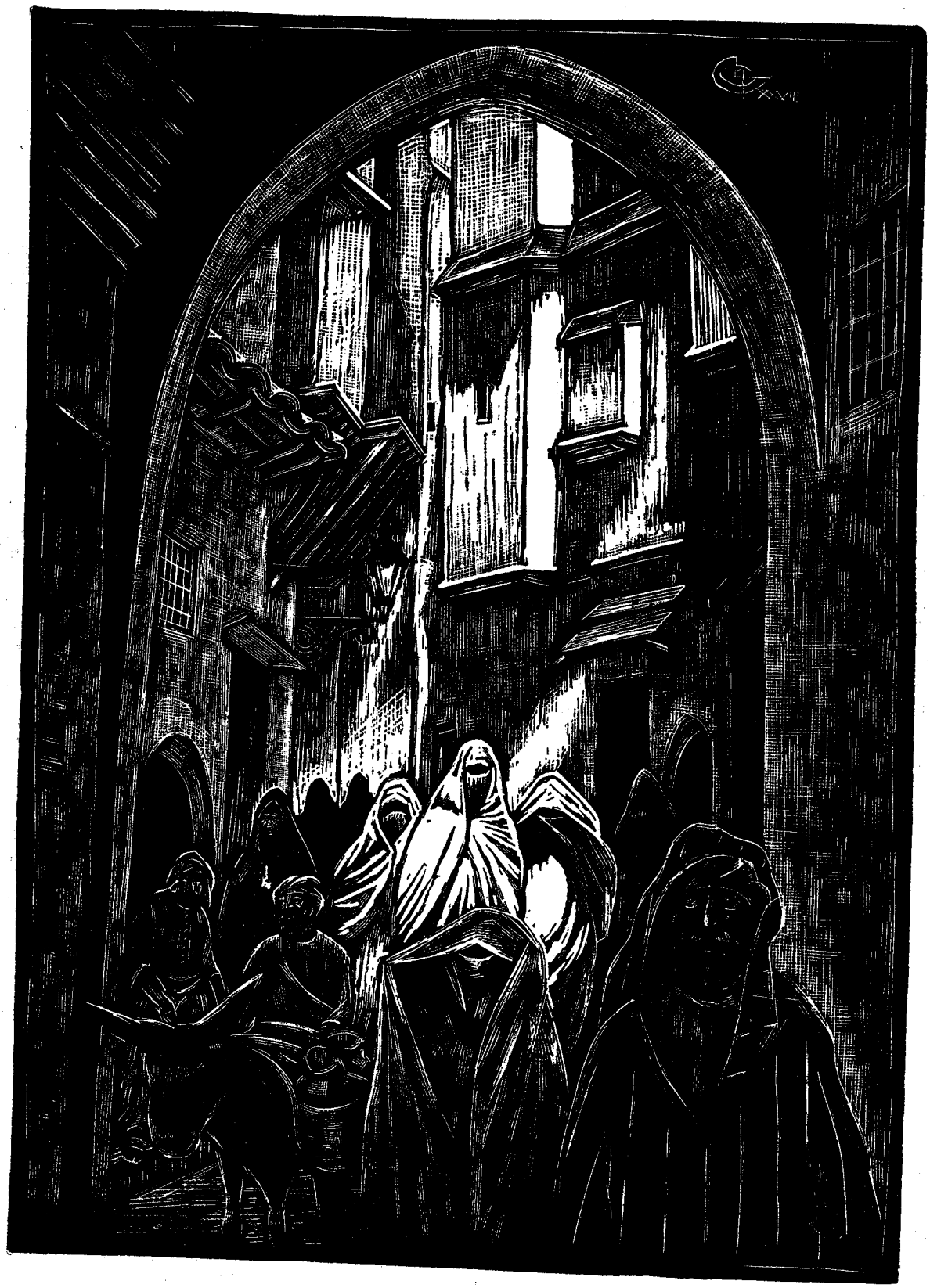

WOODCUTS *by* H. GLINTENKAMP

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What I Believe

Living Philosophies XV

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

I

In the exposition of what I myself happen to believe, it is certainly not my purpose to argue or even to hint that this personal set of beliefs is either philosophically or emotionally admirable, or that its adoption by anyone else is a consummation devoutly wished on my part. I suspect that what other men believe, though it be often objectionable to me, may stand them in quite as sound service as my own beliefs stand me, and that it may contribute equally to their self-esteem, happiness, bank accounts, worldly eminence, and wives' low opinion of them.

A man's beliefs, after all — save he be a professional practitioner of letters and hence a racketeer of words, a self-blackmailer, and a Judas unto himself — are and should be his private, personal property, as safe from vulgar public scrutiny as his underwear. There is something indelicate, even bounderish, in exposing one's most secret articles of faith, a fact appreciated by the relatively gentlemanly among the professional confectioners of letters mentioned, as may be witnessed by the obvious posturings, evasions, and mendacities they indulge in when they engage, for hire, to contribute to any such series as this.

There is about the "beliefs" they expound on such occasions a considerable air of fraud. It is plain that, while they are ostensibly betraying their confidences, they are withholding much that is true of themselves and of their private philosophies, and much that, being true, would be altogether too embarrassing to set down in print. By way of subterfuge, they accordingly offer to the public a bold, forthright, cocksure, and impudent front — but with their fingers carefully crossed behind their backs.

If we may put any trust in the gossipy records, there never lived a bigger liar than Rousseau. And if I personally, out of long association, know anything of a number of writers who are in the habit of undressing their beliefs in public, you have my word for it that the ghost of Rousseau still walks.

II

While I do not desire to appear in the light of an exceptional truth-teller — and while frankly confessing that I entertain certain beliefs that a delicacy inherited from an illegitimate great-uncle, together with a skepticism as to the police, forbids me indiscriminately to merchant — there are certain convictions, deeply imbued in me after forty-eight years on this earth, that seem to me legitimately communicable.

The first of these is that, of all philosophies governing life and conduct, that sponsored by the Cyrenaic academy, somewhat qualified, is the only one that is eminently satisfactory, eminently workable, and productive of any real happiness. In a hedonism that combines the forthrightly egoistic with a modest measure of the altruistic, that governs its pleasures partly by intellect and partly by emotion — depending upon the vagaries and humors of the occasion — and that foams effervescently in the wake of work seriously and painstakingly done, I believe above all other beliefs. To me, pleasure and my own personal happiness — only infrequently collaborating with that of others — are all I deem worth a hoot.

It would make me out a much finer and nobler person, I duly appreciate, to say that the happiness and welfare of all mankind were close to my heart, that nothing gave me more soulful happiness than to make others happy, and that I would gladly sacrifice every cent I have in the world, together with maybe a leg, to bring a little joy to the impoverished and impaired survivors of the late Afridi raids in India; but I have difficulty in being a hypocrite. As

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a matter of fact, the happiness and welfare of mankind are not my profession. I am perfectly willing to leave them to the care of the professional missionaries of one sort or another. I have all that I can do to look out for my own happiness and welfare. And so has any other man, unless he happens to be a multi-millionaire, a failure in life who seeks to conceal his failure from himself by devoting himself to worse failures than himself, a gourmand of publicity, or a devout server of God. I happen to be exactly none of these — though, so far as the second catalogue goes, I surely do not view myself as a stunning success — and consequently regard myself as a sufficient problem without looking about me for other problems.

That I am selfish and, to a very considerable degree possibly offensive, is thus more or less regrettably obvious. All that I am able to offer in extenuation is that so are most other men if you dig down into them and, paying no attention to their altruistic pretensions, get at the hearts of them.

In all my experience I have yet to find and know intimately a man worth his salt in any direction who did not think of himself first and foremost. He may drop a quarter into the hat of a beggar (when somebody is looking); he may have gracious manners; he may obey the punctilio on every occasion; he may be genial and liberal and hearty; he may buy the drinks when it comes his turn; he may be scrupulously polite, considerate, and superficially lovable. But under it all his first interest, his first consideration, and his first admiration are reserved for himself. The man who thinks of others before he thinks of himself may become a Grand Master of the Elks, a Socialist of parts, or the star guest of honor at public banquets, but he will never become a great or successful artist, statesman, or even clergyman.

III

HAPPINESS is the goal of every normal human being. As it is given to few men to die happy, the best that man can hope and strive and pray for is momentary happiness during life, repeated as frequently as the cards allow. Pleasure, whatever its species, is the drink in the desert. It is the beautiful, transient reward of travail and pain. There is no other reward, except for those still sufficiently aboriginal to believe in a hereafter. The ambrosia of the gods, the lovely angels, eternal blue skies and peace, the music of golden harps are too far off and dubious so far as my own metaphysic goes. I prefer to trust to the more realistic and visible Vouvray Perlier, pretty girls, Mediterranean coast, and symphony orchestras of the here and now.

What makes for pleasure and consequent happiness? Each man to his own poison. In my own case, a life devoted, both professionally and in leisure hours, to literature, drama, criticism, music, and the arts generally, with due and careful heed paid to a moderate but satisfying alcoholic diet, guaranteed by a constantly replenished wine cellar that has complacently decided never to hear of the Eighteenth Amendment, to decently prepared foods, to the society of amiable women, and to the avoidance of any and every thing that might disturb my annoying equanimity.

The life of a writer has always seemed to me to be about as good a one as any low human being could hope for. His office is in his hat; his tools are in his pocket; his boss is himself; he is foot-loose, free, clockless, independent. He can say what he wants to, however inexpedient, injudicious, and discommodious, and get paid handsomely for what other working men would promptly get sacked for. He can keep his mind alive and kicking with controversy and enjoy himself in putting his inferiors in their places.

A writer can, with relatively little work and with easy hours — if he has any talent at all — earn a very satisfactory livelihood. He moves in a world not of trade but of ideas. He deals in words, for which he doesn't have to lay out a cent and hence takes no financial risk, instead of in commodities that have to be paid for first out of his own funds. He is rewarded for his fun, like most artists, where other men are rewarded more often only for their misery. Serious or gay, he is a playboy in a world that other men run for him with the sweat of their brows.

As a very humble and lowly member of the craft, and as one who still has a very considerable distance to go before he may deserve the name of artist, I can yet appreciate the tremendous advantages over other men that a real artist enjoys. In the first place, he has contempt, that most valuable of human, self-

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wrought, and self-sustained gifts. In the second place, he has liberty, freedom, and autonomy — more than any other man.

In the third place, he can be himself at all times and in all places. He can work when he feels like working, loaf when he feels like loafing, keep superiorly aloof from politics and all other such scurvy diversions of the rabble. He is free always to choose his friends as he will, without the usual man's often necessary regard for their business connections and influence; he may be indiscreet without damage to his work; he can tell the world to go to hell and make the world like it. If any man stands a chance for happiness on this earth, it is the artist who has the choicest position at the post.

Although I myself, due doubtless to defective skill, have to work pretty hard, I do not believe in too hard work. The hardest workers are and properly should be the congenital clerks, bookkeepers, mill hands, and suchlike pathetic incompetents and slaves. The superior man should be able and privileged to take life relatively easy. A life spent in constant labor is a life wasted, save a man be such a fool as to regard a fulsome obituary notice as ample reward.

There probably never lived but two men who gained importance and honorable celebrity in this selfsame world who did not take considerable time off in which to have some sport. And of the two exceptions, one is suspect because of his peculiar taste for communion with birds, while the other finds at least part of his story scouted by many millions of people.

Alexander the Great, even in the midst of wars, had an eye for the more comely Theban maidens. The whoopee of Cæsar and Marc is history. Shakespeare spent as much time with the bottle as with the pen. Frederick and, later, Bismarck obeyed that impulse on many an occasion. A number of the greatest composers led the lives of movie actors. Even the great Warren Gamaliel is reputed to have devoted not all of his time to affairs of state.

"Work," airily observed a character in a play of the late Haddon Chambers, "is for workmen." An Englishman, Chambers once remarked to me that he had written the line as an evangelical text for Americans. I believe about work as I believe about drink; it should be used in moderation.

IV

I BELIEVE in a college training but not in a college education. The latter, I have learned from personal experience, is worth very little; the former — which imparts a knowledge of the value and uses of leisure, a somewhat superior ease and serenity, and a humorous view of indignation, whatever form the latter may take — is not without its advantages.

I believe in the state of bachelorhood, at the very least up to the age of forty-five. Thereafter a man may conceivably marry to his benefit, but certainly not before. The arguments in favor of earlier marriage, customarily advanced by the presumptively purer of the species, strike me as being peculiarly obscene and, where they are not obscene, hollow. The superior biological and hence inferentially superior amatory qualifications of the younger in years constitute one of the chief of these arguments. While fully conscious of the importance of sex in any contentful marital relationship, such a *plaidoyer* seems to me to be as illogical as it is indelicate, since it contends that two persons possibly ill-suited to each other in every other way — spiritually, intellectually, socially, and economically — are to be recommended, endorsed, and applauded as lifelong companions simply on the ground of their virtuosity in anatomical arithmetic.

Another favorite contention is that a man should marry while he is still malleable, that is, before he becomes set in his habits — in other words, that the molding of a man's character, his psyche, and his future should be intrusted not to himself but to a woman. Up to the age of forty-five, a man should be responsible to himself and to his work alone. A wife, however sympathetic, patient, and charming, by very reason of her sympathy, patience, and charm, would be a too pleasant and agreeable distraction.

At forty-five, a man has learned himself more or less completely and has sounded out fully the possibilities and potentialities of his profession and his career. Then, and only then, should he consider matrimony. It is a rare marriage, negotiated at or after that age, that does not turn out satisfactorily.

I am against all reforms and all reformers. The world, as I see it, is sufficiently gay, beautiful, and happy as it stands. It is defective only to those who are themselves defective,

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who lack the sagacity, imagination, humor, and wit to squeeze out its rich and jocose juices and go swimming in them. With Norman Douglas I agree: "I am not the stuff of which reformers are made: rather than indulge in that variety of meddlesomeness I would sweep a crossing. Nine-tenths of the reformers of humanity have been mischief-makers or humbugs. I have no desire to be added to the list. A man who has reformed himself has contributed his full share towards the reformation of his neighbor."

While I do not care for money, and own to the somewhat vainglorious boast of never having consciously written a line with any thought of its marketability in mind, I am neither poseur nor fool enough to affect an air of bogus-artist disdain for it. The man with money in his pocket not only enjoys a power that men without money do not; he is also in a position to do his work in the world more carefully, more independently, more truthfully, and more successfully. The best artists living to-day, the men who are doing their finest work, are without exception men who no longer have need to worry about financial matters. They have looked out for that first. A destitute and miserable man may write a good book, or paint a good picture, or write a good piece of music, but the records hint that he seldom, in these days, contrives to do another.

It seems to me that the writers who are loudest in proclaiming their veneration of truth are most often simply vociferous admirers of their own pet fallacies. As for me, while given to an equal esteem of truth, I freely confess that I do not know what the truth, the final truth, about most things is and — like my colleagues alluded to — conceal my doubts and misgivings in self-persuading and, I hope, occasionally more publicly convincing convolutions of the English language, periodically enriched with more or less showy borrowings from French, German, Italian, and Polack. As with most men, I believe most positively in my own ideas, right or wrong. These, to me, constitute the truth, whatever others may think of them. Once I believe a thing head and tail, no one can alter my conviction.

V

It also seems to me that the current fashionable American literary school of cynicism as to sentiment, love, and romance is cheap-jack, fraudulent, and silly. The American, as I have on more than one occasion observed, being generically the most sentimental of men, is ashamed of his sentiment and — like a man with thinning hair who drops miscellaneous jokes at the expense of baldheads — seeks to conceal or at least to divert uncomfortable attention from the fact by deprecating it in others.

The most cynical writers in America to-day are personally so many honeydew melons, happily and sweetly sentimental husbands and fathers. It is merely that, like uncertain and unconfident men ever, they offer their public protestations of hard-boiled manliness — in the American definition — in order to hide from their womenfolk, laughing up their sleeves, their irresolution, nervousness, weakness, and innate childishness. Romantic love is the privilege of emperors, kings, soldiers, and artists; it is the butt of democrats, traveling salesmen, magazine poets, and the writers of American novels.

My code of life and conduct is simply this: work hard; play to the allowable limit; disregard equally the good or bad opinion of others; never do a friend a dirty trick; eat and drink what you feel like when you feel like; never grow indignant over anything; trust to tobacco for calm and serenity; bathe twice a day; modify the æsthetic philosophy of Croce but slightly with that of Santayana and achieve for oneself a pragmatic sufficiency in the beauty of the æsthetic surface of life; learn to play at least one musical instrument and then play it only in private; never allow oneself even a passing thought of death; never contradict anyone or seek to prove anything to anyone unless one gets paid for it in cold, hard coin; live the moment to the utmost of its possibilities; treat one's enemies with polite inconsideration; avoid persons who are chronically in need; and be satisfied with life always, but never with oneself.

An infinite belief in the possibilities of oneself, with a coincidental critical assessment and derogation of one's achievements; self-respect combined with a measure of self-surgery; aristocracy of mind combined with democracy of heart; forthrightness with modesty or at least with good manners; dignity with a quiet laugh; honor and honesty and

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decency — these are the greatest qualities that man can hope to attain. And as one man, my hope is to attain them.

I am against snobbery in all its lovely American forms. As a born American, I suppose that I am naturally and unpleasantly infected with some of the bacteria, but I keep about me constantly a large and handy assortment of antitoxins. I am for all religions equally, as all impress me as being equally hollow. The variation is merely one either of external and superficial beauty or hideousness of spectacle.

I believe that no man's life is finally complete and rounded — to quote an eminent Hungarian — without a wife, a child, a home, though I have not practiced what I preach and have neither wife nor child and live in that dismal substitute for a home, a New York apartment. (It looks out on a building given over to shyster lawyers!)

I believe, with Nietzsche, though I dislike the banality of dragging him forth on every occasion, that so long as you are praised, believe that you are not yet on your own course but on that of another. And also that it happens sometimes by an exception that a man only reaches the highest when he disclaims his ideal, for this ideal previously drove him onward too violently, so that in the middle of the track he regularly got out of breath and had to rest.

VI

I RESPECT J. Pierpont Morgan but not Rockefeller. Morgan is hard-fisted, hard-punching, ruthless, brave, forthrightly avaricious, and lacking in all hypocrisy. Rockefeller, a moral coward, wraps himself in the seven veils of church and charity by way of concealing the true golden-yellow color of his psychical epidermis from the public eye.

I admire Clemenceau for his courageous errors and disrelish Wilson for his cowardly exactitudes. I have no patriotism, for patriotism, as I see it, is often an arbitrary veneration of real estate above principles.

I believe that one intelligent man is worth ten parcel of beautiful women, but I would rather spend an evening with the beautiful women.

I believe that intelligent men should be taken on at lunch.

I believe that whisky and gin are bad for the system and that wine and beer are more beneficial to it than all the drug store philters in Christendom. I owe my glowing health to wines and beers, although I occasionally drink whisky and gin and find that, despite my belief to the contrary, they do not seem to do any particular damage.

I believe that Richard Strauss is the only substantial living musician; that Sinclair Lewis is the most significant American novelist, though Willa Cather is the best writer; that there is not a living painter worth serious critical consideration; that Stephen Phillips is a much greater poet than many think; that the only young, serious dramatist in Europe worth talking about is Franz Werfel; that one of the finest humorists that America has produced is J. L. Morgan of Kansas City, a pathetically lazy and inactive dog; that the most beautiful spot in the world is a certain little inn hidden away on the bank of a stream in the Black Forest; that Lindbergh, Coste, Byrd, and all that crew are absurd if charming futilitarians; that the best place to eat on earth is, first, Madame Génot's in the Rue de la Banque, Paris, and, second, the Vieux Logis in the Rue Lepic of the same town; that Spatenbräu is the most perfect beer; that the faint cinnamon smell of a carnation is the most gratifying of all flower perfumes; that the only completely original playwright since Ibsen is Pirandello; that the only authentic gentlemen left in the world are the Austrians; that athletic sports, save in the case of young boys, are designed for idiots; that money is meant to be spent and not saved; that since we are all now duly and perfectly aware that America has its full share of Rotarians, Kiwanians, and Ku Kluxers, not to mention the Anti-Saloon League, the W.C.T.U., the Y.M.C.A., the D.A.R., and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, we may as well stop harping on the subject; that it is occasionally well, by way of making the world more palatable, to indulge oneself luxuriously in a remission of judgment and delude oneself momentarily with illusion.

And I believe that, when all is said and done, each and every man's philosophy of life, whatever it may be, is profoundly right so long as it makes him happy.

Next month, the credo of a Chinese modern — Hu Shih

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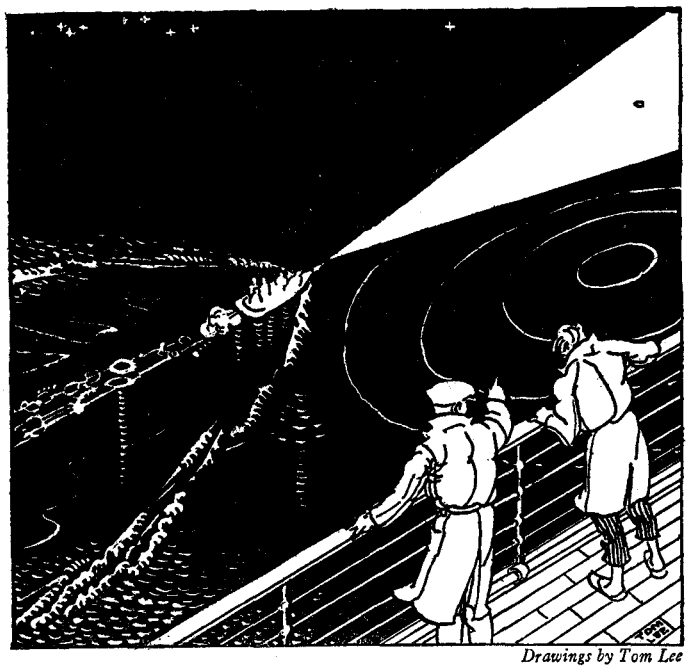
Mr. Fryer's Leap



Drawings by Tom Lee

by **ELEANOR HAYDEN KITTREDGE**

I

WHEN I FELT the engines stop, I knew what had happened: Fryer had gone overboard. I dressed and went out on deck. The sea was calm but the night was ominously dark. There were one or two other passengers about, one man with an overcoat covering his pajamas.

"They've got a swell chance of picking anybody up out of that!" the pajamaed man said to me, nodding at the darkness. He shivered a little — "God! A guy must be up against it to jump out into nothing!"

A small boat had been launched and the ship's authorities were making what must have been a perfunctory search. Meanwhile the arrested ship waited and the few passengers stood at the rail trying to plumb the starless night. The sudden cessation of the beat of the engines and the knowledge that a man had gone to his fate made the wait rather gruesome. There we were in mid-ocean, a ship with a few lights and a few hundred passengers. And behind us, a mile or two, was a nameless, markless grave.

Presently the little boat was back, reporting that there was no trace to be found. People asked one another with a kind of shivering, ghoulish curiosity if anyone knew who had jumped; but no one seemed to know, and finally I turned to one of the hovering, noncommittal stewards.

"I've a hunch it was a man named Fryer," I said. "I don't know where his cabin is, but you might just have a look."

The steward went off, and soon the ship resumed her course. I waited in the deserted lounge. The wait was a trifle macabre, for of course there was the possibility that I was mistaken and that Fryer was sleeping soundly in his bed. After what seemed a long time the steward returned, looking at me rather oddly, with the information that Mr. Fryer was *not* in his cabin.

II

OUR DECK CHAIRS had been side by side. For three days we exchanged only gruff good-mornings and the barest commonplaces as to the weather. It was a winter crossing on an inexpensive and (perhaps needless to say) unfashionable boat. There were a few dreary and heterogeneous people, but none of them spent much time on deck. It was cold and the first few

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days were raw, but Fryer didn't seem to mind and neither did I. In a way it was odd that we hadn't talked more from the beginning, for we sat side by side in an almost empty row of steamer chairs. Perhaps, even without talking, we had grown accustomed to one another.

I had been reading and sleeping over Eddington's book, *The Nature of the Physical World*, one morning when the bouillon came by. As I put the volume down, Fryer, beside me, woke up. He was a gray little man of about fifty and had impressed me as being ill or inordinately tired. He had a pleasant voice and the intangible good breeding attached to the word *gentleman*. You knew after hearing him say "Good morning" that he had passed his life among quiet, cultivated, unobtrusive people of decent blood and traditions.

We drank our bouillon and Fryer nodded at my book.

"What do you think of it?"

When the sea had not put me to sleep I had been enjoying it thoroughly, and said so.

"He seems to believe free will is possible," Fryer commented, munching a cracker.

I was a little curious that he should pick that inference from Eddington's far-ranging pages.

"I mean there is nothing, now, in the new science against free will, as far as I can make out," Fryer persisted.

I laughed. "But with all these new theories of time and space, the human being seems to become less important altogether, doesn't he?" I deprecated.

Fryer countered quickly. "Oh, but do you think the *scale* of the universe makes any difference? Isn't the problem of human responsibility in a human world left exactly where it was before?"

He seemed oddly intent on my answer, and when it didn't come he kicked off his rugs and said almost apologetically, "Of course you can't answer that either. I think I'll walk a bit. I've not been awfully well and I get cold out here fairly quickly."

That night, when we met in the smoking room, I found that the slight conversation of the morning had left a residue of friendly interest. I liked the man as one does like or dislike, unreasoningly, and though I couldn't have explained why, I felt a little sorry for him. I asked if he minded if I sat at his table and he seemed pleased, as quiet people often are when one seeks them out. We ordered a brandy and soda and sat idly listening to a noisy conversation at another table where two men, far gone in their cups, were arguing about their ages. Finally we moved out of range to a quiet alcove on the other side of the room.

After a little desultory conversation about the places and people and the university we held in common, Fryer said shyly, "Your remark about human deeds being of increasingly little importance has made me wonder if you aren't the man I've been looking for to give me a dispassionate judgment on a case that has bothered me. I don't want to bore you," he added eagerly, "but sometimes with a stranger it's easier to tell a story."

His solemnity puzzled me. I wondered what this gray, shy little man could have weighing so heavily on his mind or his conscience. He seemed to be a person who would always miss the more startling adventures. I soon discovered that he had been thinking for so long about his "case" that when, at last, he brought himself to speak, the story came in an almost unbroken narrative. He even told it with a certain detachment — not as if it did not matter vitally to him, but as if he himself, naturally, meant so little to me that he might hope for a clear, unbiased opinion.

"It is about a bit of knowledge I happen to have concerning a man of great significance," Fryer said slowly. "The man asked me not to tell it, and until now I haven't, but —" (Here he paused and I could see that for him this was the crux of the situation. Then he confessed quite simply and naïvely) "but you see I am afraid I *may* have kept quiet only to save myself shame."

There was another pause.

"The man was Mark Clive. It's about his death in Italy," Fryer said. "I'm not going to ask you whether you like Clive's books. I think I'd rather not know, perhaps. But in any case, you'll grant that anything about him is of importance."

I nodded. Of course I had read Clive's books. Who hasn't? I had always rather disliked them, as a matter of fact, so anything unsympathetic about Clive in this story is my fault — not Fryer's. For Fryer had loved Clive with the devotion which only an older, not very brilliant or conspicuously successful, but generous writer can bestow on a younger person whom he knows

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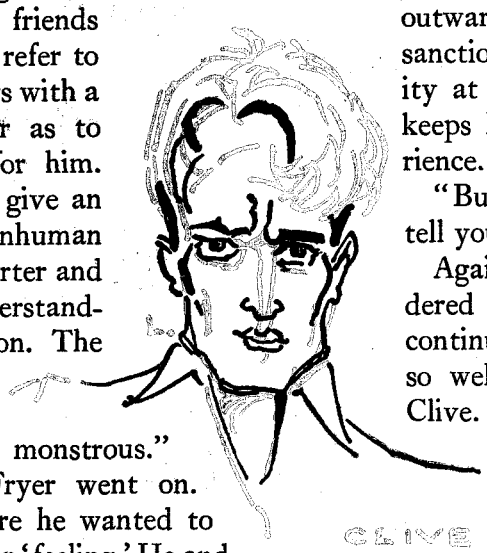
well and considers an unqualified genius. I suppose Clive had genius. However. . . .

And so, as the bar grew quieter and the ship plowed her watery furrow and the knots dropped away behind us, Fryer told his story.

III

"I HAPPENED by chance to get to know Mark Clive quite well," he explained, "or as well as anyone like me could get to know a man of his stature. Many of my friends realize that, and when they refer to him in front of me it is always with a curious, questioning wonder as to how I could have cared for him. From his books Mark does give an impression of cold, almost inhuman brilliance, of yielding no quarter and showing no mercy for understandable, simple human emotion. The picture of his personality which he left behind is icy, sparkling, almost a little monstrous."



Again I nodded, and Fryer went on. "Perhaps that is the picture he wanted to leave. He hadn't much use for 'feeling.' He and all his group of young intellectuals in England, the survivors of the war, were fed to the teeth with windy emotionalism and irrationality. You know — the type that lush, wordy sentiment makes almost literally sick? And because of their endeavor to be sharply rational, people are always a little inclined to suspect their morals?"

I smiled, for I knew what Fryer meant, but he did not give me time to speak.

"Have you ever noticed the way the critics, especially in London, have wobbled in their position about Mark? They all concede his great gifts, but there has always been an undertone of suspicion of him as a kind of danger to the flock — as if he were a wolf in sheep's clothing. To depict life on such terms wasn't quite playing the Anglo-Saxon game. Mark always took fiendish delight in exposing the peculiar idiosyncrasies of his own folk, and because the exposé came from the inside (his people, of course, had belonged to the 'great' English tradition) the critics couldn't label it merely foreign decadence."

Here Fryer chuckled as if he remembered many sharp words of wisdom bestowed on Mark by his reviewers. Then he went on seriously enough. "I suppose Mark seemed to them to divest human life of all dignity and reticence in his blowing up of their romantic, historic fetishes, their pictures of themselves as living up to a Kiplingesque public school code. Mark could make his readers laugh before they realized he had stripped them naked. And of course the thing he did leave out of his characters is — is the basic sanction felt by each ego as to the validity of his own life, however outwardly futile. I suppose it is that sanction — that spark of blind vitality at the root of all effort — that keeps life going in the face of experience. I often told Mark so.

"But it's not his prose I want to tell you about."

Again Fryer paused and we ordered more drinks, and then he continued musingly, "I remember so well the first time I ever saw Clive. It was in Paris where he and his wife were staying with friends on their way through from London to Italy. Did you ever see him? He was tall and slender with blond hair and a very fine head. Did you know he had been badly wounded? He had had the key to a tin of rations driven into his thigh by a piece of shrapnel in '15 and it was that key which saved him for us, for a time, by preventing his going back to the front. Though it never took away from his dignity, his bad leg made him limp a little.

"That day we sat around in somebody's salon out near the Avenue Henri Martin. I thought then that it was a funny setting for Mark — that blue canapé covered with lots of frivolous cushions and limp toy dolls. There was a French-woman who was regaling Mark with her latest rakish stories. He was particularly delighted, I remember, with the tale of the Parisian lady who had had her dark-haired child's locks dyed a rich gold so that her own head would look more natural.

"I had come to see Clive from his American publisher and, at that stage, about 1920, even Mark wasn't actually flouting publishers' representatives. His big success was still too new, though even at that time he had never made any artistic concessions. But I was just another oldish American to all of them there, and I took the scene in eagerly. I'd seen plenty

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of poses and writers and cases of swelled-headed vanity by that time and my first youthful awe about writers, even good writers, had long since worn off. But from the very beginning I knew that Clive's aloofness and queerness weren't a cheap pose.

"Being in a publishing house, you know, is mostly routine and coping with petty details like any other job, but once in a very great while there is a moment of queer, electric satisfaction, as of being the person who helps release something — of reading a manuscript or meeting a man who has the authentic gift-of-the-gods touch. Then — well then," (Fryer smiled) "you think you have the best job in the world, if you yourself can't create.

"That first day I noticed how Clive, when more people came in, rather withdrew inside his own shell. He could do that as definitely and it became almost as physical a gesture as that of an Arab wrapping his burnoose about his face in a sand storm. Yet I got the impression that all the little flying particles were striking him just the same. He was not missing a shade of vanity or a petty foible of sham or pretense as the casual conversation and cocktails went on. That was always obvious in his books, wasn't it? He had watched the people of his time and knew them through and through.

"After a while I went away and I remember walking down toward the Trocadero, under the green arch of trees in the early spring twilight, and saying to myself in surprise, 'But the man is bigger than his books!' That *is* a rare surprise if you work in a publishing house.

IV

"THE MONTHS went on and I got to know Mark better. I had stayed with them in Italy once or twice before that last visit. And when he came to America I went about with him there. I really grew fond of him on that American journey. Until that time, our relations had been pleasant enough but purely formal, concerned with the numerous details that arose over my firm's publication of his work. His American journey had been arranged before he arrived — the usual schedule of jumps and one night stands that are always so formidable to our foreign guests. I don't quite know what would have happened to Mark if he had been faced with the lavish hospitality of American reception committees alone! He

always marveled that anyone who knew how to press the proper buttons could actually make the bulky American organization work.

"He didn't really like it there and it seemed odd to me that he found the open spaces of the country too empty, too little lived in. He missed the dense richness of the European historic setting and found it unnatural that so few people in America lived either in the region or in the way of life that their parents had known. The rootlessness which is so characteristic of us he found almost terrifying, as

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if this new, mobile, swift-moving civilization hadn't satisfied men long enough for one to be able to judge it.

"I remember his saying once, 'Words like the Mediterranean or the Rhine call up a thousand evocations that I miss in syllables which to me are merely flat and dead, like Lake Erie or the Columbia River.'

"Of course Mark hated the political mess Europe had slid into, but I think he was even more afraid of the American glorification of mediocrity. He had no faith in humanity's being able to pull itself up by its boot straps, and for him the steps forward were made by individuals living in an intellectual setting where they were able to think freely. And, of course, Mark cared about what happened. His appearing not to care, his laughter and wit and brittle brilliance were all a kind of spiritual bravado.

"I remember once screwing up my courage to the point of saying to him that if he hadn't been the sophisticated Mark Clive, novelist, he might have been a modern Savonarola. Mark shrugged his shoulders and laughed, as if I had touched a weak point in his armor. But he knew what I meant, for he answered, '*A quoi bon?*' Then he said, 'You think I am irresponsible? But you know I have no practical talent for *doing* things. I have a talent for writing. One finds oneself alive and one does what one can and hopes to be occasionally entertained as one goes along.'

"Then I protested, 'But Mark . . .'

"'Our generation has worn out too much,' Mark said, 'for Heaven and Hell have gone and the big, convincing syntheses have all broken down. Savonarola must have believed in the perfectibility of the human animal, but the final debacle of the war as the flower of human wisdom has put the lid on perfectibility for me. Also reformers are usually tiresome!'

"I laughed, then, at the final, particularly Markish phrase at the end, but he went on, as if almost impatient at my denseness. 'Don't you see that for my generation all the slow, big, beautiful words and moods, *home*, *country*, even *courage* and *sacrifice* have been spoiled, hopelessly tarnished forever — 1919 making 1914 such a hideous joke? Don't you see that the jaunty liberalism of your nineteenth century betrayed us too wholly and we are never, if we can help it, going to be taken in by anything again?'"

Fryer stopped then for a moment and seemed to return to himself and the ship's bar as if from a distance. He had been so wholly engrossed in recreating that conversation of his with Clive that I think he had forgotten me and even why he was telling me the story. For some reason that I didn't yet understand, he felt it important for me to have what he might have called the "Clive point of view."

"I'm telling you this so you'll get the picture of how Mark seemed to me," he said finally. "It is in his books, but one never can be absolutely sure of the printed word — not so far as fundamental character goes. Mark really felt that for him a great many things that I could still believe in had been — been desecrated. Am I making you see him as a living person, one of the generation left by the four years' welter of feeling, drained absolutely dry of any trust in emotion, in glamour, in sacrifice?"

Again he paused, and then a curious expression of sadness came over his face. "Perhaps Mark himself believed that he was as hard and as impervious as his books seemed to indicate. Anyway, now I've told you what I can about my personal knowledge of him and I come to the last bit.

"This is where *I* come in," he added, his voice full of a queer scorn.

V

"I HAD CAUGHT the flu in Paris and had had a relapse on reaching the Clives' villa in Italy. They had a house on the coast, not far from Viareggio. I had stayed on there longer than any of us had intended. I had fallen in with the routine of the household. Mark worked methodically every day out of doors on an upper balcony, but we swam from the *patino* late in the morning; and occasionally, after tea, when the heat of the day had gone, we walked along the shore or in the pine woods back of the house.

"I shall never forget those sunsets back of Carrara or the light on the mountains and the sea as the sun fell and the quick Southern night shut down on us, almost without twilight, and the stars came out. Perhaps I had the curiously heightened perceptions of the slightly feverish patient, but as the days followed one another I felt that the world outside had stopped. We were there, isolated, in a spot where life seemed easy and simple and natural. Hunger

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and pain and suffering were all very remote. But they were not shut out for long. . . .

"Then the time came for me to think of leaving. I was flattered the morning Mark offered to break into his routine and walk to the village with me while I reserved my train tickets. We had walked in slowly, as his bad leg made it hard for him to be agile; and we talked, I remember, about the Palio in Siena. We were to have another kind of civic spectacle that day, for we found on reaching the village that the populace had turned out *en masse* for a motor cycle race.

"I wish I could describe it as Clive might have — make a picture of the extraordinarily vivid scene: the white hot dust of that Italian road; the shimmering glare; the festive crowd; the color; the noise; the quick, leaping excitement of the people as those begoggled racers tried out their screeching motor cycles around the improvised race track. And then the unforeseen gesture, the swerve of one of the cyclists, the light excitement changed to charging panic at the relentless impact of moving steel on flesh. Of course the possibility that that might happen had given the race its psychological significance.

"Mark would never have written such a scene. It was too cheaply sensational and easy: the quick transition of the laughing crowd from mirth to bedlam; and then the shameless, hysterical relief as each unit realized that it and its offspring were safe. Mark couldn't have written that, but he might have done it justice in conversation. With his sharp, retentive eyes he would have noticed and recorded a dozen minute, too human gestures of fear and sordid eagerness to see and to gasp over what was left of the victim. He might have used it as a conversational gambit. But Mark couldn't use it, for he had been in front of the motor cycle.

"You see, we had gotten ourselves caught, after buying my tickets, inside the circuit of the improvised race track. We couldn't go round; and since all through motor traffic was ignored there that morning, mere pedestrians could not effectively protest at the blockade. Mark was impatient — 'But this is incredibly stupid. Are we to be penned in here all morning?'

"With more curiosity than he displayed I watched the preparations, which were amateur enough — only a few slight wooden palings and sacks of sand at the perilous corners of the improvised track.

"'Bread and circuses?' I proffered as Mark surveyed the good-natured, eloquent mob. His face expressed only disgust at the sweating crowd. He had no loose democratic notions of equality, no sentimental theories about one man's being as good as another. He knew the waste and wreckage of nature that went into the creating of even one first-class mind or body.

"There seemed to be thousands of children about. 'Evidently they take seriously Mussolini's exhortations to produce large families,' I commented.

"'Yes and they'll go on spawning until they blow the lid off of Europe again,' Mark answered. 'God! What a spectacle!'

"It was rather awful. The begoggled riders screeching past on their vile-smelling machines were like personified mechanical devils.

"'Somebody is bound to be killed,' Mark said. 'They always kill or main a few at these affairs. It is part of the orgy. But as there are so many of them, I don't suppose it matters. Let's get out of it.'

"A few of our neighbors in the crowd saw that we were trying to advance — not to get better places, but to get through to the other side of the road. Incredible as they might have found it that the crazy *Inglese* wanted to miss this jolly and thrilling show, they chaffingly let us pass. The first race was over and in the interval of quiet, as the malodorous fumes and dust died down, we thought we might scamper across. Mark went first, his liquid, calmly eloquent Italian opening the way for us and I following just behind him.

"We might have got across, but we reckoned without a belated tryer-out of the next race. It is all so bright and vivid in my mind — not what I felt, but the looks of the place, the setting, and Mark's tall, thin figure and fine blond head towering above the sturdy, squat Italians. I remember how his aloof, thin sharpness and hardness and fineness of line stood out in contrast with their swarthy, soft flesh.

"'Watch out, Mark! Here's another one,' I said as the belated racer came down the track.

"'I hear it, I hear it,' Mark answered patiently as I stepped up beside him. And he laughed. 'As if anyone could help hearing

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the filthy thing! We must learn to make obeisance before the new god — the machine!'

"And then it happened. A dirty boy wearing a torn shirt, and nothing at all underneath — one of the dozens and dozens of such small urchins we had seen — ran out just under Mark's elbow and slipped over onto the track. The child had seen our movement and had thought it a chance for a better view, I suppose. I saw and realized, as one does in accidents without having time to have any emotion, that the gamin would be struck; and Mark must have seen that too.

"There we stood, side by side. I've never been able to recover what went through my mind, but I feel morally convinced that I had my chance, the one little second in which a man proves himself. Though Mark's mind worked more quickly than mine, I could have *moved* more quickly. It wouldn't have been merely the child I saved — though of course I couldn't have known that then. That's the absurdity of talking about 'worthy' or 'unworthy' sacrifice. It's the decency of the gesture that counts. I had my chance. I didn't take it. . . ."

VI

WE WERE ALONE in the bar by this time, except for a rather depressed steward dozing in a corner. Fryer made a slight grimace of distaste as he finished his brandy. "I've never been very good company for myself since," he said, without any intonation.

I finished my own drink. Fryer didn't seem to expect me to say anything in answer (what could one say?) so I kept still, and presently he went on. "You might think it no problem at all. Even in telling about Mark I wouldn't have needed to confess to my own yellow streak, but you see before he died I made him a promise.

"His wife and his children had gone off in the car for a picnic and there was no one at the villa for me to get, no one in the village who knew or cared what Mark Clive meant. They carried him in under a striped awning to one of the bathhouse tents just across the road and got a doctor. One should, I suppose, make terms with the idea of sudden extinction, but it was hard for me to realize that it was Mark, who only a second before had been holding his head so arrogantly high, Mark who had rolled ignominiously in the dust of their Italian roadway. For the first time in my life I felt the meaning of the Greek phrase — I think it's in Homer — about the thirsty soil drinking blood.

"He was unconscious. The doctor said he would not live long but that he might come round for a few moments. The people milled about in gusty horror and sympathy. I wanted to kill them all, obliterate them. The sun beat down and I waited.

"I had been the only one watching Mark. No one else seemed to have noticed the child or Mark's awkward step forward to thrust him out of the path of the machine. All eyes had been on the approaching cycle and even the

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boy himself had dodged off into the crowd. I was glad of that. I don't think I could have endured seeing him smilingly alive and lightly unaware of what his being alive had cost. The people, I suppose, were sorry enough — but after all, what were two foreigners to them?

"Presently there would be things to be done, telegrams to be sent, a body to be moved, police records to be made, Mark's wife to be told, but now there was nothing to do but wait — and I waited. I thought of an earlier and equally uncomprehending Italian crowd on a nearby-beach, and the frail body of another Englishman washed ashore from the wreck of a sailboat. It was only a few miles away that Shelley's body had been burned. I watched the golden sand and the low, lacy line of breaking white water beyond. Mark had loved that beauty, and I. . . .

"The doctor sat patiently in the shade just beyond the awning. He was smoking a cigarette but he was quite polite about it and had just the proper shade of official regret at such an untoward incident for which he felt in no way responsible. I waited. Mark was there beside me, dying, and there was utterly nothing to be done. It wasn't long, but the few moments I had sat there seemed an eternity. I had so finally accepted that Mark was over, and that I, who was old and useless and unimportant, had killed him, that his whisper, when it came, shocked me as a voice from beyond the grave. Poor Mark had not yet finished the tedious business of dying.

"'Don't give me away!' he said.

"For a second I was dense to his meaning and thought he might somehow be trying to protect me. My mind was in a kind of stupor of grief and bewilderment, but his was clear enough. 'It's grotesque,' Mark whispered. 'To spoil my whole life, at the end, with a silly romantic gesture!'

"'You don't want me to tell what you did?' I asked him.

"By that time his words were coming in jerks between painful efforts to breathe, but I could see from his eyes that he meant just that. He whispered, 'Newspapers . . . maudlin . . . perhaps my children . . . later . . . Promise?'

"I promised."

Fryer's voice broke. "Mark could joke, even then, for he said to me, 'You'll . . . get . . . a certain satisfaction out of it.'"

Then Fryer paused, as if to let the full horror of his position sink in. "Mark didn't see that I should have done it," he said, simply. "He meant that I would enjoy knowing that, when faced with it, he had acted, instinctively, according to *my* way of thinking! It was the kind of irrational human decency that I had always stood up for and, when the test came, I had stayed stock-still. Mark didn't believe in it — I think not even then, dying. But he *made* it!"

VII

I SHAN'T SOON forget Fryer's voice as he said "made it!" But before I could find any words he went on, "I've written it out for his children to have when they grow up and when I've gone, but my silence has always hurt. Such a piece of knowledge about a man of Mark's standing is obviously not one's personal property. Other people have a right to it for what it may be worth. It's part of a heritage."

There was another long pause. I think I could have found words then, but I saw that Fryer was shutting me out by smiling at me — a very odd, painful smile.

"I've always wanted to tell it to someone for my own sake," Fryer said, "to see how it sounded, to ask an opinion. But after telling you, I don't think I need to ask. Now I know."

At the time I didn't see quite what he meant. His tone was almost casual as he suggested, "Shall we walk around the deck before turning in?"

We paced in silence. I grew more and more sure that anything I could have said in palliation or extenuation as to human frailty and weakness would have been almost insulting to the little man's haunting grief. And in any case it wasn't what anybody else thought about him that mattered to him. It was what he thought of himself.

As we shook hands at the head of the companionway, I said, "Thank you for telling me."

He gripped my hand. I believe he was grateful that I didn't lessen or cheapen the moment with any trivial words. He knew he had my sympathy.

Fryer had judged himself, and he himself carried out the sentence. I am sure that he must have known at least one second of exultation just before he made his last blind leap into the dark.

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The SPECTER of Overproduction

Drawing by Oscar Cesare

by **FABIAN FRANKLIN**

LONG BEFORE there was steam or electric power, long before there was a factory system or any organization of large-scale manufacture, people were in the habit of saying that a hail-storm was a good thing for the glaziers, and a fire a good thing for the carpenters and builders. The fear that there may not be enough work to go round beset people's minds in the old days, as well as in these times of gigantic machine production.

For this fear there is an obvious foundation: at any given time — in any given situation — there *is* danger of certain persons, or classes of persons, being thrown out of work through inadequacy of demand for the things which they have been engaged in producing. This fact accounts for the policy of "making work," the policy of "ca'canny," which has found so much favor among working people; but it is failure to understand the true nature of this fact that accounts for the fear of general overproduction as a menace to social welfare.

That the fear of general overproduction is based upon a fallacy, economists have, with substantial unanimity, maintained ever since economics became a recognized science. They have held that there cannot be, except as a temporary phenomenon, any such thing as *general* overproduction because, first, the desire of mankind for things in general is unlimited, and, second, the purchasing power to back this demand is created by the production itself. That there may be overproduction of *particular* things, and that such maladjustment of supply to demand may sometimes be attended by widespread disaster, they have always recognized; but this is essentially different from the notion of simple, outright, permanent overproduction as the inevitable result of industrial expansion.

In the course of the past century or more of enormous industrial development, this notion had been pretty generally discarded by intelligent persons. But it has recently again emerged into prominence. The progress of industrial productivity in the past ten or fifteen years has been rapid beyond all precedent; and a great many persons have come to feel that we are now confronted with a condition different not only in degree but in kind from that which has been a familiar accompaniment of industrial evolution ever since the days of Arkwright and Watt.

During the acute depression of business through which we are now passing, the correspondence columns of the newspapers have been full of letters based upon the idea that the

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world is menaced by a deluge of overproduction, and proposing various radical methods of averting the disaster. In itself, this would hardly call for attention; but the same idea has been advanced by writers of ability and high standing. Thus in the dialogue "Dark Days Ahead," in the October FORUM, James Truslow Adams says: "We can't go on forever, speeding up industrial processes and inventing new labor-saving devices that throw more and more people out of work, without creating what I referred to as a problem of progressive unemployment."

That the displacement of hand labor by machinery, and the increasing efficiency of industrial organization, have been attended by great hardship in the shape of unemployment, is a fact as undisputed as it is deplorable; and intelligent economists, while maintaining that the working people profit by these changes in the long run, have admitted that the gravity of this hardship cannot be waved aside by simply pointing out that it is temporary. But when one speaks of "progressive unemployment," one means something quite different from these recurrent evils of unemployment, hitting now here now there, and in the intervals getting cured by readjustments more or less rapid and complete. One means that the acceleration of industrial productivity which we have recently been witnessing must, if unchecked, result in an aggregate production too great for the consuming power of the community to keep pace with. That this apprehension is unfounded, it is the object of the present paper to show.

The most distinguished and effective exponent of the idea in question is Stuart Chase. In a recent article in *Harper's*, "The Nemesis of American Business," and in his book *Prosperity, Fact or Myth*, he brings into play some specific points to bear out his conviction that, whatever may be true of the past, our present-day industrial development, if not checked, will bring us to cataclysmic disaster. Of these points, two stand out preëminent: the part played by high-pressure salesmanship, and the actual showing of the statistics of employment.

As for the statistics, there would be, on the face of things, an obvious objection to regarding them as warranting a prophetic conclusion of tremendous moment. For even if the statistics of the past ten years or thereabouts clearly indicated a condition of "progressive unemployment," the period is far too short to justify any inference of the continuance of the trend. But, as a matter of fact, the statistics on which Mr. Chase lays so much stress are far from conclusive, even as regards this short period.

A single instance must suffice by way of illustration. Mr. Chase lays great stress on the monthly "index of factory employment" given out by the United States Department of Labor. That index for March, 1923 was 110.8, while for March, 1929 it was 98.6. "The drop between these two prosperous periods of 1923 and 1929," says Mr. Chase, "illustrates beautifully, and tragically, the inroads of technological unemployment in six years' time." But a close study of unemployment, such as that made by Paul Douglas in his exhaustive inquiry on "Real Wages in the United States," proves clearly that the "index of factory employment" used by the U. S. Department of Labor is not a trustworthy measure of unemployment; that it shows a marked tendency to overstate the extent of unemployment.

Professor Douglas gives three reasons in explanation of this tendency; and others might easily be given. I cannot attempt here to state any of the reasons, but a very simple consideration will suffice for a *reductio ad absurdum* of the "index of factory employment" as a measure of unemployment. In the year 1923 the "index of factory employment" for the *worst* month was 105.4; in the year 1928, the index for the *best* month was 95.9. If unemployment in 1928 had been as bad as this indicates, Mr. Hoover's prosperity campaign would have been manifestly absurd, and his tidal-wave victory would have been utterly impossible.

HIGH-PRESSURE SALESMANSHIP

NOW A WORD as to the second of the two points to which I referred above, the matter of high-pressure salesmanship — salesmanship which "forces" people to buy things they do not need and would not of themselves desire. No one can deny that high-pressure salesmanship does play an important part in the stimulation of demand for the products of modern large-scale industry. But the idea that its rôle is fundamental — that without it the phenomena of demand would be radically different — is, in my judgment, a delusion. The outstanding example is that of automobiles.

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Yet Mr. Chase, in his *Prosperity, Fact or Myth*, begins his presentation of this subject with the statement that "the automobile was something which people really wanted with a desire that amounted to a passion." But nothing is more familiar than the fact that, in our country, when anything becomes the object of intense and general desire, the effective demand for it spreads through the entire population with amazing rapidity — with a rapidity limited only by the actual limitations of the people's purchasing power. The Smiths insist upon keeping up with the Joneses if they can; high-pressure salesmanship somewhat accelerates the process, but the vital force behind the process is something quite different, something that would bring about nearly the same result without the aid of any peculiar stimulation. To prove this is of course impossible; but a few instances of rapid development of demand where high-pressure salesmanship played no part may serve as a warning against accepting too readily the notion that it has, in general, played a dominating part.

Perhaps the most striking of these instances is that of the growth of college attendance. Unlike the automobile, the American college is an old and familiar institution; it has been with us hundreds of years. Yet in these same few years that have witnessed the phenomenal expansion of automobile ownership, there has been an expansion of college attendance quite as remarkable, and on the whole even more astonishing. In the six years from 1922 to 1928 the number of passenger automobiles in the United States almost exactly doubled; but so did the number of college students. Is it not reasonable to suppose that in both cases the fundamental cause was the growth of a general desire, coupled with a growth of material prosperity which made possible the fulfillment of that desire? Have we not seen the same thing in the case of silk stockings and fancy shoes, the movies and the radio, the cheap weekly and monthly magazines and the tabloid illustrated newspapers? Does anyone *force* tens of millions of people to go to the movies every night or to buy the *Daily Mirror* or its like every morning?

The Purpose of Machines

Acute as is Mr. Chase's intellect, his dislike of present-day industrialism seems constantly to interfere with that focusing of his mind on the strictly economic aspect of the subject which is essential when that aspect is the one with which he is expressly dealing. Of this a curious instance occurs in his article in *Harper's*. After presenting an imposing list of labor-saving devices, recently introduced, which have thrown thousands of workers out of employment, he says: "It must not be forgotten that, in the final balance, the direct labor which is displaced may find a job in building or servicing the machine — but the margin of jobs permanently lost is reasonably wide, otherwise there would be no point in introducing the mechanism."

No point in introducing the mechanism! The point in introducing the mechanism is, of course, to get the same result with less labor or a greater result with the same labor; but the place to look for a compensating demand for labor is not in the labor required for building and servicing the machine — though that of course plays its part in the matter — but in the vast and widespread consequences of cheapened production.

In the long history of the modern industrial era, invention after invention, improvement after improvement, has thrown thousands of workers out of employments to which they had been accustomed; and only a fool could deny the hardships that have accompanied the process. But, taking the phenomenon as a whole, the cheapening of production by these inventions and improvements has resulted in enlargements of demand which are quite as impressive, if we stop to consider them, as the mechanical advances themselves. These enlargements of demand are in some instances much less and in other instances much greater, than is necessary to the employment of the same amount of labor; but taken as a whole, nobody can pretend that, in the course of the past century and a half, the tremendous increase of productive capacity has resulted in a diminution of the aggregate opportunity for labor.

Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was written before, not after, the introduction of the sewing machine; the number of men who make a living by the printing of newspapers and magazines has not been lessened by the invention of the cylinder press and the linotype; a score of persons find employment with the typewriter to one who did so with the steel pen; the taxicab drivers enormously outnumber their pred-

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ecessors of the hansom. In every direction, where invention and improvement have closed old opportunities they have opened new ones to take their place, supplying wants formerly unknown or supplying old wants far more cheaply and therefore in vastly greater adundance.

Cataclysm Ahead?

On the broader aspects of our present-day industrialism I am in cordial sympathy with Mr. Chase. I wish as heartily as he does that we might all prize the simple life, that we might care more for spiritual and æsthetic satisfactions and less for machine-made comforts and standardized luxuries. But it is one thing to cherish these aspirations and quite another to say that unless we change our ways in conformity with them we are headed for a cataclysm — not moral or spiritual decline, but economic breakdown.

Mr. Chase entertains the hope — even, he says, a confident hope — that we shall undergo a change of heart, and that through it we shall escape disaster. I should rejoice to think that his hope will be fulfilled; but I see no reason for expecting any such profound and general transformation of our ways of life as would be requisite to achieve the change that he contemplates. But while I cannot share his hope of escape, neither do I see any reason to accept his prophecy of the disaster itself. Mr. Chase is doing a good work in holding up ideals of life which our industrial civilization does so much to obliterate; and nothing could be farther from my purpose than to deprecate the championship of those ideals. The object of this paper has been solely to show that, whatever may be the defects of our industrialism as a way of life, there is no sound reason for predicting its downfall, or for assigning any limit to the continued increase of its productive capacity.

Slumps are Inevitable

That this increase will, in the future as in the past, be subject to interruptions, that some of these interruptions, like that under which we have been suffering during the past twelvemonth, will be the source of severe and wide-spread distress, is only too probable. Many serious and well-conceived efforts are under way to make these interruptions less painful and less prolonged; nor is there any reason to doubt that these efforts will result in a marked diminution of the recurrent evils of the business cycle. Into the merits of these schemes, some of which are already in operation on a considerable scale, it is of course beyond the scope of this article to enter; suffice it to say that the present depression of business, though it has greatly intensified public interest in the possibility of remedying the evil, does not present any new aspect of the evil itself.

A much larger question, which I must likewise refrain from attempting to discuss, is that of the long-time development of our vast industrial activities. While distinctly denying that these, as now carried on, contain the seed of self-destruction, I am far from wishing to assert either that they cannot be modified or that they ought not to be modified. On the contrary, I feel convinced that there both can be, and will be, a change. But that change will result, in the main, not from the conscious endeavor to follow better ideals, as formulated either by moralists or by economists, but from the growth of desires naturally arising out of our cultural and social life.

"Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind," was said by Emerson a hundred years ago, when we were still in the main an agricultural people, with wants which we should now call few and simple and primitive. Things have been more and more in the saddle; but it does not follow that the passion for the products of mass production will grow indefinitely. The growth of desire, not only for spiritual possessions, but also for material possessions more distinctive, more answering to individual personality, may turn back the tide which has long been running so high.

This will not happen in a day; if it comes, it will come gradually. But as this desire grows, the corresponding economic demand will grow likewise; and supply will mold itself to fit demand, as it always has done in the past. Production will take on a better form when demand takes on a better form — not sooner, indeed, but on the other hand not much later. When we care more for better things, better things will be produced; and in the meanwhile we shall do well not to bark up the wrong tree — not to be frightened at the imaginary danger of our being choked to death by our own productivity.

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The American Slanguage

by **GEORGE FREDERIC NIEBERG**

In the lexicon of slang there is no such word as *fail.* There are, however, twenty-two colorful synonyms. For instance, you may choose from that assembly the more expressive *flop* or the bluntly forceful *bust;* or you may prefer the flippant finality of *washout.* It is entirely a matter of personal taste. Slang is an extremely liberal and diversified language.

Slang, cant, rogues' jargon, argot, flash patter, lingo, the patois of the gutter — whatever you wish to call it — has become a part of us. Despite its disreputable foreign origin and doubtful family tree, we have adopted the alien as our own and point to it with a democratic swagger as one of our great American institutions. Purists deplore it, but they cannot — and do not — ignore it; probably because they realize that most of us are slang addicts to a certain degree. Not dyed-in-the-wool slangsters, of course. No; we can take it or leave it alone. But in an emergency we invariably take it.

The purists recognize that weakness in us. What they do not recognize is that slang possesses qualities not embodied in our immaculate mother tongue — qualities that make it more vividly alive and infinitely more human. All that is immaterial. Slang corrupts, the pundits maintain. And that corruption leads inevitably to the demoralization and eventual destruction of orthodox English. We should clean house!

Instead, we yawn politely. Just how, we should like to know, do the distinguished savants get that way?

Certainly the abolition of the great god Slang can hardly be classed as a new idea in reform waves. With all respect for the sincerity of the present-day critics, identical complaints were voiced over two hundred years ago. Incidentally, the same tragic consequences were predicted.

The prefatory pages of a quaint canting dictionary, published in London in 1725, provide an illuminating close-up of the eighteenth century propaganda employed to combat the slang scourge; and they throw an interesting sidelight on early philological ghost dances. Yet, after denouncing the entire canting crew and lamenting the invasion of the sinister foreign patter that was threatening the chastity of the King's English, the author concludes his diatribe with this gracious admission: "The Canting Dialect is a confused jargon and not

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grounded on any Rules; and no wonder, since the Practicers thereof are the chief Fathers and Nourishers of Disorder. Yet even out of that Irregularity, many words seem to retain something of Scholarship . . . and it is observable, that, even unknown to ourselves, we have *indefensibly* adopted some of their terms into our Vulgar Tongue, such as Filch, to steal; Flog, to whip; Roast, to banter, etc. . . ."

If the estimable gentleman should return to earth to-day, he would find an unbelievable number of additional words, once shameless outcasts but now recognized as eminently respectable examples of pure English. For they are listed in the better dictionaries without a single qualifying (*sl.*) or (*vulg.*). Other words of the same breeding are also represented, still carrying that parenthetical insignia of apprenticeship. Eventually they will be admitted to the purple circle — the damning parentheses struck off — and they, too, will be hailed by the savants as perfect etymological specimens.

This slow-motion acceptance by the Brahmans has not prevented us from becoming a nation of slangsters. We are, admittedly, the world's largest users of the street vulgate. We are also the world's largest importers of this indispensable lingo. Comparatively few words of American birth are recorded in authoritative lexicons of slang. To be specific, less than five per cent of the total production are of American origin.

To the inevitable "Why?" there seems to be no truly patriotic and at the same time satisfactory answer. But it is clearly evident that we prefer the imported article to our own casual product. For the European argot, either in the original or in corrupted form, dominates practically all American slang. Temporarily, let one illustration serve — the word *gyp*. American racketeers are responsible for its present popularity. American non-racketeers use it freely. It is a relatively recent arrival. But it isn't new and it isn't American. *Gyp* is four hundred years old and has been in constant use in England and on the Continent since its inception.

The Evolution of Slang

Slangiana was born on the Continent. Authorities state that its turbulent life began early in the fifteenth century. Roving tribes of gypsies, adept in divination, banditry, petty thievery, and murder, were the original progenitors of slang. Their crude dialect, interspersed with vivid bits of French, German, Italian, and Portuguese, formed the nucleus of the world's first universal language. Gradually, from the jargon of these romantic gangsters, there evolved a broader and more polished lingo — a thieves' Esperanto — and late in the century it made its unobtrusive début in England.

An obscure slang of sorts had been in vogue on the island previous to this foreign invasion, but not until Henry VIII severed relations with Rome did the underworld patois obtain its first real toe hold. With the dissolution of the religious houses, a flood of mendicants was released virtually overnight. Homeless and destitute, they eventually turned from vagabondage to crime, swelling the already crowded ranks. Thus was established the beginning of a

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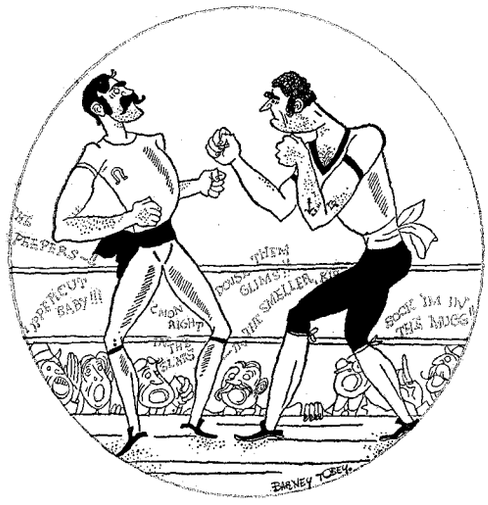
mighty crime wave that swept all England, and it was then that thieves' cant came into its own as the official language of the various mobs.

Organization became necessary. Accordingly, the unsavory ensemble split into the Sixty Orders of Prime Coves (Good Fellows) — sixty specialized racketeering clans of beggars, cutthroats, and thieves. And with these precious crews on the loose, the honest and bedeviled citizen was practically assured of losing some personal treasure, ranging from his pocket handkerchief to his life.



Stimulated by this crime renaissance, the language (flash patter) of the Prime Coves flourished. The hybrid jargon of the Continent, in the favorable English environment, evinced unmistakable signs of precocity.

Suddenly slang attained a new dignity. It became important enough to attack. The upright and properly enraged citizenry vented its just wrath, not so much upon the swaggering rascals who were menacing life and property, but — through some unfathomable process of reasoning — upon the language of the rogues. Cant dictionaries appeared. The public was urged to buy, to heed, and to familiarize itself with the accursed lingo. In that way, the indignant ones pointed out, an honest man could learn of the knaves' vile plots and circumvent them. The technique, evidently, had its weaknesses. It proved to be a strategical flop.

One hundred years later, we find crime still humming merrily along and shocked gentlemen in London admitting a totally unforeseen calamity. Respectable citizens in the humdrum of daily routine were actually using the debased argot of the criminal mobs! It was damnable. It was also undeniably true.

Slang had definitely arrived.

Immediately, learned etymologists, philologists, and other cultured gentlemen of the arts and sciences swept down upon it. They examined it — and sniffed. They dissected it — and snorted. They analyzed it — and threw up their hands. Briefly, the verdict of the savants was not complimentary.

Slang, too colorful a language to remain the voice of a few, eventually permeated all strata of British society. That public acceptance, however, did not influence its character. Slang remained true to its own. It took an unholy pride in its disreputable origin — in those who nursed it, groomed it, and jockeyed it to fame. And its cocky, humorous arrogance stalks through the Saga of Slangland in the songs of the Prime Coves. These songs contain unspeakable obscenities and chaste beauty, hilarious comedy and black tragedy; they are impudent, pathetic, grim, and grotesque. The long life of the idiom which they used testifies to its colorful vitality.

The Jargon of Sports

In England, the sporting fraternity was the first to absorb the outcast language and contribute to it brilliantly eloquent phrases of its own. The prize fight addicts, especially, were quick to appreciate the possibilities of the graphic lingo. Soon the London newspaper fight stories blazed with the vernacular, and its crisp tang flavored the gossip around the training camps. Many of these words, unchanged after a century or more of constant use, are employed daily in our own sports pages. Even the most casual American ringworm will recognize these: *knob*, *mugg*, *the one-two punch*, *glims*, *peepers*, *smeller*, *slats*, *maulies*, *draw the claret*, *scrap*, *in the pink*, and *uppercut*.

In America, as in England, the new patter met with an enthusiastic welcome from the criminal classes and the sporting element. Then, swiftly, the impudent and likable invader swaggered through to a complete American conquest.

Yet, with the exception of the so-called "trade slang" of a technical nature, and invariably dull and uninteresting to the general public, American slang reveals a woeful lack of originality and creative ability. Our sports crowd and underworld are practically the only groups that have contributed to Slang Americana and their donations are not great.

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"BEAT IT".... "THEY ALL BEATED IT ON THE HOOF TO LONDON"

Many so-called new Americanisms are merely English slang words in their second or third childhood. The writer has cited the example of *gyp*, which had reached the ripe old age of four hundred years before it was called to the colors over here. While it is physically impossible to list the names of all the venerable veterans we have kidnapped, the following line-up will reveal some of our more flagrant plagiarisms:

Lousy. As slang, this charming word was first chronicled in 1690, by Crowne in his *English Friar:* "He forgot he was a lousey liar."

Racket. In 1785, Grose, in the *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, defined *Racket* as "some particular kinds of fraud and robbery are so termed when called by their flash names . . . as the Letter-Racket, the Order-Racket . . . on the fancy of the speaker. In fact, any game may be termed a racket . . . by prefixing thereto the particular branch of fraud or depredation in question."

Beat it. Recorded in 1691: "They all beated it on the hoof to London."

Mammy. Regardless of objections from Dixie and Al Jolson, *Mammy* was first released to the public in 1560, in the play *Nice Wanton:* "Cards, dice, kiss and so forth; all this our Mammy would take in good worth."

Two bits. In 1532, *bit* was the name given to an English coin of varying value (approximately eight cents). The expressions *two bits*, *four bits*, etc., were common.

Burn my clothes! Comparatively new — one hundred and eleven years old, to be exact. A mild oath noted in *Tom Crib's Memorial*, published in London in 1819.

Guy. Probably the most overworked word in American slangland. First recorded in 1806 in Barham's *Ingoldsby Legends:* "You'd lift up your hands in amazement and cry, 'Well! I never did see such a regular guy.'"

Frisk. Meaning, of course, "to search," this word was used by G. Parker in *Life's Painter*, printed in 1781.

Boss. The first chronicled use of this word in a cant sense occurs in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*. (1590).

Mooch. One of the charter words in the Thieves' Lexicon. It is as old as slang.

Old Stand-bys

Incidentally, the reader may recognize additional American stock favorites among the following words, all of them in active service abroad more than two hundred years ago: *hick*, *booze*, *henpecked*, *blab*, *grub*, *nest egg*, *kid*, *topper*, *up to snuff*, *wobble*, *mob*, *brat*, *rook*, and *clodhopper*.

The *Tom and Jerry Flash Dic.*, published in London in 1825, discloses an amazing number of British slang words used in our present-day conversation. To list only a few: *blind*, *bluff*, *cadger*, *cleaned out*, *crimp*, *duds*, *fence*, *gab*, *hedge*, *hod*, *hoof it*, *hush money*, *mum*, *mugg*, *nab*, *nix*, *peel*, *pinch*, *pull*, *patter*, *squeal*, *snooze*, *snitch*, *swig*, *spree*, *swag*, and *togs*. The same book observes that "One misfortune to which the Public are liable, is, that Thieves have a language of their own; by which means, they associate together on the public streets, without Fear of being overheard or understood."

In the building of an eloquent slang of our own, we have depended largely upon our "roving professions" — the sports fraternity, the underworld, newspaperdom, the theatrical profession, the circus, any vocation calling for contact with all sorts of people. The first two classifications have been commented upon. The newspapers have produced *sob sister* and a few "shop" nondescripts. The theatrical crowd has given us *wow* and *belly-laugh*, the latter marked for sure death as far as general use is concerned. *Patter* is not American and the profession's beloved *gag* dates back to pre-Civil War days. The circus and carnival mobs have a small but vivid lingo that is not familiar to the ticket-buying public. While there are a few notable exceptions, our wandering workers have failed dismally as creative slangsters.

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Prominent among the contributions of unquestioned American origin are: *jazz*, *stunt*, *dope*, *stuffed shirt*, *flop*, *hoodlum*, *applesauce*, *stand-up*, and *dumb-bell*. We also credit an all-American pedigree to: *flivver*, *hooey*, *blah*, *speakeasy*, *jinx*, *washout*, *flapper*, *gold digger*, *hash house*, and *gin-mill*.

Money, always of paramount interest, has more than five hundred synonyms. Two of the most popular of these, a *yard* (one hundred dollars) and a *grand* or *G* (one thousand dollars) were coined in the United States.

Our déclassé wanderers have done their bit for Slang Americana and in the tramp's lexicon we find these old family favorites: *hobo*, *dingbat*, *shack*, *handout*, *glom*, *punk*, and *monicker*.

Slang, prolific in synonyms for almost any given word, occasionally becomes confusing. A police informer in New York, for instance, is a *stool* or *snitch*. In London he is usually referred to as a *copper's nark*. In Chicago he is a *fink*. Conversely, a *bull* may be a police officer, a male elephant, or simply a mistake. A *fin* may be five dollars, an arm, or a hand. A *flat* may mean a policeman, a country yokel, or an urban come-on. Yet to *rumble the flats* means to play cards.

Into slang's hopper there has poured a queer medley of beauty, hate, ironic humor, love, pathos, passion, infinite tenderness, and stinging satire. And out of the hopper has come a primitive language — a close-up of humanity in its undershirt. It is a by-product, but the cockiest, most independent by-product in philology. For five centuries it has refused to bow to outside influences, fully aware that in its intense individualism lay its life, and that a compromise meant death. It is difficult to picture a language like that ever conforming to our standards of orthodox English. Our standards must conform to slang — if we want slang. And we evidently do.

Words Without a Country

Ralcy Husted Bell, in *The Mystery of Words*, comments as follows upon the slang enigma: "Slang has no country, it owns the world. . . . It is the voice of the god that dwells in the people. It is a spiritual law. It is the coarsest of crude matter. It is the rude artisan that carves ugliness into beauty. It is the drunken workman that defaces his work. It is the jade who defiles a statue. *It may be anything.*"

Most of the savants agree with Mr. Bell: it may be anything. But in trying to determine just what marks distinguish the vagrant words of slang from orthodox, correct English — in pointing out where English ends and slang begins — it is regrettable to observe that the authorities disagree among themselves. It is even more regrettable to note they often disagree *with* themselves.

And the public, not understanding the vague and conflicting opinions handed down by the esoteric few, but awed by the polysyllabic decrees, bows meekly to the pundits — and plays safe. It blithely labels all crude abortions of the English language "Slang!"

For instance, consider the birth of the modern *snappy comeback*, *nifty*, and *wisecrack*. We owe it to the ambitious word-peckers of a past generation, who, in a heroic effort to improve upon the slang of the day, plunged patriotically into the throes of creation. And it is chronicled that an irresponsible muse smiled upon them.

Suddenly, out of the mists that shrouded the mauve nineties, sprawled that captivating blurb known as *O U Kid!* It became the *mot* supreme among the dashing younger set and even the Victorian oldsters succumbed to its irresistible lure. Little girls lisped it between giggles and small boys sported huge celluloid buttons with the immortal words inscribed thereon.

Thus the silly season was formally launched and the Big Parade began.

It has been an endless procession. Comparatively barren as creators of legitimate slang, our language stylists have been remarkably prolific in producing some very delightful inanities for the trade. Fortunately, it is necessary to mention only a few to convey an idea of the brain writhings, sweat, and inspired talent behind these classics of the American renaissance.

For example, we were served the subtle *Try*

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this on your piano. It was, probably, very funny. The post-mortem is vague on that point. Within the last decade, we tongued *I should worry* into merciful oblivion. The sly *butter-and-egg* man had its days — and nights — in our droll repartee until it was discovered one blessed morning with a knife in its back. The murderer, apparently, lacked our sense of humor. *So's your old man* was an improvement in that its life was shorter. Only recently, that cultural masterpiece *O yeah?* sounded its death rattle. The *Says you! — Says me!* school of speech still prevails in our far-flung communities and continues to play an important part in the lives of those unable to master the alphabet.

And all these we have identified as slang! If true, it is not English that needs purging — it is slang that should be deloused.

(*Chorus.*) Says you!

(*Answer.*) Says me!

Cough, Clown, Cough!

Drawings by Julian de Miskey

by MARCIA CLARKE

THE HIGHER-UPS can do anything they please with the American public. They make us play the market, rubberneck at Europe, drink wood alcohol, and cough. They make us cough because they want to sell us cough medicine, and the only way to do that profitably is to keep the number of coughers constantly increasing. There are already more natural coughers here than anywhere in the world. It is to the interest of medicine manufacturers and advertising powers to create Bigger, Better, and More coughers. For their own expansion they want the country to be cough-conscious. And it is.

Even if collective coughing threatens to destroy the lung tissue, bronchia, trachea, larynx, pharynx, and harynx (a word coined to designate that part of the speaking apparatus used in harangues) of the entire population, the missionary work must go on. As in most other respects, we, the public, have received our orders from our particular gods, and the Word has gone abroad in the land: Cough, Clown, Cough! Manufacturers have been quick to sense the psychological power of suggestion and imitation in coughing, which is why there are at least five cough remedy advertisements in every surface and subway car.

Take your place in a public conveyance beside a man with a strong, well-developed cough. Let your eye wander (as it irresistibly will) to the flaring blue-and-orange advertisement. See how long it will be before the first hesitant rasp rises to your lips, and how much longer before your handkerchief (if you are properly trained) is clamped across your convulsed exterior breathing apparatus. Your voice rises to swell the national chorus, you are initiate, and a candidate for the purchase of cough drops or syrup at the next drug store.

COUGHS FILL COFFERS

THIS EXPOSITION is kindly and sincere. I am neither ridiculing the coughers nor

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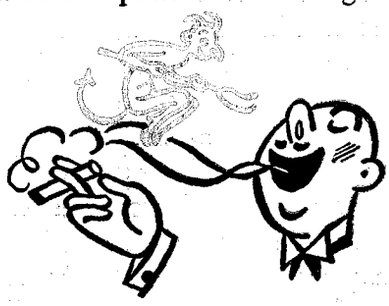
denouncing the medicine-makers. I have survived the climate of past winters, and I know the origin of the coughing cohorts.

Before they discovered how suggestion increased the ranks of coughers, promoters realized definitely that we do cough here, and that there are valid reasons for it: the violent climatic changes; irritating particles of soot and minerals broadcast from our gold-giving factory chimneys; exhaust fumes from our supersaturation of automobiles; contagion fostered by our crammed movie houses; locomotive smoke belched into every up-and-coming hamlet; a genuinely high prevalence of respiratory ills; and the most prodigious consumption of tobacco in the whole delirious world. The American citizen walks around with a package of cigarettes in one pocket and a box of cough drops in the other, and gets fighting mad if anybody points him out as a lovably ridiculous saphead.



Merely consider the attitude of the tobacco powers. One company proclaims tobacco toasted "to remove harsh impurities and cough-provoking irritants." Another company cashes in to the tune of millions with its prize-winning yell: Not a Cough in a Carload. Across the stadium, the embattled cough medicine powers send out team after team to meet the onslaughts of "smoker's throat," "cigarette cough," and other rasping offshoots of the national habit. Perhaps the smartest player of the lot is the one who douses his tobacco with the menthol of the cough medicine formula. He cleverly ties up cause and cure in one package.

Coughing is such a democratic habit, and cough remedies so easy of acquisition by the proletariat, that there is more in it for the exploitation experts than in cold cream, nail polish, or high-priced coffee. Grocers' wives and miners' children can live without beautification or luxurious foods; but can they help coughing? No. God is on the cough drop side.

The venerably whiskered Smith Brothers watch over the nation from a million car cards and billboards. "Cured by Rem," say hard-working mothers of coughing twins in Crystal City and Decatur. Mr. Luden, the cough drop magnate, has a vast mansion in Reading, Pennsylvania, built and furnished with art treasures on nickels from plebeian pockets. The magical appeal of a cabalistic number sells "618" and similarly titled products to the coughers. How long, asks Pertussin, will your energy (which you need for swimming, high-powered selling, golf, or housework) last under the strain of a cough?

Nobody doubts the definite efficacy of these remedies. The more sophisticated members of the metropolitan public buy brown chloroform lozenges or Thiocol, or remedies of higher price but of identical function with the advertised medicines. Fashionable physicians go a step further and disseminate apparently original prescriptions, which are in reality mere transcriptions of the popular doses. The fact remains that we all cough, and that millions of dollars are invested in our convulsions.

Letting Off Steam

This is by no means a black picture. More coughs are symptoms of high nervous tension than pathological proofs of throat or pulmonary troubles. Our violently changeable climate and the dizzy speed at which we live, work, play, eat, amuse ourselves, make love, and die are the very causes for our nervous energy, vigorous ambition, and spectacular advancement.

There is no reason to despair of the Americans because they are the fastest-moving, most progressive people on earth. Those characteristics are indicative of the American nature; it does not advance slowly, considering each evolutionary step and making its mark indelibly on the rocks of time. It moves in violent leaps and breath-taking swoops. Its physical nature is the same. We cough because coughing is a noisy, explosive outlet for minor physical discomforts; a way of letting off steam, and a safety valve against slow, long-standing, unspectacular diseases like those that gently remove part of the population

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of the old world every day. When anything is really the matter with an American, he is more apt to cease coughing, and to crack up in one spectacular collapse.

A man so ill that his disease and the fate of his life are more important to him than his business or his golf, will listen to his physician, who will say with the great tuberculosis specialist, Dr. Gerald Webb: "Nearly all coughing is unnecessary and is, in fact, nothing but a bad habit, a weak and injurious yielding to a slight sense of discomfort." The doctor will then proceed to forbid the patient to cough, and will show him, by simple directions as to posture and the drinking of cold water, how coughing — even from grave causes — may be avoided.

But that's no fun to the bustling man and woman in the street (or train, or street car, or subway, or theater, or church, or concert hall). They *like* to cough, and if you don't believe me, recall any friend of yours reciting the details of a welcome cough visitation:

". . . I had the most awful coughing spell, my dear; I couldn't get my breath for twenty-five minutes, and finally Jack had to crawl out over a whole row of people to get me a drink, and they were all so furious it was actually funny — humorous, my dear — and it made me laugh so hard I coughed much worse. . . ." (Triumphantly.)

Community Croup

Leopold Stokowski, Philadelphia Symphony conductor, aggrievedly swears that his audiences only do it to annoy, because they know it teases, which is almost credible if you think over your list of acquaintances and note which of them go to concert halls to hear music (and sit still as ghosts) and which go to be seen and to cough. The latter group is seen at concerts because it follows the crowd in everything; it coughs for the same reason. We are clubby, imitative, competitive, talkative, unreticent people. Our idea is to live in houses like our neighbors'; play golf as and because they do; raise blue flowers when the Garden Club says, or white from the same motive; sell our way to luxury without leisure; educate our children to patterns fixed by exorbitant schools; and so on *ad infinitum*.

All of these activities seem to demand long discussions of identical experiences, and comparisons lengthily drawn over subjects that do not, intrinsically, merit discussion. Coughing and the comparing of notes about coughs, whether it takes place among the country-clubbers of the Oranges or the miners' families of Moon Run, Pennsylvania, is of a piece with this sort of conversation.

A nation whose doctrine might be summed up in such a phrase as "Noise Makes Cash" will naturally not accede to suggestions that it stop coughing. It greatly prefers to spend its fabulously totaled nickels and dimes and quarters for cigarettes and cough remedies — simultaneously bought and simultaneously consumed.

Such habits are all right with me. I had a terrible cough this fall, my dear, and my table flaunted a prodigious row of gaudily labeled bottles and boxes. When I finally decided to stop coughing, I did it by holding my breath and gargling with salt water every once in a while.

Borzoi

This friend has come from fields where unicorns
Are living silver, moving beneath the trees,
Daintily cropping, tossing their polished horns,
Threading the grassy-hollowed Hesperides.
Here he has played the arching-necked, the proud,
Canescent creatures whose neighing chimed and ceased
As wind-bells cease; here he has bayed aloud,
Warning the lean gray wolves who would dare his feast.
Wind ruffles his flanks, and tips with swift, white fire
The coat like watered silk. Restless, he moves,
Nose in the breeze, and at a sudden sound
His eyes flick red and avid with desire
Of seeing unicorns' small, heart-shaped hooves
Pricked in the grass, stamped in this alien ground.

— *Audrey Wurdemann*

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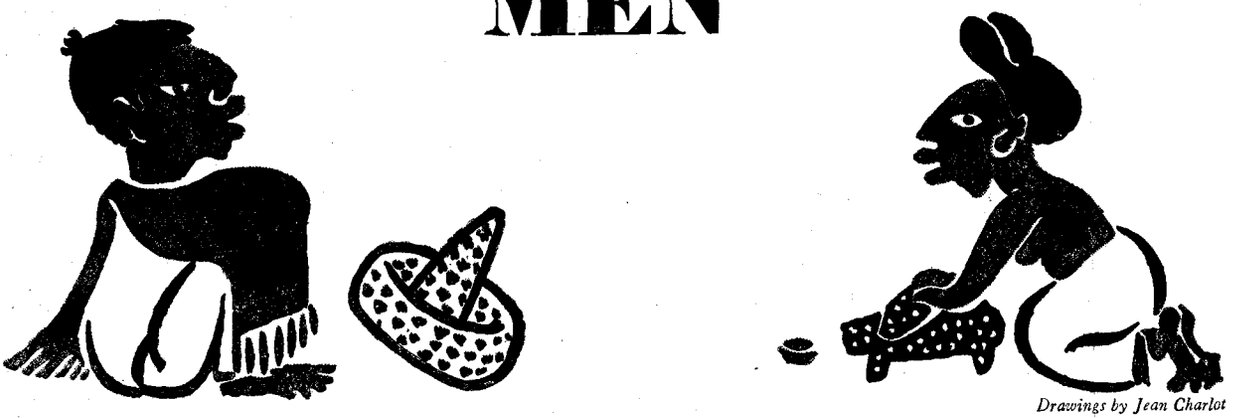
MACHINELESS MEN



Drawings by Jean Charlot

by **STUART CHASE**

I

THE UNITED STATES is the outstanding exhibit of the power age; south of the Rio Grande lies the outstanding exhibit of the handicraft age. Texas, with less than five million people, has a greater manufacturing output than all Mexico, with a population of fifteen million; yet we regard Texas, and rightly, as an agricultural state. On the same continent, separated by a single muddy stream, we find two cultures, four hundred years and the full width of human nature apart: to the north, one hundred and thirty million Americans and Canadians locked in a Laocoön struggle with a billion wild horses of mechanical energy; to the south, fifteen million Indians, most of them carrying on much as they were when Cortez first glimpsed the peak of Orizaba from the sand dunes of Vera Cruz.

It must not be forgotten that while the Spanish conquerors found a primitive race in Cuba, gentle and acquiescent, in Mexico they marched against great white cities crowned with pyramids and temples, across mighty engineering works, and faced a people whose culture was inferior to theirs chiefly by virtue of a lamentable ignorance of the chemistry of gunpowder. Listen to Bernal Diaz del Castillo as he comes down upon the plain of the City of Mexico in the vanguard of Cortez's little army:

"When we saw so many cities and villages built in the water and other great towns on dry land and that straight and level causeway going towards Mexico, we were amazed and said that it was like the enchantments they tell of in the legend of Amadis, on account of the great towers and cues and buildings rising from the water, and all built of masonry . . . cemented and very splendid with many kinds of stone with pictures on them. . . . They took us to lodge in some large houses, where there were apartments for all of us . . . great halls and chambers canopied with the cloth of the country for our captain."

No Spaniard had ever built such colossal and enduring architecture as the Mexican temples and pyramids. Few Spaniards could match the intricate metal work, the textiles, the woodworking, the knowledge of horticulture, medicine, mathematics, and astronomy which characterized the Mayan and Aztec cultures. Superior in muskets, crossbows, horses (fabulous monsters to the Mexicans), and above all in guile, the Spaniards played one tribe against another, took the Emperor Montezuma as hostage, and won.

Whether it was a victory of a higher culture over a lower is to my mind a dubious matter. In winning they took all valuables not too heavy to move, but not their victims' souls — or habit patterns if you prefer. The natives were butchered, baptized, and variously bedeviled, but they clung tenaciously to their traditional economy, their traditional crafts, their traditional worship; and in varying degrees they are still clinging.

The modern collector, if sufficiently *simp-*

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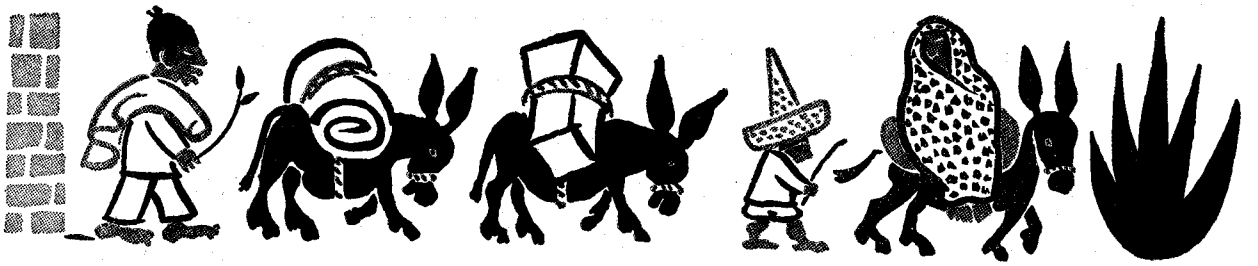

atico, may pick up curiously wrought stone idols from their owners at all seasons save that of corn planting. At this ceremonial time few idols are on the market; all are needed to propitiate the coming crop. On one of the new highroads leading out from Mexico City, there stands a gasoline station (nor does it assault the eye) and back of the pump a stone idol set about with beehives. The proprietor will crank you gas at nineteen centavos a liter; but bees require sympathetic supervision by the proper god.

In Taxco I saw the ancient Tiger Dance performed with masks in a church courtyard to the accompaniment of Aztec songs. It was followed by a Mass within the church, which in turn was followed by a circus in the courtyard. Miss Brenner has the whole phenomenon admirably documented in her recent book, *Idols Behind Altars*.

The Spaniards stamped out the higher learning of the Indians — one godly bishop burned in a vast pyre all the books, histories, and early records of the Mayas; another performed the same office for the Aztecs and their allies — but the habits of the common people they could not eradicate. Indeed, these habits deeply interpenetrated the life of the conquerors themselves. Thus when we compare the United States and Mexico the contrast is not between a civilized and a neolithic culture, but rather between a culture now great in the contemporary world and one which used to be great, and that not so long ago, as history runs. The Mexicans are not a nature people but the inheritors of a cultural tradition which should bring pride to the heart of every native of the Western Hemisphere.

Ancient Egypt, Mesopotamia, Crete, too long you have held the center of the stage. Here in this America was a nation to press you close. You never wove such textiles of thread and humming birds' feathers; you never learned your calendar so accurately, or plumbed so deep into the secrets of the stars; you never conceived a façade so daring as that of Quetzalcoatl in Teotihuacan.

II

I SPENT seven weeks in Mexico, cutting a path from Vera Cruz on the Gulf to Acapulco on the Pacific, and giving most of my time to the hinterland rather than the cities. All that this justifies me in making is a brief camera report, with the merest ribbon of talkie film on the side. The story of the builders of Uxmal, the cultural diffusion of the Yucatecan ball court, the hidden springs which guide the fingers of the potters of Xalitla to the production of vases as just and lovely as the Greeks' — of these you will some day hear from the competent archæologists and students now on the ground.

I can give no account based, as theirs will be, on years of research, but only the impressions of a wayfaring economist who climbed a fifteen thousand-foot volcano, drove a Ford over the dizziest road in the world to a remote silver mine, bought serapes in villages to which no Ford could ever navigate, visited an Aztec temple to the god of *pulque* (perched on the top of limestone cliffs), and went swimming in a mountain pool where demons lived.

Mexico is a violent country, more remote and strange than any I have ever visited, including Russia. Violent are the contrasts, the color, violent the landscape and storms, and violent the pressure on the membrane of the ears as one ascends or drops two thousand feet an hour — a normal traveling ratio. Only the people and the long-suffering burros are gentle.

I say people advisedly. It is probably true that among the tiny minority who wear pistols in silver-chased holsters and aspire to political office, violence is reasonably common. But traveling outside the few focal points where politicians specialize in bulletproof vests, kindliness and courtesy are the rule. The only human violence I saw was a fist fight between two soldiers in Cuernavaca, in which

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the art displayed was pathetically ineffectual, and another occasion when a friend, forgetting that Mexican highways belong to animals as well as to men, ran over a pig. Even in Mexico City on the day President Rubio was shot citizens went about their business calmly and peacefully.

Politicians lead a hazardous existence, but they are a race apart. Their marchings and countermarchings do not seriously affect the Aztec tradition. A handful of Spaniards marched and countermarched for three hundred years and left some glorious cathedrals, but the organic life of the people they did not drastically disrupt.

A great, tumbled, color-drenched slice of geography, dotted with noble masonry in all stages of decay, and flecked with stolid, brown-red men and uncomplaining asses. At first glance, the geography all but blots out the people with its arresting violence, its raw physical impact. In due time these sombreroed men, these blue-shawled women, these grave, quiet children advance by resistless pressure into the foreground; more to be wondered at, when all is said and done, then Popocatepetl itself.

What are they thinking? What do they believe in? Why is nearly everything they touch marked with the authentic hand of craftsmanship? What is the source of that strength, that permanence, that plastic adjustment to the environment about them, to life itself? Why do they make Nordics, especially Americans, seem fragile, pasty-faced, and not a little ridiculous? Why, coming from them, was I so ashamed of a boatload of my fellow citizens returning from Havana to Miami, with total assets probably sufficient to buy a Mexican state?

Skin color has something to do with it, nervelessness has something, but there is more which lies deeper. These Indians have learned how to come to terms with their world, a secret which our pioneering forefathers knew, but which we have forgotten. I wish I had a fraction of their surety and strength.

Their country is at once beautiful and bitter. It belongs to the sun. Even in the rainy season the sun shines nearly every morning. Great areas become devastatingly parched toward the end of the dry season, making April the hottest month in the year. To go from Iguala to Chilpansingo in the State of Guerrero in March is literally to go through purgatory. Every watercourse is dry, save for the ruddy Balsas, and the wind which roars from cañon to cañon seems to come from a furnace door. But men and animals somehow survive in this inferno. One of its tiny villages makes jars and vases which the Greeks might have envied.

Other regions are cursed with dust storms. All the plateau country is cold at night, the higher passes bitterly cold. You or I would soon be gathered to our fathers going native at ten thousand feet, but the Indian wraps himself in his serape, lies on a straw mat on a clay floor, and, shivering, survives. Meanwhile the coastal plains along the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean are roaring hot, steamy, and often miasmal; blessed with scorpions, tarantulas, fancy varieties of snakes, and poisonous plants. On the low-lying Yucatan peninsula the great Mayan culture produced the fabulous cities of Chichén-Itzá and Uxmal; while the Toltec and Aztec civilizations belonged to the high central plateau, in a totally different climate, nursed under the shoulders of cloud-capped volcanoes.

In Mexico one is never out of sight of a mountain, or long out of sight of one's shadow, or, if one is traveling in the hinterland, far from some dizzy change in altitude or temperature. One can hardly drive ten miles without at least one glorious scenic picture, and one good shattering scare. It is no place for Rotarians with their need for bathrooms and snappy service. It is no place for any Nordic unless he watches his diet, his clothing, his siesta, and his chauffeur.

But with a little common sense, and above all with the philosophic thought, "men live

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here and keep healthy, and so shall I," one can journey around with all reasonable safety and comfort. The bandits, incidentally, are like the White Queen's menu: jam to-morrow and jam yesterday, but never jam to-day. They have just held up somebody, or are about to hold up somebody. Despite an ever-mounting curiosity, one never encounters them to-day — though a rich traveler might stand a better chance to have his curiosity satisfied than a wayfaring economist.

III

LET ME GIVE you, if I can, a picture of a Mexican village, typical of many that I saw and of hundreds throughout the country. This particular village has never been visited by a wheeled vehicle. It may be reached only by a zigzag burro trail which winds, painfully enough, over the *pedregal* — a tortured five miles of heaving lava rock. It stands on a little plain surrounded by rice and corn fields which, despite the dry season, are kept brilliantly green by irrigation. To the north rise perpendicular cliffs of ruddy limestone carved into fantastic shapes, thousands of feet high. On top of one of them stands the Aztec temple to Tepoztecatl, god of *pulque*. At their base a fountain gushes from the living rock and, via a cement reservoir, provides the village with water.

It is blisteringly hot on the cliffs and hot in the village, but here by the fountain it is cool and the air is sweet with flowers. Banana trees throw their great green machetes aloft; there are stone seats under a grove of cypress and mulberries, and a stone globe five feet in diameter with a cross on top. To the west lie the *pedregal* and Cuernavaca, the nearest center, twenty miles away. To the south is another limestone outcrop, lower but even more fantastically turreted. To the east the plain rises a little, and over the edge, framed by the limestone cliffs on either side, the glittering snowfields of Popocatepetl and the White Lady block the skyline.

This town has perhaps four thousand people, nearly all pure Aztec, and seven hundred huts and houses. Mexicans, like Russians, live together in their villages, their fields about them, with hardly ever an outlying farmhouse. The streets are narrow, cobbled, straight, and very clean. Buginvillæa spreads its incredible cerise over old walls. The houses are of adobe or stone, roofed with red tiles, occasionally with thatch. They contain one or two rooms with hardly any furniture; there is not a chimney in the town. Food is cooked on a stone hearth or a clay brazier with wood or charcoal as fuel. In a garden as we pass, one family is making rope by winding horsehair on a curious spinning wheel. Presently we see another family leisurely manufacturing tile and brick, with the finished product piled in the sun to dry. Every man, woman, and child we meet salutes each one of us, and to each every member of our party gives a "*Buenas tardes*" or an "*Adios*."

There is a little *Zocalo*, or plaza, with shade trees and flowers, a tiny bandstand, and one small general store which puts me in mind somehow of the general stores I used to see in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. It smells the same; but of twenty bins of different dried seeds and berries I can recognize only three. With the fruits one does better, identifying cherimoyas, papayas, avocados, as well as pineapples, oranges, limes, and bananas.

At the head of the plaza rises the great cream-colored church, streaked with gray and rose. It is only too clear that every iota of the community's surplus wealth — labor, materials, artistic ability — has gone into its construction, even as in Aztec days it probably went into Tepoztecatl's temple two thousand feet above. Like nearly all Mexican churches, this one has two towers flanking the entrance doors of old carved wood, and a long nave, terminating in a big dome which rises almost as high as the towers. This dome is of stone instead of blue tile, and the towers are full of bells.

As everywhere, part of the structure is decomposing, but with what grace! In front of the doorway stands a stone cross whose arms end in symbolic Aztec serpents. On the screen inside the door is suspended a sign to the effect that

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a lottery for dead souls is in progress. The names of departed parishioners are listed, each with a lottery number, and a Mass is promised the soul of the winner on a given date. But the losers need not despair; a sort of blanket Mass will be celebrated later for all the losing candidates together.

Two pigs are asleep in the churchyard among the graves. With a certain air of misgiving a hen approaches the church door. A train of burros loaded with charcoal is making its patient way down the side of the plaza; a pony with a resplendent silver-studded saddle waits drowsily in front of the store. It is the siesta hour, which even the Northerner on schedule must come to respect. We shall drink our beer here in the shade, watch the sleepy *Zocalo*, admire the old rose and ivory of the crumbling church, try to believe that these limestone cliffs are not a Hollywood backdrop, and presently, when it is a little cooler, ask an Indian boy to guide us over the *pedregal* to Cuernavaca.

This village, as I have said, has never known a wheeled vehicle. It is innocent of telephone, telegraph, or electricity. There may be a radio, but I did not hear one. I did see a sewing machine through a cottage door, and in the store at the plaza a battered phonograph. Clocks and watches were doubtless to be found by diligent search. In the morning, somebody was shooting rockets from a nearby-field — those astonishing Mexican rockets which one holds in one's hand, ignites, and hurls into the air to burst with a minimum of flame and a maximum of noise. Firearms were surely present, though not in evidence.

In brief, the Machine Age is but the shyest visitor to Tepoztlan. Placed under an embargo to-morrow, the town would hardly know the difference; communal life would proceed without comment and without break.

IV

MOST TRAVELERS, one suspects, never see Mexico. They see railroad rails and Mexico City. The latter is held to be the chief jewel in the nation's crown, but I submit it is mainly outside the nation's organic life and is making all possible momentum in the direction not only of Paris but of New York and, alas, Los Angeles as well.

So at least it seems as one drives into the city after weeks in the real Mexico. The motor traffic swells, the signboards sprout, a gas tank looms, trolley cars groan, subdivisions blossom to right and left, while on a near-by cliff in letters of solid cement, fifty feet high, a cigarette — to its everlasting shame, a native one — announces its supremacy. Only the Indians — and they are everythere — remind us that we are not in Minneapolis or Manchester; the Indians, and the twin volcanoes to the south, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, the White Woman.

The fine old palaces and cathedrals are sinking out of sight behind modern office buildings (as yet no skyscrapers), garages, hotels, Fifth Avenue shops, signboards, and taxicabs. The kindly ministrations of a friend led us one moonlight night, all unsuspecting, by a devious route which skirted the red light district, to the Viscainas, "the finest piece of architecture in the Western Hemisphere." If not the finest, this solid block of pure colonial stonework, exquisite in its balance and proportion, is a close second; but no tourist has ever heard of it.

The *Zocalo* is still majestic with its cathedral and government palace, the boulevards are fine, the trees in Chapultepec Park magnificent. In odd corners and at odd moments something of the old colonial charm comes back again, but of the great imperial capital of Montezuma hardly a trace remains. One must go twenty miles to the south, to the floating gardens of Xochimilco, to catch his first and only glimpse of the Venice which the Aztecs built here, which turned a bluff soldier into a poet as he marched down upon it from the shoulder of Popocatepetl. One must go another twenty miles north, to the pyramids at San Juan Teotihuacan, to realize the stupendous power of Aztec and Toltec architecture.

Save for occasional glimpses, and for a

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stubborn fraction of its population — the darker, pajamaed, rebozoed, sombreroed, sandal-footed fraction — Mexico City does not belong in the Mexican picture; which does not prevent its being a bright, picturesque, and reasonably comfortable city to live in, with all the modern improvements either *in situ* or *in transitu*. The country club would not disgrace Westchester; the Lady Baltimore Tea Shop need not bow to Schrafft's; the Rotary Club meets weekly; the Hotel Genéve has a bath with every bedroom; *The Saturday Evening Post* is delivered by air; while the pistol toters in the Regis bar are an exhibit worth traveling far to see. Most of them have probably flown down from Laredo.

These gentry, together with the bulk of the bourgeoisie, are outside the picture. The bourgeoisie have been chiefly responsible for making the city what it is, and so are primarily interested in Western, not Mexican, culture. Or such is the impression the casual observer gains from the cut of their clothes, from their motor cars, their cocktails, radios, and night clubs. For all I know, Heaven help them, they may be playing bridge by now.

Some of them are pure Spanish, a few are pure Indian (which at present, I am glad to say, is good politics), but most are "mestizos," half-breeds, distinctly lighter in color than the real Mexican. I doubt if this bourgeois class comprises as much as five per cent of the total population. It has much of the wealth and power, a modicum of intelligence, and a grave lack of taste. It fills its houses full of whatnots, red plush, and French porcelain, while native pottery, as lovely as any ever made by man, goes begging. In the home of the rich man of a small village I stood entranced before the cast-iron effigy of a crocodile, with tail curled up to support a marble table top, on which lay a glass slipper, a small box in rose plush, a porcelain shepherdess, and a collection of shells.

V

IF THE BOURGEOISIE do not belong in the Mexican picture, neither do many of the politicians. The terms "statesman" and "general" are, by the way, interchangeable, and the more militarized of these public servants, as Dr. Ernest Gruening has so admirably demonstrated, are a serious menace to their own country. With high-sounding Latin speeches — more deplorable, if you can believe it, than a Republican Senator taking credit for American prosperity — they generally seem to be trying to bedevil the country into another revolution, whose purpose may be chiefly to take loot away from the ins and deliver it to the outs. They have a Gargantuan appetite for fancy uniforms, fancy women, and Rolls Royces. The underlying population pays the freight.

There is, however, a minority of genuine patriots among their ranks, so that the cost is doubtless less than in colonial days, when one enlightened governor or bishop constituted a high average. Also it must be remembered that this minority wields no little influence. They are building good schools and good roads, encouraging the popular arts, letting Rivera paint happily on his scaffold until he drops with fatigue, conscripting the bandits into the army, and putting into effect some of Mr. Morrow's excellent advice. Thanks to them, the cult of the indigenous, of the popular arts, even of the Aztec, has made some progress in recent years, and the government has done a quantity of excellent work in the encouragement of handicraft and the unearthing of archæological remains.

I do not envy the governors of Mexico. Aside from the hazards of their calling, they are faced with a problem to confuse a Socrates. If they remain Mexicans and hold to their village economy, their charcoal fires, and clay cooking pots, they leave their citizens in poverty and their material civilization hopelessly behind all the nations of the modern world. If they attempt to compete with these nations, on the other hand, if they encourage the promoters who swarm even now around the capital, they sacrifice what remains of a noble and in many ways a lovely culture.

In village life to-day, crime is rare, unemployment is unthinkable, a Freudian complex unheard-of. One must accept a responsibility of the gravest nature when he attempts to break down this self-sufficient economy, to specialize labor, make men and women dependent on pay checks rather than on their own provisioning, substitute movies and bleacher seats for fiestas, and thrust into their hands motor cars, radios, tabloids, Arrow collars, Simmons beds, corrugated iron roofing, Listerine, and canned asparagus.

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Pandora's New Box

(*Continued from page 338*)

terious operations of a half-human, half-mechanical organism, make contact with the material elements and interact with them.

Even so, the course is clear. The matter demands a devoted scientific study of a scrupulously objective character. Such a study should be made in the light of the over-all social functions and possibilities; though concerned with details, it should not allow itself to be lost in their mazes. Such research would doubtless lead, as indicated above, to the conclusion that intractable elements of human will and emotion are involved, and that these set limits to the purely scientific method of approach.

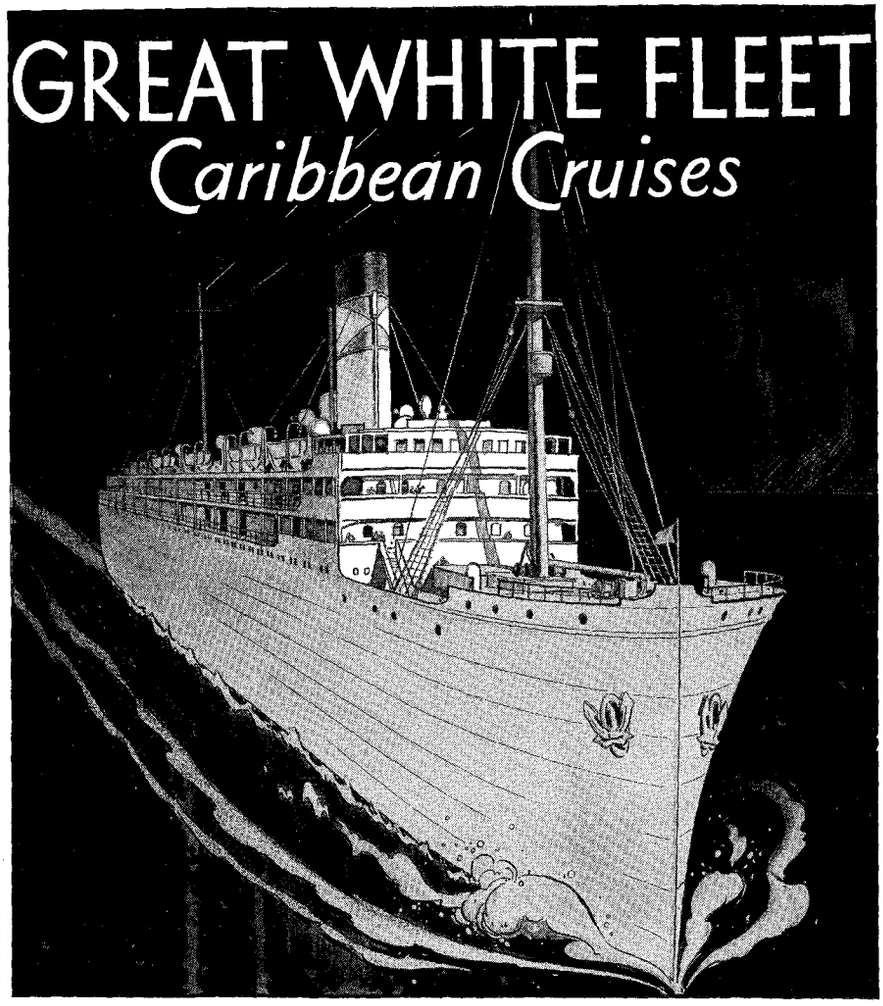
Such a consummation is not to be wished for, but neither is it to be held as an excuse for inaction or despair. If the nature, the operation, and the extent of the mechanized area is carefully explored, the economist will have served well. If, in addition, he can point out the character of human will and emotion which would make socially desirable coördination with the mechanism, that is all we can expect of him. His work is done.

The mechanism can be mechanically controlled. For the human elements there are other resources. Education, enlightened self-interest, the refinement of taste, good will, high ambition, spiritual insight, and aspiration — all these powerful influences can and will be brought to bear on the personal elements, and they can be made effective. In particular let it be affirmed that the possibilities of enlightened self-interest are growing from year to year before our eyes. Their future limits are beyond all calculation.

The object of our inquiry, then, is nothing less than the rational, conscious, effective direction of human activity toward ends that are humanly satisfying. "The problem is not how to produce great men, but how to produce great societies." In this enterprise of founding and maintaining a great society, the initial step has at last been taken. It has been made physically possible.

The next move must be to make it socially possible; and the first steps in that journey must be taken by the economist. Unless he, who is still in intimate contact with the world of physical activities, can give us clear guidance, we will do well to distrust profoundly those less firmly based sciences of biology, sociology, and psychology which are loudly advancing their own claims to leadership.

The physical scientist, the doctor, and the engineer are doing their work well. Future progress demands another range of experience, another training, an aptitude for other organisms. It is now up to the economist. What is he going to do about it?



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TRAVEL

Martinique

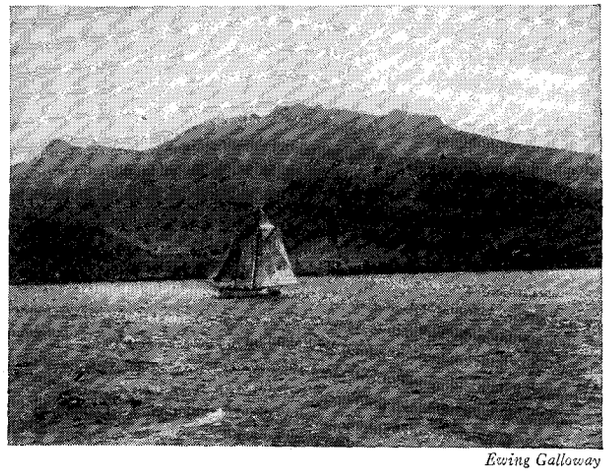
by **AGNES ROTHERY**

EXCURSION steamers spread fan-like over the seven seas: travel books fall from the press as leaves fall from the trees in autumn. Yet few boats and fewer books pause at Martinique — that tiny island in the Lesser Antilles — or if they do pause it is briefly, en route elsewhere.

And why should they delay at a mere fleck of tropic ravine, of pointed mountain and unknown beach? The area of Martinique is not a third that of Rhode Island. Its history is brief and entirely uneventful, except for the glamorous incident of the Empress Josephine having been born there in 1763 and the tragic incident of Mount Pelée having furnished in 1902 the swiftest and most complete disaster in the annals of volcanology. Passing tourists may spend a day in Martinique, but few prolong their stay, which is quite explicable since there are no adequate hotels, no convenient bathing beaches, no amusing "foreign colony."

Trinidad, Barbadoes, the Bermudas — these offer the visitor every accustomed comfort as well as the novelty of tropical delights. In Martinique are no inducements, hardly any accommodation for those who think that common comforts are universally "common," or interpret "comfortable" according to American sage. So do not journey to Martinique expecting soft beds, modern plumbing, and electric lights. You may find some of these conveniences in Fort-de-France. But that small and dusty port is the least attractive spot in the island, its chief virtue being that through it one enters the lovely regions beyond.

Yet even Fort-de-France has its points. The ineffable air of Martinique, washed clean by rain and wind, fans its narrow streets. The incomparable clouds of Martinique float above roofs whose mansard lines are suggestive of France. One sees here for the first time those beautiful *filles de couleur* walking with superb erectness on their small, bare feet, their satiny skins the color of lemon, the color of bronze, the color of peach, the color of copper. For something in the mingling of French blood with Carib, something in this peculiar sun and climate and habit of life, has produced a type, particularly in the women and children, more exquisite than anywhere else in the West Indies. It is further enhanced by the long full skirt caught up and knotted in front, the multi-colored turban, the folded kerchief and heavy ear-rings.



Ewing Galloway

Mount Pelée

There are only a few sights to see in Fort-de-France. The statue of Josephine in the Savane, forever looking across the sea to her birthplace of Trois-Islets, a hand forever resting on a medallion bearing the profile of Napoleon, is so appealing in its soft contours and feminine grace that it does not seem possible that it is chiseled from marble. In the Cathedral where the lilies of France lie in pink mosaic under the feet of black acolytes, a colored choir, led by a French organist-priest with a golden beard, chants the ancient liturgy in perfectly blended unison. The Cathedral is constructed to withstand earthquakes, with its steel beams painted to look like wood. In the hotel lobby the wood is painted to look like

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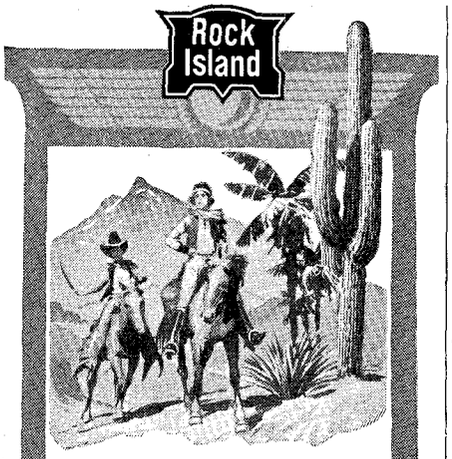

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marble. But for that matter, in the hotel dining room the beets, true to the French tradition, are cut to look like roses and the carrots like stars! It is a dingy hotel, but the proprietor must be cheerfully unaware of its deficiencies, since he has hung large mirrors in ornate gilt frames in every conceivable space in order to produce duplicates.

On the hills around Fort-de-France are the airy new villas and the ruined walls of Colonial mansions half buried in tropical growth. From these cloud-canopied hills the city by the sea looks more attractive than from the hotel window, for the unpleasant sights and smells that are created by the human animal too closely herded together drop away. And so does the fearful noise of the automobile. For in this invention the white man who banished the mosquito from the tropics introduced a pest apparently as multitudinous and even more menacing. The autos in Martinique are not equipped with merely one horn. Two and three and even four of various tones and crescendoes are not considered excessive. They blare, toot, squeal, howl, and yip incessantly. Often the drivers blow continuously from one corner to another, like small boys carried away by the rapture of a penny whistle. Down the narrow streets, as if they were fiends pursued by demons, they crash, swerve, bang, and bounce, their din supplemented by innumerable bicycles equipped with triple sets of bells.

BUT WHY linger in Fort-de-France, or even on the neighboring hills, when the Island of Martinique awaits us?

There is a road from Fort-de-France to St. Pierre, a road which winds and twists, which climbs and plunges, which whirls around dizzying ravines and skirts mountain gorges. It passes tiny encampments of two or three thatched houses, banana plantations, and tree ferns of immense height. Clear mountain brooks cascade between volcanic ridges and clouds chase each other across the pointed tops of long extinct volcanos. Deep clefts open to the sea and fold away into the clouds. An occasional piece of cultivated land stretches upon a hillside: an occasional naïve shrine with a lighted candle before it is chipped from the face of the cliff. It is a gorgeous road, a terrifying, perilous, exciting road, so narrow that autos meeting must stop suddenly and back. From it one can catch glimpses of Dominica and St. Lucie, floating opalescent between sea and sky.

But there is another way to reach St. Pierre and that is by boat, a well-worn little steamer that, like a milk-wagon, automatically stops at every small port. It skirts the shore closely — ah, if one could go round the world like this, slowly, close enough to shore to see the faces of the inhabitants who wave, close enough to smell the fragrance of oranges glistening on the trees! The bold headlands rise abruptly from the sea, many indented by caves into which the waves splash. The tiny scattered hamlets are only a row of one-story houses, brown-thatched or red-tiled, with fish nets draped across the side yard like gigantic spider webs. The dew drops upon them are closely-set cork floaters. There are cocoa palms, scarlet poinsettias, and blue rowboats along the sandy beaches and pebbled shores where sails and lobster pots are spread to dry.

As for St. Pierre, it lies along a perfect curve of beach between the trancéd sea and the great broken mountain which still breathes smoke by day and fire by night. Finely cobbled streets and sidewalks, remains of old thresholds and marble window sills, steps to what once was a theatre, bits of doorways and windows opening to the sky, and always the many streams of soft, sweet mountain water continuously flowing in and out of every dwelling and caught in countless roadside basins — this is all that is left of what was once the most aristocratic, most wealthy, most proud city in all the West Indies. One blast from those fiery nostrils and forty thousand human beings were instantly swept from the land of the living. Only one man, who was locked in a dungeon below the level of the ground, escaped annihilation. He was black and a malefactor, so his miraculous preservation caused much perplexity to the religiously minded.

If one would know what noble Creole families once lived in luxury along this enchanted shore, one must go to the Ossuaire at the foot of the cliff. On its walls are tablets with some of the names. In the cemetery are graves, some under slabs of stone, some set with pink and white shells. Behind the altar in the Ossuaire is a catacomb lined with shelves. Bones and skulls, many of them charred, all of them nameless, are arranged along these gratings or heaped up below them. These are the citizens of St. Pierre.

If one would learn more of their habits and habitations, there are pictures aplenty of these very streets when they were lined with fashionable shops and handsome dwellings. Fine horses and carriages trotted smartly through the Jardin des Plantes in the promenade hour. Vessels from France, laden with perfumes, laces, and silks, crowded the busy port. Certain delicate table goblets and apparatus from the chemical laboratories incredibly preserved from that deluge of lava, although twisted by the heat, testify to the high standard of living and learning enjoyed by the people of St. Pierre. Now lava has hardened upon the tiled sidewalks; rank trees rise from the floors of once elegant dwellings. The iron rings in the sea wall which held the waiting ships

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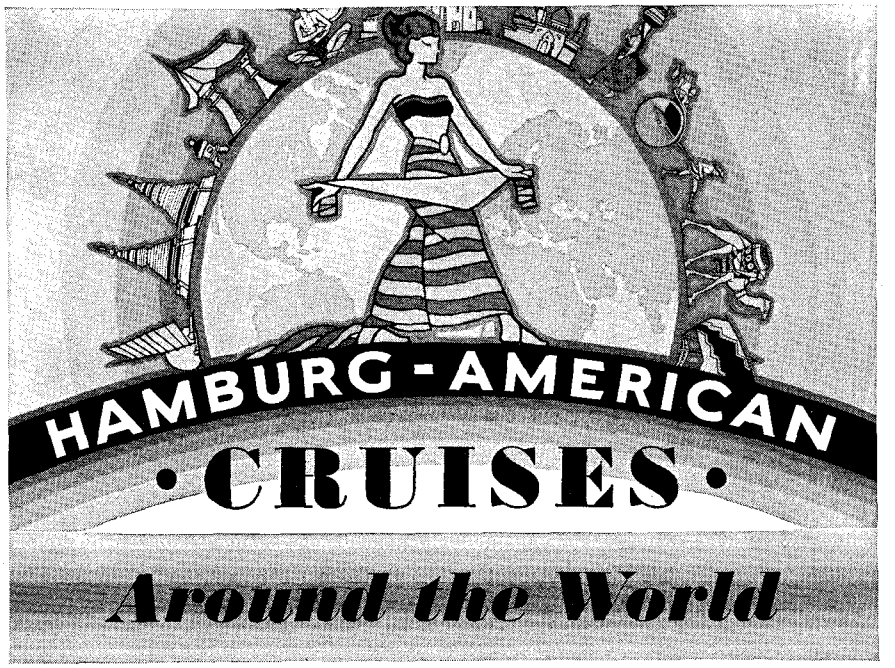
are rusted and unused.

But although this most perfect flower of Creole culture was blasted, St. Pierre is not deserted. In the lambent light of early morning fishermen standing in boats rowed by gleaming oarsmen spread their nets upon the water. As they gather them in, scintillating with fish — silver, gold, and flame-colored — women in scarlet skirts and children in tawny nakedness come running to help. How beautiful are the rhythmical movements of the men in the boats, of the boys wading into the water, of the women on the shore! Even so did the men of Troy "lash the sea and sweep the blue water." Even so did Peter cast his net in the Lake of Gennesaret with the eternal gesture of the sower.

DOMINATING all is Pelée, cloud-capped or smoke-capped by day — at night glowing red, with red lava streaming down its side. St. Pierre is forever looking toward Pelée, for in sunshine or darkness it is forever changing, forever important, forever fascinating. Even the clouds which float across the radiant sky are irresistibly drawn to the volcano, revealing and concealing her with their ethereal veils.

There is in St. Pierre a strange psychic peace. Here is a place once loved by men. A supreme catastrophe swept it clean. All flesh perished; all possessions, all passions. Those who seek a city of perfect tranquillity will find it here where there is no city. Those who would hold converse with personalities in whom has been wrought the ultimate purification may draw near to them in these peopleless streets, along this quiet beach.

To be sure, there are living beings here. Black men and women gather their rich, bright-colored vegetables and fruits and weave their baskets and nets. But these elemental dark bodies do not impinge upon the more permeating, more ethereal shades. St. Pierre does not belong to the black and brown folk who sleep and play upon her crescent strand. It belongs utterly to that invisible host which expiated all its human faults and weaknesses in the extremest of human agony. The handful of bones in the Ossuaire are all that is tangible of the human beings who once lived and loved in St. Pierre, but it is not to these bones that the city belongs. It is to that most fleeting, most eternal breath which once animated them — a breath which was swept down the winds, across the ways of the sea and the sky and yet which still suspires gently, rhythmically, powerfully, even as the gentle, powerful rhythm of the ocean upon its sands. This breath throbs in the innermost pulse, it volatilizes the exalted atmosphere of a city which is invisible to our outward eye, but which succors with its ghostly hospitality our seeking souls.



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Travel News

SOMETHING NEW

THERE IS a new place to go this season, another land to explore. Last winter the Lindberghs stopped there on their flight to Central America. In this issue of THE FORUM Stuart Chase makes it the subject of his "Machineless Men," and tells of his wanderings through it. This new wonder lies in southern Mexico and include the fabled cities of centuries ago — cities that were old when Cortez landed. Mr. Chase made the journey by car from north to south, but one may also sail to Yucatan from New Orleans and work upward into the interior of Mexico. Diagonally across the Gulf of Mexico lies Progreso, in Yucatan; and beyond, a scant two hour's motor ride, is Merida, the capital. And a few hours beyond that is Chichen-Itza, where the Carnegie Foundation has recently unearthed vast cities which date back to Mayan history, over fifteen hundred years ago. Going on to Uxmal, Izmal, Campeche, and still farther north toward Mexico City, Mitla, and other Mexican towns, one will find Inca, Zapotec, Toltec, or Aztec tribes which have the same customs, religious beliefs, and architectural modes as prevailed among the Mayas at Chichen-Itza and Merida. If he is tired of the beaten paths, the winter traveler can hardly do better than visit these scenes.

OVER THE ALPS

FOR THOSE who like their winters cold and snowy, there is Switzerland. Famous in the tourist world for its cosmopolitan brilliance, this little country draws most of its guests from England and the Continent, but Americans abroad are coming to find it a convenient gathering place and unrivaled in its sports. The most noted Swiss resorts are Engleberg, near Lucerne, Grindelwald, Murren, and Adelboden; also Andermatt, St. Gothard Pass, the famous St. Moritz, and Davos. The excellent railway system in Switzerland will take one to almost any point desired, and motor coach services are maintained over most of the passes — though these latter vehicles are largely at the mercy of the weather. The mirrored lakes are sheets of ice at this time of year, but there is adequate compensation in the long vistas of snow.

VANISHING AMERICANS

COMPARATIVELY unexploited, our American Southwest is fortunate in the fact that people go there not because it is fashionable but because they have something definite in mind which they want to see. For many the most popular attraction is the tribal dances, some of which are seasonal and others bound up with Chris-

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Travel News

tian observances. These latter will of course be numerous around the Christmas and New Year season. On Christmas Day there will be dances at Jemez, Santo Domingo, Tesuque, Santa Clara, and other pueblos, and in others there are almost daily ceremonials during Christmas week. *Los Pastores*, related to the ancient shepherd plays, is given in the Spanish communities. On New Year's Day there will be festival dances in the various pueblos, and, later on, certain unique ceremonies such as the Eagle, Hunting, and Sword Swallowers' Dances. Flourishing now, one cannot tell how long these rites of the first and fast-vanishing Americans will endure in our present civilization.

LIVING IN CARCASSONNE

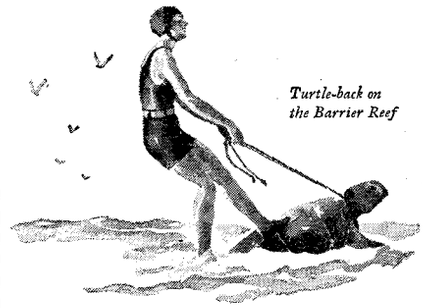
CARCASSONNE, in Southern France, provided the setting for an amusing story by Nathan Asch in the November FORUM. Readers may recall that the farce bore the mournful title, "Dying in Carcassone." And now we are informed that the S.S. *Hamburg*, which sails from New York on January thirty-first for a Mediterranean-Adriatic tour, will include this walled city in its itinerary — the first time it has ever been visited on such a cruise. The story and the cruise are quite unrelated, but at any rate together they provide an excuse for bringing up the name of this town, whose romantic moats, drawbridge, bastions, and massive walls are reminders of another age. Whether one is a temporarily impoverished novelist, like the hero of Mr. Asch's story, or merely a tourist, Carcassonne offers its rewards.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

LAST MONTH we noted the increasing popularity of holiday cruises, and as if to strengthen our point comes the announcement that the *S.S. California* will sail from wintry New York at six o'clock on Christmas Eve, returning January fourth. During those eleven days the ship will visit Nassau, spend three days (including New Year's Eve) in Havana, and of course cruise through the blue Caribbean. While in port, the *California* will serve as a hotel for the passengers — and it is this arrangement which makes possible the moderate rates asked for the tour. For those who do not care to go ashore on New Year's Eve in Havana, there will be a special party held on board the boat at no additional cost. It is unnecessary to dwell on the fascination which the West Indies exert at this particular season, or on the fact that in Havana the holidays lend an even more festive atmosphere to an always festive city.

WHEN IT'S WINTER HERE
IT'S SUMMER IN

Australia



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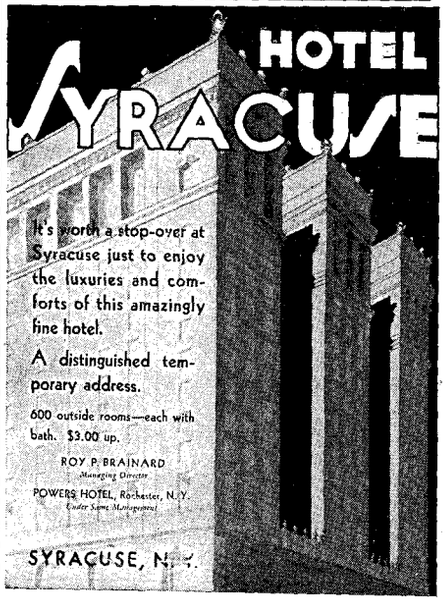
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Forum Definitions

What Is a Happy Marriage?

THE ESSENTIAL ingredients in the recipe for a happy marriage occasioned little disagreement among the contestants this month. Common interests and mutual tolerance were generally rated as more important than physical love. It was something of a surprise to learn that few considered money as even deserving mention in connection with a happy married life.

The following definitions received prizes:

1. A happy marriage is a marriage bound by mutual confidence, physical love, intellectual equality, and friendly companionship. By mutual confidence I do not mean blind confidence of each in the other's ability to do no wrong but confidence of each in the strength of their relationship to withstand storms. By physical love I mean mutual pleasure and satisfaction in physical contact. By intellectual equality I mean essentially like qualities of mind seasoned with enough unlike qualities to stimulate thought. By friendly companionship I mean basic liking and sympathetic understanding sufficient to make the most trivial happenings precious because shared. (*Helen Gilbert, Pasadena, Calif.*)

2. A happy marriage is one engendered and sustained by a mutual love between two people who are in all aspects of life compatible, who reciprocally compromise and forgive, and who delight in each other's habits, talents, and accomplishments. (*Herbert Uhlig, Cambridge, Mass.*)

3. A happy married life is one in which husband and wife have many of the same tastes and interests, with a spice of humor and a salt of patience, together with a love so deep and true that neither ever doubts the loyalty and honor of the other, while both are ready to make whatever effort is necessary for the success of the union. (*Martha C. Rankin, Brookline, Mass.*)

4. A happy marriage is one in which the two parties are agreed that as a result of their life together, their pleasant experiences have outnumbered their unpleasant experiences to a greater extent than has been the case in the lives of both before they became husband and wife. (*Edith Black, Montreal, Canada*)

Next: — *What is* A CIVILIZED MAN *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by December 24. Prizes of $5.00 for each winning definition.*

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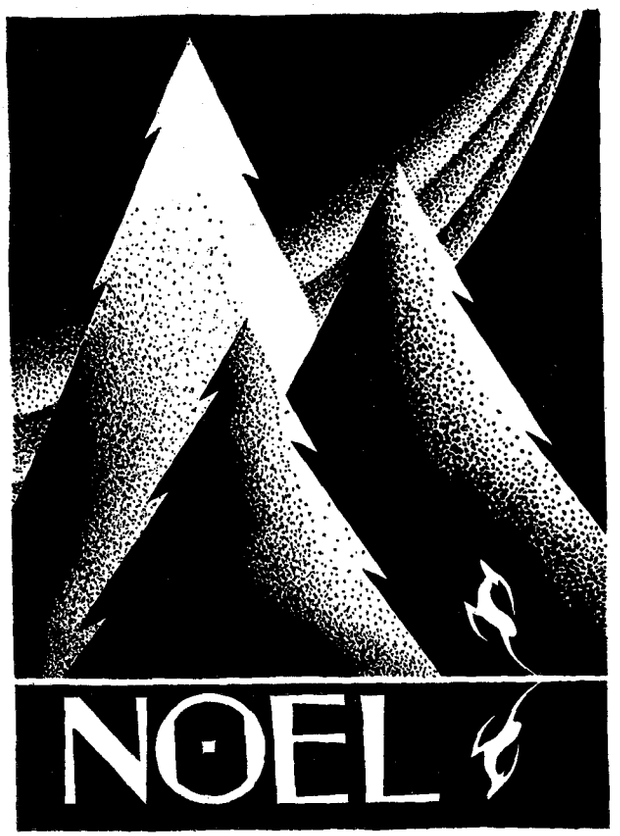

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The Industrial Future

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

THE PRESENT business depression constitutes a crucible in which certain new theories, which have revolutionized many business practices in the past decade, are going through a thorough test. It is possible that some of the tenets of the new economic philosophy may be proved worthless by the depression; it is likely that reactionaries will raise their voices and point with derision to such failures as are demonstrated and undermine confidence accordingly. We have already had evidence of this. But the fairest thing now is to defer judgment until such time as business has passed through a complete cycle, from prosperity to depression, and back to prosperity again.

No one will dispute the statement that the era from 1922 to 1929 was one of profound economic changes. Old methods, tested by generations of business men, were scrapped with impunity. New inventions superseded old machinery or satisfied new wants on a scale that has never been witnessed before. New industries replaced old ones. Radically new processes necessitated the scrapping of millions of dollars worth of old equipment and the investing of millions of dollars in new equipment. New methods of distribution of goods were developed. New ideas about standards of living began to take form. Many industrialists changed their attitude toward wages, the forward-looking individuals recognizing that in maintaining high wages they were raising standards of living and accordingly creating a demand for more goods. Great strides were taken in the direction of bringing employees into partnership with industry through employee stock ownership plans, in many instances creating a more sympathetic attitude between labor and capital.

Even in finance radical revisions in financial practice took place. Common stocks came to be regarded as investments and were distributed as such by many old line banking houses which had previously never dealt in anything but bonds. Industrial and commercial organizations turned to the stock market for their additional capital requirements, rather than to the bond market or their commercial banks. That era's most fascinating characteristic was its element of change. The current depression will determine which of those changes were desirable and therefore should be maintained permanently, and it will scrap those which were not sound.

THINGS CHANGE

AGRICULTURE is as old as history, but modern methods of farming, with tractors replacing horses and gigantic machinery replacing scores of farm hands, bear no resemblance to agricultural methods of a few years ago. The automobile has revolutionized passenger transportation, and the airplane has suggested already that long distance transportation, where speed is the first essential, will be revolutionized. Comparatively new inventions, such as the radio, have created whole new industries, whose permanence is assured. Rayon has created new wants, necessitating the scrapping of much old textile machinery, but the investment of millions in new machinery.

Even diets have changed. The consumption of lettuce is fifteen times that of a decade ago. More fruits are eaten. The modern household is equipped with labor-saving devices and conveniences that were unknown a few years ago, and gas and electric output has expanded enormously in order to provide the power with which these are operated. The chain store, while not new, has greatly simplified the economic distribution of goods at retail, and installment buying has facilitated the acquisition of the more costly items in the household budget by anticipating future income. The past decade gave great impetus to all these tendencies.

Meanwhile the standard of living in the United States has risen enormously. While the population of the country increased only 7 per cent between 1920 and 1930 the production and consumption of goods increased many times that amount. Nearly three times as many passenger automobiles are on the roads to-day as a decade ago. Almost twice as many telephones are in use. The radio was but a toy for amateur experiments ten years ago; to-day it is estimated that upwards of 10,000,000 sets are in operation. The electric refrigerator of household dimensions was unknown ten years ago; it is now part of the accepted equipment of the modern family, along with the elec-

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tric vacuum cleaner, flatiron, and washing machine. Wages and salaries have been maintained or increased, during the past decade, but the cost of essential commodities has decreased. Savings deposits have risen 115 per cent since 1919 and the deposits of building and loan associations have expanded 270 per cent, a fair measure of the growth of the home ownership movement.

OVERPRODUCTION

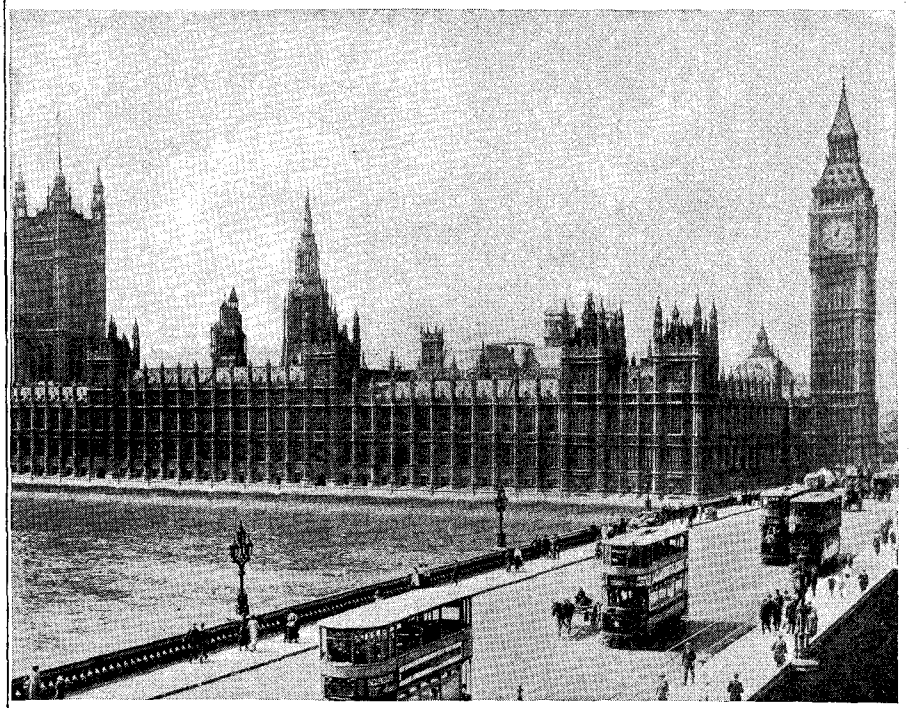
Now, BECAUSE of a period of overproduction in industry, doubts are cast upon the wisdom of some of the policies of the past decade. One such suggestion was that our immigration policy should be revised, in order that we might have the benefit of cheap labor. President Hoover has already flatly opposed any such proposition, pointing out that our ideal is the enhancement of our present living standard by the adoption and the constantly widening diffusion of invention and discovery. "Any retreat from the American philosophy of constantly increasing standards of living becomes a retreat into perpetual unemployment and the acceptance of poverty for some large part of our people," he declared in his Cleveland address last October.

Surely it is more than a coincidence that the greatest period of prosperity this country has ever known, and the period in which American standards of living rose the highest, was the period in which our restrictive immigration policy was in effect. Desirable as cheap foreign labor may be to some individual manufacturers in this country, it is unthinkable that the American people as a whole will stand for any deviation from the present immigration policy merely because of the depression and temporary meagreness of profits.

One other policy of the past decade which is being disputed currently is that of maintaining high wage scales. It is argued that the cost of living has come down all out of proportion with current wage scales, and therefore a downward revision of wages is necessary. Others point to widespread unemployment today and ask what is the difference in aggregate purchasing power if all the workers of a given factory work twenty-six weeks at $50 a week or half of the force works the full year at $25 a week.

The argument is not altogether defensible, for it uses as its basis a period of depression when unemployment is large, and when overproduction temporarily exists. On the basis of experience in the past it is perfectly evident that these conditions are abnormal and temporary. The trend is, of course, in the direction of shorter hours of labor and more leisure, on the theory that given more time at his disposal the wants of the average man are increased. Henry Ford has been the cham-

Houses of Parliament, London



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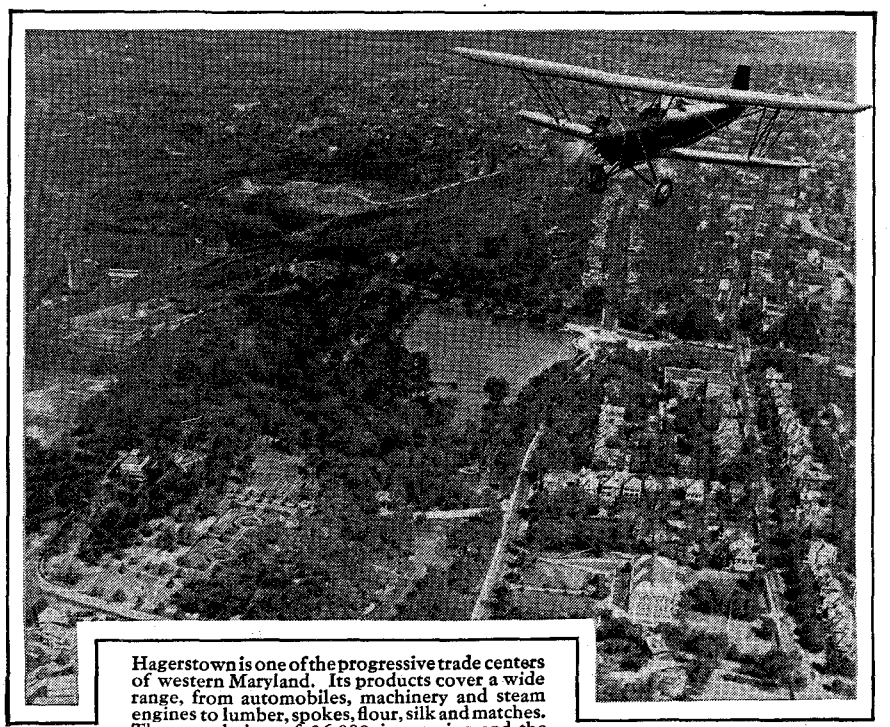

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pion of high wage scales since 1914 and has led in the movement for the establishment of the five-day week in his factories. He visualizes an industrial revolution out of which the working class will emerge as the leisure class of American society and predicts that by 1950 the minimum wage will be $27 a day for a five-day week. His belief is that more production is the need, but that the means of balancing that production by increased consumption can be maintained by advancing wages. This view is perhaps a little extreme for 1930, but in effect it is the program that American manufacturers have been sponsoring for several years now, since the policy of maintaining wages became rather the accepted standard. While Ford initiated it in 1914, with his minimum $5 a day wage plan, such eminent authorities as Eugene Grace, President of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, have publicly sanctioned it for the past seven years.

UNEMPLOYMENT

OTHERS TAKE the pessimistic view that with the development of labor-saving machinery at the present rate permanent widespread unemployment is inevitable. This ignores the principle that has been demonstrated in the industrial revolution of the past century, namely, that labor released by such improvement is absorbed in newer industries. It also ignores the point that surplus labor tends to be absorbed more in the distribution of goods. If the present generation of labor is unfitted for salesmanship, transportation, advertising, and other factors in distribution, then the next generation probably will be, thanks to the prevailing tendency toward a liberal education for all children.

It is a noteworthy point that while wheat, cotton, sugar, rubber, copper, and many other staple commodities have sold at lower prices during the current year than they have at any time in the past two or three decades, despite the fact that wages to-day are twice the pre-war levels, the cost of living has not come down in exact proportion with staple commodity prices. The part played by the costs of distribution in the cost of living are greater now than formerly. New methods of distribution are likely to absorb a great deal of the unemployment that results from labor-saving machinery.

Take the advertising business alone, which is probably the most effective salesman most businesses can employ. Fifty years ago advertising was limited largely to patent medicines. To-day advertising, as part of the great scheme of distribution, calls for outlays from large corporations ranging all the way up to $20,000,000 per annum, or more. Besides great numbers of solicitors, copy writers, agency staffs, and so on, it gives employ-

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ment to thousands in magazine and newspaper fields. The art of salesmanship, as a part of the process of distribution, is likely to expand materially in years to come. It involves not only the actual distribution of goods, but seeking out markets here and abroad and finding outlets for the enormous production which will be made possible by labor-saving machinery.

HOPE FOR NEW INDUSTRIES

THIS NATURALLY leads to the thought that low costs of production will tend to broaden our markets, particularly in the export field. It is a well known fact that the wages paid in the automobile industry in the United States are far higher than those in any other country. Yet automobiles produced in the United States have competed successfully with those manufactured on lower wage scales in other countries, often going in over such prohibitive tariffs as 45 per cent ad valorem. This applies to other forms of machinery as well, notably our farm implement business.

But the greatest potential market for the absorption of labor in the future is doubtless in industries that have yet to be born. There is no use in assuming that because we cannot visualize any further inventions or improvements which are necessary to our wants, present or future, that they cannot be invented. To adopt such an attitude is about as far-sighted as the historic resignation of a Patent Office official shortly after the Civil War, who gave as ground for resigning his belief that since the locomotive and the telegraph had been invented there was nothing left to invent, and accordingly service in the patent office offered no future.

To-day the experimental laboratory is part of the regular equipment of most large corporations. A few years ago experimental laboratories were confined largely to educational institutions, whose interest was in pure science rather than applied science. The germ of an idea is bound to occur to the scores who are constantly endeavoring, as the old darky once said, "to unscrew the inscrutable." Embryo Edisons have yet to bring forth new ideas that will change the processes of industry, originate whole new industries, satisfy the wants of potential buyers, and absorb the excess of labor thrown out of work by present improvements.

Because, then, a temporary excess of labor exists, because business is in the throes of one of its periodical depressions, is no reason why we should scrap those principles which have made life more worth living in this country, and there is no good reason why business men or investors should lose confidence at this stage and try the dangerous stunt of endeavoring to swap horses in the middle of the stream.

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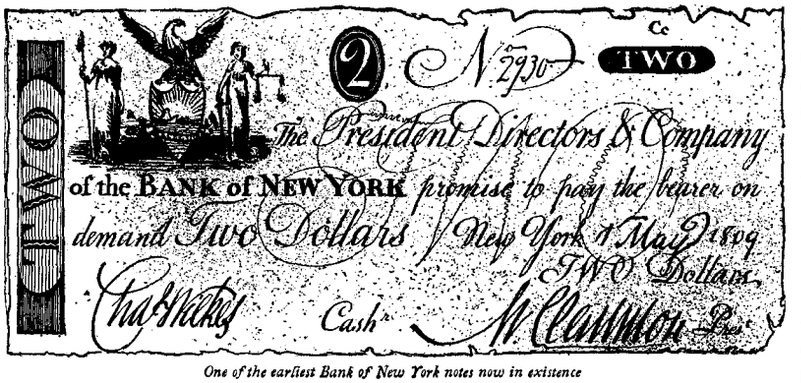
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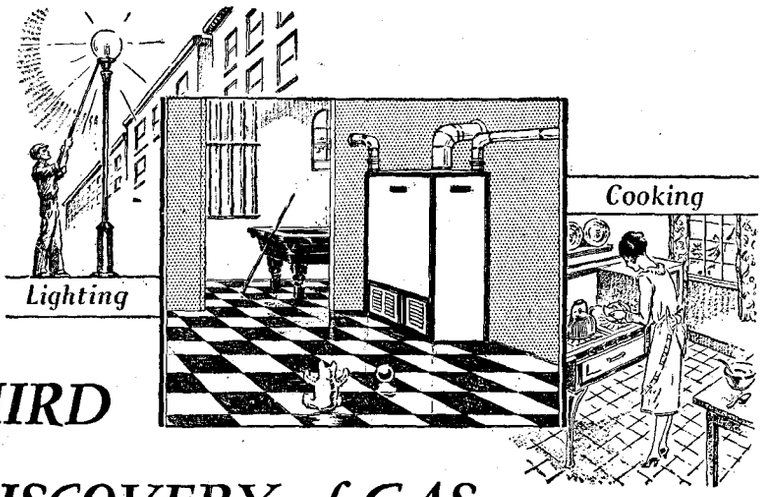

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Investment Literature

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WATER WORKS—THE OLDEST PUBLIC SERVICE. A description of the water works operations of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc. Copy upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad St., New York City.

CLASS A STOCK. A new illustrated twelve-page booklet describing this investment stock and including photographs of the properties, map of their location, analysis of territories served, and charts of growth in earnings, assets and number of customers. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION REPORT FOR SIX MONTHS ENDED MAY 31, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement, may be obtained from Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

Continued on next page

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Investment Literature

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT HOUSE. A worth-while booklet designed to assist investors in making perhaps the most important decision in their investment matters — the selection of the bond house by whose recommendations they are to be guided. Halsey, Stuart & Company, 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

UTILITY PREFERRED STOCKS. An informative and interesting analysis of the advantages offered by Preferred Stocks in general and Utility Preferred Stocks in particular, showing present high yields and other advantages. G. L. Ohrstrom & Company, Inc., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT. A booklet which outlines how life insurance can be used to advantage in any investment program and describes the uses and purposes of various policies, particularly retirement income policies and others for special needs. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, 493 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

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These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

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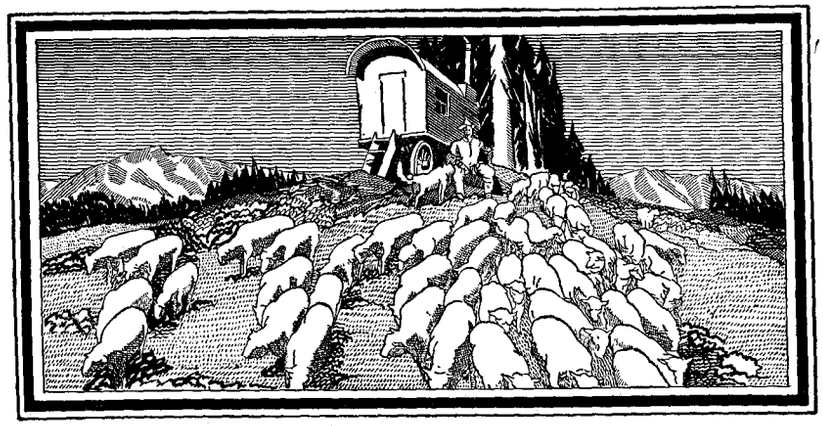
WYOMING SHEEP



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Address Editor "Downtown"
THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Naked Truth

To the Editor:

Mr. James Truslow Adams remarks in your current issue on the fact (or legend) that General Grant was never seen naked, even by his wife, and draws a parallel with our national reluctance to look on Truth "naked, beautiful, unashamed, and normal." I am a respectful admirer of Mr. Adams, and humbly associate myself with his opinion that nakedness ought to be looked at; still, it seems to me there is some extenuation for people who disagree with us.

Consider General Grant. He was a man of consequence, but presumably Time played grotesque havoc with his fleshly form, as it does with lesser men's. He was a statuesque figure in history, but he may have been a somewhat ludicrous figure in his bath. One who viewed Grant in his nightshirt could think about his military achievements; one who viewed Grant nude might have been more likely to think about the deterioration of his waist line. Just possibly, then, his reluctance to be seen as God made him was motivated less by prudery than by esteem for his wife's opinion, and a realistic appraisal of his own charms.

So with Truth. Look at this renowned goddess, as laid bare in (for instance) the historical writings of James Truslow Adams. There she is — naked, unashamed, normal; even benign, it may be, as Adams calls her. But beautiful? Alas, no; considerably less so, in fact, than Illusion, that slim and well-cosmeticked hussy whose telephone number Uncle Sam carries in his notebook. Truth may be the wife he ought to live with, a useful if sometimes unsympathetic helpmeet; but the old gentleman cannot be blamed for feeling that he could love her better if she had something on.

Teach Americans to look at the truth, by all means; they need to. But do not tell them to look at it because they will find it beautiful. They will not, and will be likely to conclude that there is accordingly no point in looking at it at all. Mr. Adams seems to feel that Truth is always beautiful; but that thesis can be defended only by an extensive redefinition of beauty — by saying that what is true is also by implication beautiful, just as a man who is President is also by implication a native of the United States not less than thirty-five years old. I cannot see that this optimism by definition is much more defensible, or much less dangerous, than the optimism by reiterated assertion which Mr. Adams properly condemns in our civic boosters.

ELMER DAVIS

New York City

Hoover's Greatest Misstatement

To the Editor:

It is not often that comment upon a public man combines the light touch of artistic satire with the crushing impact of devastating exposure. Elmer Davis's article in the October FORUM on "Hoover the Medicine Man" accomplishes this feat. I believe that on the whole its severity is justified by the facts; but there is one criticism that runs through the article which seems to me quite unwarranted. Again and again it charges Mr. Hoover with having deliberately said things that he knew to be untrue, simply because they were things that the people wanted to hear. Of such moral delinquency I feel sure that Mr. Hoover is incapable; nor is there any reason to resort to such an explanation of the melancholy list of gross misstatements made by Mr. Hoover both as Presidential candidate and as President. Mr. Davis himself says, with perfect truth, that "Hoover has got into trouble not because he knew too much, but because he did not know enough"; and we need hardly go any farther for an explanation of his queer fumblings with public questions.

If I were asked to name the most discreditable of all of Mr. Hoover's misstatements, I should not hesitate for a moment. It did not relate to the abolition of poverty, to the harmlessness of the speculative orgy, or to the prospect of speedy recovery from the collapse of October, 1929. In each of these things, however serious may have been his error, it was an error which a man might be led into through the contagion of current opinion or through the promptings of an optimistic spirit. But when Mr. Hoover, in his speech of acceptance in 1928 declared with a great flourish that the Republican Administration which succeeded President Wilson's had, "by rigorous economy," effected a reduction of two thousand million dollars a year in the expenditures of the Federal Government, he made an assertion so manifestly absurd that it would be humiliating to one's intellectual self-respect to go to the trouble of disproving it. The reduction had of course been made; but it was made not by the introduction of a new policy of "rigorous economy," but by a continuation of that process of return from a war footing to a peace footing which had been going on — and at a more rapid rate — during the last two years of Mr. Wilson's Administration.

It would be interesting to know by whom it was that Mr. Hoover was led to believe this absurdity; perhaps it originated with "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton." But that he did believe it, there is no reason to doubt; and to my mind it was at the time, and continues to be to this day, the most conclusive single instance of that lack of grasp of the realities of government which has made his course on the tariff, on prohibition, and on other great issues, so melancholy a failure.

FABIAN FRANKLIN

New York City

Mary Austin On Einstein

To the Editor:

Mr. Einstein's statement of his notion of himself and the universe charms by its simplicity and sincerity. Mr. Einstein's quality of taking his temperament into account as a determinative factor in his personal philosophy, sustains him, in most instances, far above the majority of men who, in any American magazine may be discovered, on the basis of knowing a great deal about one thing, assuming to know all about matters of which they give no evidence of information.

His willingness to let it be seen that his notions of politics, war, and personal survival spring from his personal bias of temperament and training put to shame the intellectual pretensions of too many one-subject specialists. It is this absence of intellectual pretension which gives to his revelation of the mathematician as mystic almost the touch of divine prophecy, in the old sense which makes prophecy the foundation of religion. The sentence beginning "To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists —" is probably the profoundest statement yet made of the spiritual inwardness of the scientific era.

The one exception that might be taken to the whole of Mr. Einstein's expression is that on which he loses sight of the relation of his own temperament to his philosophy and attempts to ascribe the things he does not believe to the inferior temperaments of other people, by attributing the idea of individual survival to "feeble souls" of "ridiculous egotism." This is as

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Our Rostrum

easy to say as that all Bolshevists are either vicious or insane, and not any more likely to be directly deducible from a belief in "conscious life perpetuating itself through all eternity."

MARY AUSTIN

Santa Fe, N.M.

Simplicity and Greatness

To the Editor:

I waited with a great deal of interest for Albert Einstein's contribution to the "What I Believe" series, though, I confess, with little hope that his article would come within the scope of anything of which I might easily grasp the meaning. What a very pleasant surprise to find this man, of whose great wisdom most of us are a little in awe, so warmly human and so entirely understandable. He has gone so far in his own special field that few, if any, have been able to follow him, and he puts to shame, with his great knowledge, the lesser minds that are forcing their distasteful personal opinions upon us. Yet he tells, in language that a child might understand, of his life and beliefs, and all through his article gives the reader a deep and satisfying sense of kinship with himself.

Here is no strutting of personal opinion, no bombast of language, nothing profound or egotistical in his statements, nothing complicated in his beliefs, but a candid and even humble admission of the limitations of his knowledge, and a frankly expressed reverence for the things which he cannot understand. How refreshing to those of us who still desire to keep reverence in our hearts! We leave his article with the feeling that here is a truly great man.

MARGARET A. ASH

Exeter, R. I.

Einstein as a Christian

To the Editor:

Christian people are quick to attribute all good things to Christianity, and in that sense I find much that is Christian in most of the articles in your series of Living Philosophies.

I am especially well pleased with Einstein's contribution. His statement that "man is here for the sake of other men" is more Christian than philosophical. His denial of a system of ethics based on "comfort or happiness" as "sufficient only for a herd of cattle" is in perfect harmony with the Christian principle of unselfishness — a principle that is preached more than it is practiced.

Einstein hates war, and he goes beyond the Christian when he raises God above human attributes. Finally, where can one find three better ideals than his "goodness, beauty, and truth"?

I hope those who have been clamoring for Christian philosophy in your series

STATEMENT

Of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of

THE FORUM *and Century*

Published Monthly at Concord, N. H., for October, 1930.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a *Notary Public*, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared GEORGE F. HAVELL, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the *Business Manager* of the FORUM AND CENTURY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publisher*, FORUM PRINTING CORPORATION, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *Editor*, HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *Managing Editor*, none; *Business Manager*, GEORGE F. HAVELL, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; FORUM PRINTING CORPORATION, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; GEORGE HENRY PAYNE, Islip, New York; RONALD TREE, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON, Ave. P and Coleman Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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GEORGE F. HAVELL,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1930.

F. M. HEDDEN,
Notary Public.

[SEAL]

(My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

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Our Rostrum

will read again the contributions by Einstein, Julia Peterkin, and some of the others.

WELTON P. FARROW
Waterville, Me.

Sex Madness

To the Editor:

The article "Sex Madness," by Logan Clendening, M.D., which appeared in your October issue is, in my opinion, unworthy of publication in THE FORUM. It is fraught with inconsistencies, illogical conclusions, and purely baseless statements.

He makes the startling deduction that the present Christian sex code, which the majority pretend to idealize and attempt with indifferent success to follow, is the very best for all of us that could possibly be devised, even under modern conditions and with modern knowledge, because it has been in use for so many years. According to this argument one could justify any practice which had endured any length of time, and pronounce it the best obtainable because of its lengthy evolution. I daresay the proponents of slavery advanced this defense prior to the Civil War.

Further, he oversteps the bounds of historical truth when he states that strict and permanent monogamy has been practiced by the majority of humanity for many thousands of years. As a matter of fact, it probably never has been followed by the majority even among the most Anglo-Saxon of peoples.

The doughty doctor admits in one paragraph that he has no remedies to offer for the many sex evils; then in the next insists that no experimenting be done to learn more about such problems. He admits that various types of individuals require different sex adjustments, yet he paradoxically insists that all should conform to his one rigid code of ignorance and shush-shushing.

Further, he accuses the liberal sex reformers of wishing to force their ideas of sex behavior on all, which is exactly what none of them do. Their plea is for a more flexible and tolerant scheme of sex and they definitely state that the many who will always prefer permanent monogamy should and will keep it. Accusing Bertrand Russell of intolerance is too ridiculous to be laughable.

A. M. TUTTLE
University of Wisconsin

Good Taste in Sex

To the Editor:

The article by Dr. Clendening is the clearest thinking that I have read since the epidemic of sex talk broke out. Dr. Clendening is not influenced by religious emotionalism nor by Puritan prudery. He writes out of twenty years of experience in the medical profession. And out of twenty years of experience in the legal profession I endorse heartily what he says. The influence of your magazine cannot be too highly praised when it is based upon such articles.

There are some things in life which good taste requires should be private. Unnecessary talk about them is disgusting. The Editor of a magazine, however, such as THE FORUM, cannot overlook public tendencies. He does a commendable work when he brings the extreme views into contrast with the normal and the sane.

ROBERT N. WILKIN
New Philadelphia, Ohio

A Bouquet for Ruth Gordon

To the Editor:

Hurrah for Ruth Gordon and her short story "Wilson Memorial"! It does not take much penetration to point out the commonplaceness of humanity, and it is too bad that so clever a man as Sinclair Lewis, for example, should devote himself to so cheap and easy a pursuit. It is refreshing to have someone equally clever show us the fineness that lies in even the most commonplace of us.

FLORENCE EMILY CAIN
DeLand, Fla.

What the Ordinary Man Believes

To the Editor:

You have published the credos of some famous minds. They are fine and stimulating, but how about the ordinary man? What do I believe — (and, perhaps, who cares?)

I believe that of the material things of life one receives in proportion to his ability and attitude. To some Lady Luck deals a lucky hand, and of these a few have the courage and vision to play it properly. These millionaires are the exceptions who prove the rule.

I put in my week's work. I receive my week's pay. This in turn provides food, clothing, shelter, and entertainment. It is the material cycle of the body. When the cycle has revolved from youth up through middle age, past the peak, down again toward senility, and, reaching the bottom, stops — then slow music and six feet of Mother Earth. That is all.

As I look around me in the shop I try to analyze my fellows and I wonder what most have that is worth perpetuating. The tabloids, an installment-bought used car, an occasional illicit sex incident, a Saturday night drunk, the talkies, or a day at the beach — these are life to them, outside of work. Is it worth saving? I cannot believe so.

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Our Rostrum

They pushed out a new airplane the other day, a special job. After the warm-up it was taxied out into the middle of the field to take off on its first test flight. I was standing in the big doors. The ship stood out there, shining blue and yellow, with silvery cowling, the prop a gleaming blur on its nose, all bright against the green of the trees at the field's edge. The pilot opened the throttle and the motor roared sweetly, deeply, evenly. It was a beautiful thing, colorfully graceful; an eager thing, quivering with energy, glistening in the afternoon sun.

I felt a jog at my elbow and the paymaster shoved a yellow slip at me. It was my paycheck.

Jobs and paychecks may come and go. I had seen something more valuable than either. It is a sight like that that makes the candle burn high and white. It is here that you must look for the immortal.

In short: Give the other fellow all the consideration he deserves; consider money as your car would consider gas and oil — as fuel; when your boss starts cussing and running in circles, don't get excited — bosses are doing the same over rush jobs in a thousand other places at the same moment; when the woman who means more than anything else hands you the air, put up a fight; though the cup be bitter, drink it to the dregs; when you have a chance to go to South America, go; when they wheel out a new airplane on a sunshiny afternoon, pause and look. Take a deep breath of it. It is the only place where you will get something for nothing, something that cannot be lost, spent, or stolen. It is irrevocably yours.

W. C. DUNN

New Castle, Del.

"Bad Blood" in the South

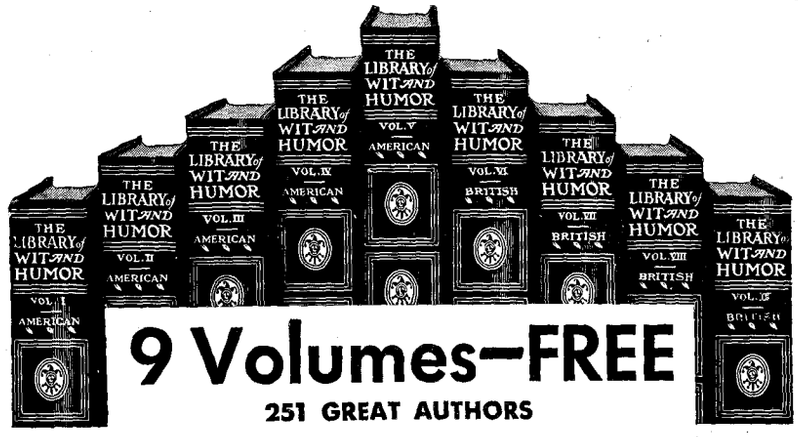
To the Editor:

When "Bad Blood" was published I was startled and yet intensely gratified because someone who understood an intricate subject had dared to tell the truth about it. Mr. Blackman's story is a barbarous, magnificent, appallingly just indictment of one class of native Southerners, but to call it typical of the attitude of an entire race toward another race — as at least one of your readers infers — is, I feel sure, far from Mr. Blackman's intention. To do so is to miss one of the story's many subtle distinctions.

It is an admirably conceived and executed piece of work, "cuss words," revolting revelations, and all, and I offer my insignificant congratulations to Mr. Blackman on having had the insight and the courage to portray characters and describe situations which the discerning among us recognize and the just deplore.

INEZ HALE MACDUFF

Tallahassee, Fla.



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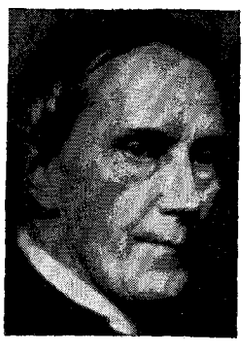
TOASTS

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS' favorite sport is making Main street angry with him. His pet aversion is the thoroughly successful American. And the ultimate aim of his writing is, he says, "to make people think and to relieve a certain pressure on my own mind. The latter is probably the real truth, as I have no confidence in my ability to accomplish the first." After some years at Military School and the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, Mr. Adams took post graduate work at Yale, where he harbored expectations of becoming a professor of philosophy. Instead, he became a stockbroker and later an author. His latest book is *The Adams Family*, published in June.



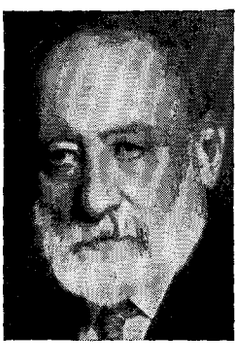
DEAN INGE

"I AM just what I purport to be," says PRISCILLA PENNYPACKER, "the wife of one husband, the mother of two children, the keeper — more or less — of one house, the caretaker of a cat and a canary bird. My history began quite a while ago, when a daughter was born to parents hitherto blessed only with sons. The male parent was a Methodist preacher. Where else could I have had such training and practice in the gentle art of making one penny do the work of a dozen or more? I went to a second-rate New England Methodist college. Later I took a Master's degree at one university and browsed a year at another, making no effort to track a degree to its lair, but enjoying myself in literature, science, and philosophy. I taught some. I married. At odd times, as financial stress necessitated, or in a spirit of adventure, I have clerked, reported, worked in a restaurant, helped my husband clear land, tutored, nursed, and gardened."

RALPH E. FLANDERS says there is nothing whatever picturesque about his past or present except the town he lives in. He is an enthusiast for Springfield, Vermont, and the kind of living it stands for. "To be able to engage in business (manufacturing) which touches the four quarters of the globe, to live with owners, officials, and workers as with friends and neighbors, to be surrounded by some of the loveliest scenery found anywhere, and to have ten months of the year of perfect weather (March and April are unspeakable) is the acme of good fortune," he says.

BORN and educated in Alabama, FLOYD TILLERY entered college with the intention of preparing himself for the ministry, but work in the biology laboratory changed all that. After being elected to Phi Beta Kappa, he took a job as reporter. Says Mr. Tillery, "I know what I know about Boy Scouts from experience and observation. I was scout master of the first troop in Alabama from 1912 to 1917. I was also field executive in Birmingham, Alabama, and before I entered the Navy during the World War, I helped to enroll the 'Little Boy Scouts' in the service of their country. The troop that I had personal supervision over 'sold' more than a million dollars worth of Liberty Bonds in one week!" Mr. Tillery's hobby is collecting "regrets" letters and rejection slips from magazine editors. To pay for the traveling expenses of his manuscripts — and other necessities — he teaches school, but every time it is discovered that he tries to teach children to think rather than "to memorize text book rubbish," he has to move to a new school.

WILLIAM RALPH INGE, whose credo was one of the first to appear in the series which THE FORUM has been publishing, is Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. His chief literary work is *The Philosophy of Plotinus*, and he has also published several volumes of collected essays on religion, theology, sociology, and other subjects.



FABIAN FRANKLIN

AFTER devoting most of her time to short stories, SARAH ADDINGTON took herself on a Broadway junket last spring and unearthed, among other things, the dancing wives. Indeed, she was one herself, although she refuses to admit that she was trying to learn the tango at Roseland for any other reason except "copy." She got the copy, but — she says it goes without saying — she didn't master the tango. This is her endorsement: "I had a fine, hearty time of it, and can recommend Roseland for middle-aged ladies who wish to frolic discreetly."

SINCE his recent return from Europe, GEORGE JEAN NATHAN has taken up his duties as dramatic critic of *Vanity Fair* and has finished his *Testament of a Critic*, which will be published by Knopf early in January. Formerly announced as *The Playhouse of the Western World*, the title of his book has been changed by Mr. Nathan in order to include a wider range of criticism.

ELEANOR HAYDEN KITTREDGE is a New Englander from Rhode Island, is married to a Californian, and has lived for the last nine years in Europe. Her first short story was published last year in *Harper's* and is included in the O'Brien collection of the best short stories for 1930.

WHILE STILL a professor of mathematics at Johns Hopkins University, FABIAN FRANKLIN became interested in economic theory and later lectured on important aspects of it both at Johns Hopkins and at Columbia.

GEORGE FREDERIC NIEBERG speaks for himself: "I hail from Chicago, a brisk prep school even in the pre-Capone era. At college I majored in football and was graduated at the end of my sophomore year. An absent-minded editor of a New York newspaper put me to work, and later I enlisted under Hearst. There I acquired most of my service (and wound) stripes. Finally, the lush pay envelopes failed to soothe and I developed a distaste for gamboge adjectives. Now THE FORUM has accepted my first magazine article, *The New Freeman* will publish some of my stuff, and some slang fiction goes into production in Hollywood."

AFTER attending several schools, among them Wellesley and the University of Grenoble, MARCIA CLARKE is now on the editorial staff of *The New Yorker*. She contributes occasional satirical or critical articles, mostly on musical topics, to the less commercial periodicals and is working on two books — a biography and a novel.

AUDREY WURDEMANN is a westerner who, after her graduation from the University of Washington, expects to spend a year in study at Oxford.

LAST spring STUART CHASE went to Mexico and he is planning to go again very soon. He expects to write a book there on pre-machine economics as contrasted with the billion wild horses of mechanical energy north of the Rio Grande.

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